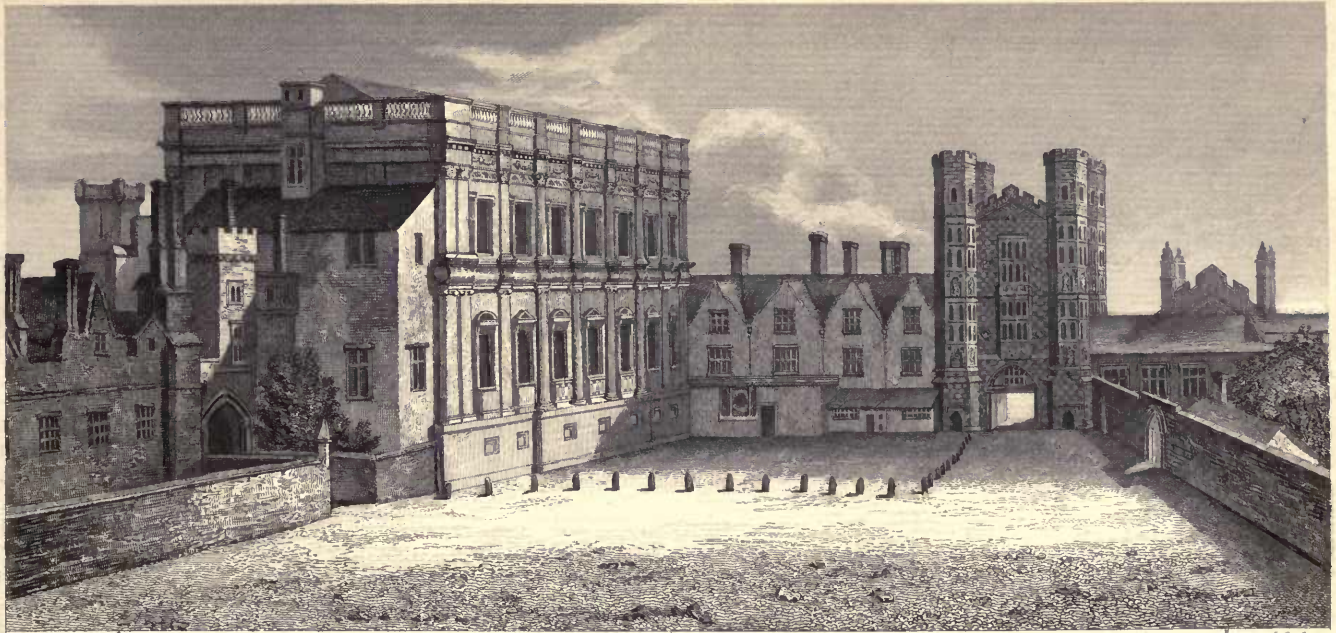
GOLDWIN SMITH.



Hollar. del

J. Cook. sc.

THE PALACE OF WHITEHALL.

The above view of Whitehall, which nearly resembles that by Silvester, but is drawn with much greater accuracy, is peculiarly interesting for the fine, & very correct representation it gives of the celebrated Gateway designed by Hans Holbein; as also, for exhibiting some still more antient remains of the palace, which adjoined the North end of the Banqueting Room, and which are to be found in no other view extant. — The Drawing was made in the early part of the reign of Charles I.

HL
J585k

LONDON:

ITS CELEBRATED CHARACTERS
AND
REMARKABLE PLACES.

BY

J. HENEAGE JESSE,

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD," "MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

MICROFILMED BY
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY
MASTER NEGATIVE NO.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.
1871.

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

DA
677
J47
v.2

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

THE OLD PALACE OF WHITEHALL.

PAGE

By whom Originally built.—The Residence of Cardinal Wolsey, Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Queen Elizabeth, and James the First.—Banqueting House.—Whitehall the Residence of Charles the First, Cromwell, James the Second, and Queen Mary 1

THE THAMES AT LONDON.

The Thames in Ancient Times.—Old Palace of Whitehall.—Northumberland, York, Durham, Salisbury, Worcester, and Somerset Houses.—Temple Garden.—Alsatia.—Bridewell.—Baynard's Castle. — Queenhithe. — Bankside.—Water Processions 60

THE TOWER.

Description of the Fortress.—Its Principal Bulwarks.—Tower Chapel. — Traitors' Gate. — Kings who built, enlarged, and lived in it.—Distinguished Prisoners whose Misfortunes or Crimes have thrown a deep Interest over its Dungeons ... 74

TOWER HILL, ALLHALLOWS BARKING, CRUTCHED FRIARS, EAST SMITHFIELD, WAPPING.

Illustrious Personages executed on Tower Hill. — Melancholy Death of Otway.—Anecdote of Rochester.—Peter the Great.—Church of Allhallows Barking. — Seething Lane. — The Minories.—Miserable Death of Lord Cobham.—Goodman's Fields Theatre.—St. Katherine's Church.—Ratcliffe Highway.—Murders of the Marrs and Williamsons.—Execution Dock.—Judge Jefferys.—Stepney 204

PAGE

BILLINGSGATE, COLE HARBOUR, STEELYARD, THE VINTRY, &c.

Etymology of Billingsgate.—Principal Ports of London.—Fishmongers' Company.—Sir William Walworth.—Seminary for Pickpockets.—Great Fire of London.—Hubert's Confession.—Remarkable Edifices in and near Thames Street 222

QUEENHITHE, BAYNARD'S CASTLE, HOUSES OF THE NOBILITY, BLACKFRIARS, &c.

Derivation of the name of Queenhithe.—Celebrated Residents in Baynard's Castle.—Mansions near Paul's Wharf.—Monastery of the Black Friars.—Repudiation of Queen Catherine.—Queen Elizabeth at Cobham House.—The Fatal Vespers.—Blackfriars Bridge.—Fleet Ditch.—Strongholds of Thieves.—Palace of Bridewell.—Alsatia.—Execution of Lord Sanquhar 241

LONDON BRIDGE.

Antiquity of Old London Bridge.—Legend of the Erection of the First Bridge.—Canute's Expedition.—The First Stone Bridge.—Its Appearance.—Traitors' Heads affixed thereon.—Tenants and Accidents on it.—Suicides under it.—Pageants across, and Fights on it.—Edward the Black Prince.—Wat Tyler.—Lords Welles and Lindsay.—Richard II.—Henry V.—Sigismund.—Henry VI.—Jack Cade.—Bastard of Falconbridge.—Wolsey.—Osborne.—Wyatt.—Charles II.—Decapitated Persons ... 273

THE FIRE OF LONDON.

Where the Fire originated.—Charles II.'s Noble Conduct.—Pepys's Account of the Fire.—Evelyn's "Diary."—Farryner's Account of the Origin of the Fire.—Attributed to the Roman Catholics.—The Monument.—Original Inscription.—Damage caused by the Fire.—Description of the Monument 296

FISH STREET HILL, EASTCHEAP, GRACECHURCH STREET, ST. OLAVE'S, HART STREET.

"King's Head Tavern."—St. Magnus the Martyr.—Pudding Lane.—Boar's Head Tavern.—Sir John Falstaff.—Lombard

PAGE

Merchants. — Earl of Suffolk. — Fenchurch Street. — Queen Elizabeth.—St. Olave's Church.—Sir John Mennis.—Monument to Pepys's Wife.—Dr. Mills.—Whittington's Residence.—Lady Fanshawe 315

ALDGATE, ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, LEADENHALL STREET, ST. CATHERINE CREE, &c.

Derivation of the name Aldgate. — Stow the Antiquary. — His Labours ill-requited.—Cruel Execution of the Bailiff of Romford.—His Speech.—Church of St. Botolph.—Monuments in the Church.—Defoe's Account of the Burial-pits in the Churchyard during the Plague. — Whitechapel. — Duke's Place. — Priory of the Holy Trinity.—Leadenhall Street.—Church of St. Catherine Cree.—Persons Buried there.—Consecration of the Church by Archbishop Laud.—Church of St. Andrew Undershaft.—Monuments.—St. Mary-Axe.—Lime Street ... 332

CORNHILL, SAINT MICHAEL'S CHURCH, ROYAL EXCHANGE, &c.

Cornhill frequented by Old Clothes Sellers.—"Pope's Head." —First London Coffee-House.—Tea-Drinking.—St. Michael's Church.—The Standard in Cornhill.—The Royal Exchange. —The Pawn. — Royal Exchange Bazaar. — Change Alley. — Threadneedle Street. — Gordon Riots. — Merchant Taylors' Company.—Southsea House.—Drapers' Company.—Plague in Lothbury 350

OLD JEWRY, ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH, MANSION HOUSE, LONDON STONE, &c.

Old Jewry, the Original Burial Place of the Jews.—Expulsion of the Jews.—Dr. Lambe and the Duke of Buckingham.—St. Olave's Church.—St. Lawrence, Jewry.—St. Thomas of Acon.—Gilbert à Becket.—Mercers' Company.—The Poultry. —Mansion House.—Stocks Market.—Sir John Cutler.—Bucklersbury.—Indian Houses.—St. Stephen's, Walbrook.—London Stone.—Prior of Tortington's "Inne" 369

PAGE

BISHOPSGATE STREET, CROSBY HALL.

Derivation of the word Bishopsgate.—Crosby Place.—Its Present Condition.—When built.—Character of its Founder.—Its Tenants: Richard the Third,—Read,—Emperor Maximilian,—Rest,—Sir Thomas More,—Bond,—Spencer,—First Earl of Northampton,—Countess of Pembroke,—Duc de Sully, Second Earl of Northampton,—Sir Stephen Langham.—Gresham House.—Sir Paul Pindar 389

CHURCH OF ST. HELEN'S THE GREAT.

Antiquity of St. Helen's Church.—Priory of Benedictine Nuns founded there.—Exterior and Interior of the Church.—Its Striking Monuments: Sir Julius Cæsar's,—Martin Bond's,—Sir John Crosby's,—Sir William Pickering's,—Sir Thomas Gresham's.—St. Botolph's Church.—Persian's Tomb.—Curtain Theatre.—Shoreditch.—Hoxton.—Spitalfields.—Bethnal Green.—Old Artillery Ground 407

LONDON WALL, AUSTIN FRIARS, &c.

Original Extent of London Wall.—Its Gates.—The City Ditch.—Broad Street.—Austin Friars.—Monuments there.—Winchester House.—Finsbury and Moorfields.—Bedlam.—Moorgate Street.—New Artillery Ground.—Milton.—Bunhill Row.—Bunhill Fields' Burial Ground.—Celebrated Persons buried there.—Grub Street.—Hoole and Dr. Johnson 425

LONDON:

ITS CELEBRATED CHARACTERS

AND

REMARKABLE PLACES.

THE OLD PALACE OF WHITEHALL.

BY WHOM ORIGINALLY BUILT.—THE RESIDENCE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY, HENRY THE EIGHTH, EDWARD THE SIXTH, QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND JAMES THE FIRST.—BANQUETING HOUSE.—WHITEHALL THE RESIDENCE OF CHARLES THE FIRST, CROMWELL, JAMES THE SECOND, AND QUEEN MARY.

ALTHOUGH the ancient Palace of Whitehall, with its many historical events and romantic associations, has been almost entirely swept away, there still remain sufficient traces of the old building to enable us to link the present with the past. The Cockpit partially exists in the present Treasury; and the beautiful banqueting House still remains, from the windows of which Charles the First passed to the scaffold. The Tilt Yard recalls the time when the open space which still retains its ancient name was alive with armed warriors and streaming pennons, and glittering heralds; and when waving plumes and brilliant eyes looked down from galleries covered with cloth of gold on the stirring scene below. Lastly, the Privy Gardens still point out the site of verdant lawns and shady labyrinths, where Wolsey discussed affairs of state with Cromwell; where Henry toyed with the delicate hand of Anne Boleyn; and where Charles the Second gazed on the dazzling beauty of the Duchess of Cleveland, or laid his head in soft dalliance on the lap of *la belle Stuart.*

Whitehall Palace was originally built by Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent—that proud and powerful noble who, in the days of King John, stood by the side of his royal master on the famous field of Runnymede, and who in the following reign, was dragged an ignominious traitor to the Tower. By De Burgh it was bequeathed to the Convent of the Black Friars in Holborn, in whose church his body found honourable interment. By this religious order it was transferred, in 1248, to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York; from which period till the fall of Cardinal Wolsey it continued to be the London residence of the prelates of that see, and thence derived its ancient name of York House.

York House appears to have been almost entirely rebuilt by Wolsey. Here, during many years the Cardinal Archbishop resided in a style of regal splendour which has seldom been surpassed even by the most magnificent of our monarchs. According to Storer, in his "Metrical Life of Wolsey,"—

> "Where fruitful Thames salutes the learned shores
> Was this grave prelate and the muses placed,
> And by those waves he builded had before
> A royal house with learned muses graced,
> But by his death imperfect and defaced."

Here Wolsey entertained the learned, the witty, the beautiful, and the gay, and here he accumulated his vast libraries and exquisite picture-galleries. The walls of his apartments were covered with hangings of cloth of gold and tissue, and his tables with velvets, satins, and damasks of various hues. Besides the great gallery, which is described as a scene of unparalleled magnificence, there were two other apartments, known as the Gilt and the Council Chamber, in which stood two large tables covered with articles of plate of solid gold, many of them studded with pearls and precious stones.

The household of this haughty churchman consisted of eight hundred persons, many of whom were knights and noblemen. Among them we find the Earl of Derby and the young Lord Percy, the heir of the great Northumberland family, and famous as the favoured lover of Anne Boleyn. The number of dependents employed in his kitchens and feasted at his board—his heralds, physicians, secretaries, and cofferers—his marshals, purveyors, gentlemen ushers, and "counsellors learned in the law"—his clerks of the check, of the hanaper, and of the wax—the chaplains who attended him at his meals, and the deans and choristers who ministered in his chapel—comprise such a list of attendants and retainers as no modern court in Europe could surpass. "Of gentleman ushers," writes Stowe, "he had twelve daily waiters, besides one in the privy chamber; and of gentlemen waiters in his privy chamber he had six; of lords, nine or ten, who had each of them two men allowed to attend upon them, except the Earl of Derby, who always was allowed five men. Then had he of gentlemen cupbearers, carvers, servers, both of the privy chamber and of the great chamber, with gentlemen and daily waiters, forty persons; of yeomen ushers, six; of grooms in his chamber, eight; of yeoman in his chamber, forty-five daily. He had also almsmen, sometimes more in number than at other times."

These numerous retainers, it should be observed, were clad in the most magnificent liveries. Even the master-cook of the Cardinal was dressed in velvet and satin, and wore a chain of gold round his neck. Wolsey himself, whenever he was seen in public, appeared with extraordinary splendour. Over his cardinal's robe, which was of the finest satin and of the richest scarlet dye, he wore a tippet of costly sable. He was the first clergyman in England who wore silk and gold, and this, not only on his person, but on his saddles and the trappings of his horses. His Cardinal's hat was not only borne before him by a person of rank, but even in the King's chapel it was always placed upon the altar. Wolsey himself rode on a mule the trappings of which were of crimson velvet, and the stirrups of silver gilt; while his attendants, consisting of gentlemen and pursuivants-at-arms, were mounted on horses admirably trained and gorgeously caparisoned. Two priests, "the tallest and most comely he could find," immediately preceded him, carrying ponderous silver crosses; the one, the symbol of his being a cardinal, and the other appertaining to his dignity as Archbishop of York.

"The Cardinal's banquets," writes his biographer, Cavendish, "were set forth with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner that it was heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time, with other goodly desports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the King suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold, and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same; their hair and beards either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch-bearers besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them with vizors, and clothed all in satin of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the water-gate, without any noise: where, against his coming, were laid charged many cannon, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet.

"First, ye shall perceive that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, my Lord Cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, and there having his service all alone; and then was there set a lady and a nobleman, or a gentleman and gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chambers on the one side, which were made and joined as it were but one table. All which order and device was done and devised by the Lord Sands, Lord Chamberlain to the King; and also by Sir Henry Guildford, Comptroller to the King. Then immediately after this great shot of guns, the Cardinal desired the Lord Chamberlain and Comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They thereupon looking out of the windows into the Thames, returned again, and shewed him that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. 'With that,' quoth the Cardinal, 'I shall desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive them according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages, sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime.' Then they went incontinent down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes, as I have seldom seen together at one time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the Cardinal where he sat, saluting him very reverently; to whom the Lord Chamberlain for them said, 'Sir, forasmuch as they are strangers, and can speak no English, they have desired to declare unto your Grace thus:—They, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at mumchance, and then after to dance with them, and to have of them acquaintance. And, sir, they furthermore require of your grace licence to accomplish the cause of their repair.' To whom the Cardinal answered, 'that he was very well contented they should do so.'

"Then the maskers went first and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold, with crowns and other pieces of coin, to whom they set diverse pieces to cast at. Thus, in this manner perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, and to some they lost, and of some they won. And this done, they returned unto the Cardinal with great reverence, pouring down all the crowns in the cup, which was about two hundred crowns. 'At all?' quoth the Cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won them all at a cast, whereat was great joy made. Then quoth the Cardinal to my Lord Chamberlain, 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'shew them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some noble man, whom I suppose to be much more worthy to sit and occupy this place and room than I, to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my Lord Chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my Lord Cardinal's mind, and they rounding him again in the ear, my Lord Chamberlain said to my Lord Cardinal, 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your Grace can appoint him from the others, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the Cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last quoth he, 'Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand.

"The person to whom he offered then his chair, was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight, of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the King's person in that mask than any other. The King, hearing and perceiving the Cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing, but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the King to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The Cardinal eftsoons desired his Highness to take the place of estate; to whom the King answered that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire, made and prepared for him, and there new-apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the King's absence, the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the tables spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the King and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the King took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the King's Majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes, or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices subtlely devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the King and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled."

The Presence Chamber in YORK PLACE.

A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, *a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door* ANNE BULLEN, *and divers* LORDS, LADIES, *and* GENTLEWOMEN, *as guests; at another door enter* SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. O, my lord, you are tardy:

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, *and* SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Chamb. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. . . . . . By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Chamb. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies.

Seats himself between ANNE BULLEN *and another lady.*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*]
Chamb. Well said, my Lord.
So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,

The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, *attended: and takes his state.*

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health.

[*Drum and trumpets within: Chambers discharged.*]

What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you're privileged.

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem; they have left their barge and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

Enter the KING, *and twelve others, as maskers, habited like shepherds, with sixteen torch-bearers; ushered by the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN. *They pass directly before the* CARDINAL, *and gracefully salute him.*

Wol. A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Chamb. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The* KING *chooses* ANNE BULLEN.]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touched! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.

Wol. My Lord.——

Chamb. Your Grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much for me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,

If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Chamb. I will, my Lord.
[CHAMB. *goes to the company, and returns.*]
Wol. What say they?
Chamb. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me see, then. [*Comes from his state.*]
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make
My royal choice.
K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal: [*Unmasking.*]
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
Wol. I am glad
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.
K. Hen. My Lord Chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?
Chamb. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,—
The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.
K. Hen. By Heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber!
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one: sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you: let's be merry;
Good my lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favour. Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*]
King Henry VIII., act i., sc. 4.

When the star of Wolsey's grandeur set, it was at York House that the Duke of Suffolk waited on him to require his resignation of the Great Seal. It was here also that the great Cardinal subsequently bade farewell—"a long farewell"—to all his greatness. Having directed that a careful inventory should be taken of his valuable plate and costly stores, which he ordered to be delivered over to the King, "he took barge at his privy stairs, and so went by water to Putney," on his way to Esher. In December, 1529, he surrendered his palace into the hands of his royal master, shortly after which the name of York House was prohibited, and that of Whitehall substituted in its stead.

So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.
1st Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place; that's past.
For, since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the King's, and called Whitehall.
3rd Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me. *King Henry VIII.*, act iv., sc. 1.

After the disgrace of Wolsey, Henry seems to have lost no time in occupying the palace of his discarded favourite, for, in November, the same year, we find him giving audience at Whitehall to a deputation from the House of Commons, and here, on the 6th of December following, he conferred Earldoms on the Viscounts Rochford and Fitzwalter, and Lord Hastings.

How changed the scene where Queens intwined their bowers!
Where fountains sparkled 'midst a blaze of flowers!
Where Kings embarked upon the silvery Thames,
Begirt with Gartered lords and jewelled dames;
While Pleasure bade the bannered vessel glide,
And music float upon the laughing tide!
Yes, changed the scene where Wolsey loved to rove;
Where Henry strayed with Boleyn in the grove;
Yet still Imagination's eye can trace
The mighty churchman in his pride of place;
Can paint the splendour of his daily board,
The liveried army and the menial lord!
But where are now the more than regal state,
The summer guests, the suppliants at his gate?

Calmly he sleeps in Leicester's cloistered aisle,
Safe from a people's hate, a tyrant's smile;
And alien guards and alien guests are there
Where Henry's throne usurps his favourite's chair;
While Beauty's stately form and dazzling eye
Relume the lighted hall and gallery high.
See youthful Mary, plighted bride of France,
Half pleased, half angry, turn from Brandon's glance;
See where, with flashing eyes and angry mien,
In lonely state sits Henry's injured Queen;
See Surrey whisper his enamoured line
In tender dalliance to his Geraldine;
But mark, in yonder rich recess apart,
Where Henry woos the lady of his heart;
Toys with her small, soft hand, allays her fears,
And pleads his suit to no offended ears,
While she, the envy of that glittering ring,
Fans while she chides the ardour of her King.
Ill-fated Boleyn! when thy footsteps strayed
With hearts as light through Hever's hawthorn glade,
Without a care beyond thy birds and flowers,
The blithest warbler in thy native bowers;
Then, when young Percy, seated by thy side,
Took thy fair hand, and claimed thee for his bride,
Or, weaving rose-wreaths for thy peerless brow,
Stole the sweet kiss that ratified his vow;
Was not that May-time of thy life more blest
Than now a tyrant lures thee to his breast?
Fair, transient plaything for a tyrant's lust,
Too soon shall time and rivals breed mistrust;
Possession cloy, satiety begin,
And venial faults be blackened into sin.
So! darkly lower the gathering clouds of fate;
Gleams the keen axe, and yawns the Traitor's gate;
And Boleyn's dying smile, and parting moan
Arraign the charms she bartered for a throne.—J. H. J.

The marriage of Henry to the ill-fated Anne Boleyn took place at Whitehall, on the 25th of January, 1533. On that day, according to Stow—"King Henry privately married the Lady Anne Boleyn in his closet at Whitehall, being St. Paul's day." Early in the morning, it seems, Dr. Lee, one of the royal chaplains—afterwards Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry—was sent for to perform mass in the King's closet, where he found with the King Anne Boleyn and her train-bearer Mrs. Savage, afterwards Lady Berkeley, and two of the grooms of the bedchamber. According to Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Archbishop Cranmer assisted at the ceremony.

Henry made great additions to Whitehall. Having purchased and enclosed the ground now known as St. James's Park, he raised a tennis-court, cock-pit, and bowling-green, on the site of the present Treasury and the public offices adjoining. He built also a splendid gallery overlooking the tilt-yard, on the site of a part of the present Horse Guards and Dover House. These buildings Henry connected with the old palace by a magnificent gateway and arch—from the designs of Holbein—which spanned the street immediately below the present Banqueting House. From the gallery above mentioned, Henry, and subsequently his daughter Elizabeth, were accustomed to view the jousts and tournaments in the tilt-yard below. From this gallery also, when, in May, 1539, the invasion of England was threatened by the Catholic potentates of Europe, Henry reviewed no fewer than fifteen thousand armed citizens, consisting of gunners, pikemen, archers and billmen, whose appearance Holinshed describes as presenting a magnificent sight. Holbein's beautiful gate was removed in 1750 for the purpose of widening the street. It had been the intention of William Duke of Cumberland, the son of George the Second, to rebuild it at the top of the Long Walk at Windsor, but for some reason the design was never put into execution.

Whatever may have been the faults of Henry the Eighth, he has at least the merit of having been a munificent patron of the arts. He himself combined the accomplishments of a scholar, a musician, an architect, and a poet. The collection of pictures which he made at Whitehall was the foundation of the famous gallery formed by Prince Henry, and his brother Charles the First. Raffaelle and Titian were severally invited by Henry to England, while Holbein had apartments at Whitehall, where he was engaged, at an annual salary of two hundred florins, to decorate the interior of the palace.

At Whitehall Henry signed his will on the 30th of December, 1547, and here, on the 28th of January following, he died. Latterly he had become more fretful and impatient, and as many persons had suffered as traitors during his reign for foretelling his death, it was long before any one could be found bold enough to apprise him that his condition was a dangerous one. At length the task was undertaken by Sir Anthony Denny, owing to whose exhortations the King would seem to have been induced to send for Archbishop Cranmer, before whose arrival, however, at the palace, Henry had become speechless. Nevertheless, on the Archbishop desiring him to give some sign of his dying in the faith of Christ, he pressed the prelate's hand, and almost immediately expired.

During the brief reign of the studious and accomplished Edward the Sixth, Whitehall presented a very different aspect to what it had worn in the days of his father. In the Privy Gardens—so recently filled with the beauty and chivalry of the land—Bishop Latimer was to be seen preaching from a raised pulpit to the young King and a devout audience; while the hours of the night which Henry had devoted to revelry and the dance were passed by his successor in study, meditation, and prayer.

Tell me what light in yonder turret gleams,
The one, lone light that o'er the water streams?
There sits the sceptred boy, the student King,
For whom no charms the dance or banquet bring.

Though all youth's young desires are round him strown,
With more than earthly beauty and a throne,
For him in vain the Flatterer spreads his net,
Or Beauty lures with eyes of luscious jet.
Immersed in holy or in classic lore,
His ermine lies discarded on the floor.
Yet, ah ! too well Affection's eye can trace
Consumption's hectic burning on his face ;
But hovering Angels watch o'er Virtue's friend,
And Faith and Hope conduct him to his end,
Well pleased the blameless sufferer lies him down, Lays
To change an earthly for a heavenly throne.—J. H. J.

During the reign of Queen Mary we discover little or no interest connected with Whitehall; unless, indeed, we record the fact that hence her coronation procession passed by water to Westminster; her sister Elizabeth bearing the crown before her.

With the accession of Queen Elizabeth, however, Whitehall resumed its ancient glory. The last time, apparently, she had slept under the roof had been on the night on which she had been led here a prisoner for her presumed share in Sir Thomas Wyatt's conspiracy. Here it was that she received the startling tidings that she was to be incarcerated in the Tower, and hence she was led, on Palm Sunday, 1554, to the private water-entrance of the palace, where a boat was in waiting to convey her to the fatal fortress within the walls of which the axe had fallen on the neck of her unfortunate mother, Anne Boleyn.

After the accession of Elizabeth, Whitehall became the scene of her pastimes and other diversions, and here she surrounded herself with those eminent statesmen, scholars, and poets, whose names have thrown so much lustre on her reign.

Behold, refulgent on her throne of gold,
Eliza girt by many a warrior bold ;

By statesman, wit, philosopher, and sage,
The master-spirits of a giant age.
There leans the Bard who sang by Avon's tide ;
There frown the chiefs who marred the Armada's pride.
There glitters courtly Walsingham, and there
Young Essex sighs soft homage to the fair ;
Whilst she, the lion-lady of the State,
Apart with Burleigh holds the grave debate ;
With Bacon Nature's hidden wealth explores,
Or roves with Raleigh India's golden shores ;
Or glides with Hatton through the stately dance,
Bending on Leicester's form a tenderer glance ;
Leicester, whose lips in Windsor's flowery grove,
Had dared to broach the dangerous theme of love.

But Time and Grief have changed the Lion Queen ;
Behold her wrinkled brow and haggard mien !
Stretched on her splendid, solitary bed,
The dying monarch clasps her throbbing head.
Lo, with what agonizing gaze is scann'd
The one prized ring that sparkles on her hand ;
Dear, sad memorial of a softer hour,
When Love and Essex swayed their witching power.
Essex, thine own loved Essex !—where is he ?
Nay, start not, lady ; 'twas thine own decree.
What though his fiery soul, his rival's hate,
And woman's treacherous friendship, sealed his fate,
Thine was the great prerogative, to save,
And yet thou doom'dst him to a traitor's grave ;
Doom'dst him to curse thee with his latest breath,
Thee—the fell worker of his bloody death.—J. H. J.

It was in the great gallery, built by her father at Whitehall, that Elizabeth received the deputation from Parliament which humbly and respectfully "moved her grace to marriage;" and hence also it was that she proceeded in procession, in 1559–60, to meet her first Parliament. "On Wednesday, Jan. 25," writes Holinshed, "the Parliament began, the Queen's Majesty riding in her parliament robes, from her Palace of Whitehall to the Abbey Church of Westminster, with the Lords Spiritual and Temporal attending her, likewise in their parliament robes."

Elizabeth, like her father, took an especial delight in the Tilt Yard. Here, in 1581, when the Commissioners arrived in England to treat concerning her projected marriage with the Duc d'Anjou, Elizabeth entertained her illustrious guests with one of the most magnificent tournaments that had ever been held in England. She herself was seated in the gallery overlooking the Tilt Yard, "called," writes Holinshed, "and not without reason, the castle or fortress of perfect Beauty." Among the defenders of the castle of Beauty we find the Queen's devoted champion, Sir Henry Lee, that gallant Knight of the Garter whose vow it had been to present himself armed at the Tilt Yard at Whitehall on the 27th of November of every year till disabled by age. The challengers of Beauty's fortress personating the four foster-children of Desire, were the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Windsor, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Fulke Greville.

This "amorous foolery," as it is styled by Pennant, commenced with the challengers summoning the fortress to surrender in a "delectable song," commencing with the following verses :—

"Yield, yield, O yield, you that this fort do hold,
  Which seated is in spotless Honour's field ;
Desire's great force, no forces can withhold,
  Then to Desire's desire, O yield, O yield !
Yield, yield, O yield ;—trust not to beauty's pride ;
  Fairness, though fair, is but a feeble shield ;
When strong Desire, which Virtue's love doth guide,
  Claims but to gain his due ;—yield, yield, O yield !"

The fortress, however, refusing to surrender, "two cannon were fired off—one with sweet powder, and the other with sweet water—and after there were store of pretty scaling ladders, and then the footmen threw flowers and such fancies against the walls, with all such devices as might seem shot from Desire." Suddenly, while this pleasant siege was being carried on, the defenders of Beauty, clad in sumptuous apparel, entered the lists, and attacking the challengers and their partisans, a regular "tourneie" took place, in which Sir Henry Lee "brake his six staves," and many others "jousted right valiantly," till twilight separated the combatants. "These courtly triumphs," as they are described by Holinshed—"set forth with the most costlie braverie and gallantness"—were continued the following day, concluding with a fantastic pageant in which the challengers made their submission to the Queen, and expressed their sense of their own "degeneracy and unworthyness in making violence accompany Desire."

Elizabeth retained her taste for these splendid buffooneries to the close of her long life. Even when she had entered upon her sixty-seventh year, and when her heart was professedly in the bloody tomb of her beloved Essex, we find her taking a prominent part in a masque given by Lord Cobham at Blackfriars, on the occasion of Lord Herbert's marriage with a daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

> "The Herberts, every Cock-pit day,
> Do carry away,
> The gold and glory of the day."*

Being, in the course of the evening, "wooed to dance" by a masque who personated Affection—"Affection!" she exclaimed bitterly. "Affection is false!" And yet we find the royal lady, though with wrinkled face, little eyes, hooked nose, and black teeth, as Hentzner describes her at this time, actually rising up and dancing. "Her Majesty is very well," writes another contemporary; "this day she appoints to see a Frenchman do feats in the Conduit Court. To-morrow she hath commanded the bears, the bull, and the ape to be baited in the Tilt Yard; upon Wednesday she will have solemn dancing."* Such was the extraordinary woman who could admirably direct the affairs of a great monarchy at one moment, and yet attend a bull-bait or dance a minuet the next; she who could sign the death-warrant of a sister-queen, or of a beloved favourite, with the same pen with which she had previously translated a play of Euripides or an oration of Isocrates.

---

* Lodge's "Illustrations."

To Hentzner, the German traveller who visited England at the close of the reign of Elizabeth, the palace of Whitehall appeared to be a "truly royal" one. The royal library, he says, was well stored with Greek, Latin, Italian and French books, and among the rest was a little French work, upon parchment, written in Elizabeth's own hand, and addressed to her father.† Hentzner's further description of Whitehall is chiefly confined to a catalogue of curiosities to be seen in the various apartments. They consisted principally of embroidered quilts, silver cabinets containing writing materials, the passion of our Saviour in painted glass, a chest containing the Queen's jewellery, a piece of clockwork surmounted by an Ethiopian riding on a rhinoceros, and other fantastic articles, the names of which are not worth transcribing.

It was from the *orchard* at Whitehall, where the Lords of the Council had assembled after the breath quitted the body of Elizabeth, that they despatched a messenger to James the First, acquainting him of his accession to the English throne. At the same time he was proclaimed King in front of the palace by Sir Robert Cecil. His arrival at Whitehall took place on the 7th of May, 1603, a few days after which we find him conferring the honour of knighthood in the garden of the palace on the principal law officers, his gentlemen-ushers, and others. Among the former was the great Lord Bacon.

---

* "Sydney Papers."

† "To the most high, puissant, and redoubted Prince, Henry VIII. of the name, King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith; Elizabeth, his most humble daughter, health and obedience." Hentzner's "Journey to England," p. 29.

The tastes and amusements introduced at Whitehall by the Scottish monarch differed widely in general from the chivalrous pastimes and amusements which had distinguished the court of his predecessor. "The King," writes Sir Anthony Weldon, "would come forth after supper to see pastimes and fooleries, in which Sir Edward Zouch, Sir George Goring, and Sir John Finett were the chief and master-fools: and surely this fooling got them more than any other's wisdom, far above them in desert. Zouch's part was to sing bawdy songs and tell bawdy tales, Finett to compose these songs. Then were a set of fiddlers brought up on purpose for this fooling; and Goring was master of the game of fooleries, sometimes presenting David Droman and Archie Armstrong on the back of the other fools, to tilt one at the other, till they fell together by the ears: sometimes the property was presented by them in antic dances. But Sir J. Millisent, who was never known before, was commended for notable fooling, and so was, indeed, the best extemporary fool of them all." These buffooneries, however, were in a great degree redeemed by the more refined taste of the King's consort, Anne of Denmark, under whose patronage were represented at Whitehall those magnificent masques, many of them the productions of Ben Jonson, which, we are told, made "the nights more costly than the days."

During the reign of James the First there occurred more than one incident tending to throw an interest over the ancient palace of Whitehall. Here, for instance, in January, 1604–5, when only four years of age the unfortunate Charles the First was created Duke of York, and made a Knight of the Bath. A sword was girded on the side of the royal infant, a coronet of gold placed on his head, and a golden verge in his hand. "There was a public dinner," writes Sir Dudley Carleton, "in the great chamber, where there was one table for the Duke and his Earls assistants, another for his fellow Knights of the Bath. At night we had the Queen's mask in the Banqueting House, or rather her pageant. There was a great engine at the lower end of the room which had motion, and in it were the images of sea-horses, with other terrible fishes, which were ridden by Moors. The indecorum was, that there was all fish and no water. At the further end was a great shell, in the form of a shallop, wherein were four seats. In the lowest sat the Queen, with my Lady Bedford; in the rest were placed my Ladies Suffolk, Derby, Rich, Effingham, Ann Herbert, Susan Herbert, Elizabeth Howard, Walsingham, and Bevil. Their appearance was rich, but too light and courtezan-like for such great ones."* The pageant was succeeded by a ball, at which the Queen was "taken out" by the Spanish Ambassador, and concluded with a magnificent banquet. It may be mentioned that the masque performed on this occasion was Ben Jonson's "Masque of Blackness," in which the Queen and her ladies had their faces and hands painted to represent Ethiopians. The expense of the entertainment amounted to three thousand pounds.

In the month of October, 1604, took place at Whitehall, the marriage of Philip Herbert Earl of Montgomery—the "memorable simpleton" of Horace Walpole—with Lady

---

* Letter from Sir Dudley Carleton to Mr. Winwood, dated Jan. 1604. Winwood's "Memorials."

Susan Vere, daughter of Edward, seventeenth Earl of Oxford. The bride was led to church by Henry Prince of Wales and the Duke of Holstein; the King himself giving her away at the altar. So lovely, we are told, she looked in her tresses and jewels and bridal array, as to draw from the King the observation that, "were he unmarried he would keep her himself." The marriage ceremony was followed by a splendid banquet, which was succeeded by as magnificent a masque. "There was no small loss that night," says Sir Dudley Carleton, "of chains and jewels, and many great ladies were made shorter by the skirts. The presents of plate and other things given by the noblemen, were valued at £2,500; but that which made it a good marriage, was a gift of the King's, of £500 land, for the bride's jointure. They were lodged in the Council-chamber, where the King, *in his shirt and night-gown,* gave them a *réveille-matin* before they were up, *and spent a good time in or upon the bed.* No ceremony was omitted of bride-cakes, points, garters, and gloves, which have been ever since the livery of the court; and at night there was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, and many other pretty sorceries."*

It was to the King's bedchamber at Whitehall, that Guy Fawkes, bound hand and foot, was dragged for examination before the King and Council after his arrest by Sir Thomas Knevett on the threshold of the cellar beneath the House of Lords. Retaining the bearing of a gentleman and a soldier, notwithstanding the rack and the gibbet stared him in the face, he met the taunts of the Lords of the Council with scorn, and retorted their inquisitive glances with looks of defiance. When asked by one of the numerous Scottish favourites of James, what he had intended to have done with so many barrels of gunpowder—"One of my objects," he replied, contemptuously, "was to blow Scotchmen back into Scotland." Unhesitatingly admitting his crime, he added that had he been within the doors of the cellar at the time of his arrest, he would have blown himself up and those who arrested him without the least scruple. From Whitehall he was conveyed to the Tower, and thence, on the 31st of January, 1606, to Old Palace Yard, Westminster, where he was executed with three of his associates.

---

* Winwood's "Memorials."

Six months afterwards—on the occasion of the arrival in England of the Queen's brother, Christian King of Denmark—we find the Gunpowder Plot so far forgotten that Whitehall became again the scene of the most magnificent pageants and banquets. "I will now in good sooth," writes Sir John Harrington, "declare unto you, who will not blab, that the gunpowder fright has gone out of all our heads, and we are going on hereabouts as if the devil was contriving every man to blow up himself by wild riot, excess, and devastation of time and temperance." In the "Nugæ Antiquæ" will be found a very entertaining and graphic description of one of the entertainments given to the Danish monarch.

On the 12th of June, 1610, the lamented Prince Henry was created Prince of Wales at Whitehall; the event being celebrated by a succession of balls, banquets, and pageants, which lasted three days. On the first day was held a most magnificent banquet; on the second there was exhibited "a most glorious maske," which continued till "within half an hour of the sun's rising," and on the third day were a grand "tilting-match, a gallant sea-fight, and many rare and excellent fireworks, which were seen by almost a million of people."

One of the most interesting personages whose story is associated with Whitehall was the amiable Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James the First. Here she passed her happy childhood, and here, "in flower of youth and beauty's pride," she was affianced to her future husband, Frederick the Fifth, Count Palatine of the Rhine, "Cupbearer" of the empire, and afterwards King of Bohemia. The ceremony, both of her *fiançailles* and of her espousals, was solemnized with as great an outlay of wealth as has perhaps been squandered on any similar ceremonial either before or since. The expense of the dresses and jewels lavished on the ladies who attended her amounted to £3,914; the fitting up of her bridal chamber cost £3,023; and the expenses of the fireworks exhibited in the gardens of Whitehall and on the banks of the Thames, amounted to £7,600. The total expenditure amounted to as much as £93,278.

Elizabeth was affianced to the Elector Palatine, on the 27th of December, 1612, in the Banqueting House of Whitehall. The Palsgrave, as he was then styled, clad in a black velvet cloak adorned with gold lace, was led in first, attended by Prince Charles and several of the nobility. Then followed the Princess in a black velvet gown, "semé of crosslets, or quarterfoils, silver, and a small feather on her head, attended with ladies." Shortly afterwards entered the King, who had no sooner seated himself under the canopy of state, than the Palsgrave and the Princess stepped forward, and stood together on a rich Turkey carpet. Sir Thomas Lake then formally read in French, from the book of Common Prayer —"I, Frederick, take thee, Elizabeth, to my wedded wife," which words having been repeated by the Palsgrave and the Princess *verbatim*, the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the benediction. The marriage, it appears, had previously been asked by the publication of common banns in the Chapel Royal.

The marriage ceremony was finally performed at Whitehall on the 14th of February, 1614. According to Sir John Finett—the master of the ceremonies on this occasion—"The bravery and riches of that day were incomparable; gold and silver, laid upon lords', ladies', and gentlewomen's backs, was the poorest burthen: pearls and costly embroideries being the commonest wear." The jewels worn by the royal family are said to have been worth nearly a million of money. According also to common report, the dress worn by the Lady Wotton "cost fifty pound the yard the embroidering;" while Lord Montague presented his two daughters with fifteen hundred pounds to provide themselves with suitable apparel. With the exception of the three Lord Chief Justices, no person was admitted to view the ceremony under the rank of a Baron.*

At Whitehall was solemnized, on the 26th of December, 1613, the marriage of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, the unworthy favourite of James the First, with Frances Howard, the beautiful murderess and adulteress. Notwithstanding her previous marriage with the young Earl of Essex, afterwards the celebrated Parliamentary General, she had the effrontery to appear at the altar with the white dress and flowing tresses of a virgin. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Bath and Wells in the presence of the King and Queen and of the principal nobility. "Whitehall," writes Coke, "was too narrow to contain the triumphs of this marriage, and they must be extended into the city." Notwithstanding the shameful notoriety which attached to the amours of this profligate couple, the City of London was subservient enough to pander to the wishes of the court by celebrating the nuptials with almost as much parade as had been exhibited in the presence of peers and bishops at Whitehall. On the 4th of January, nine days after the marriage, we find the bride and bridegroom, attended by the Duke of Lennox, the Lord Chamberlain, and a numerous train of the nobility, proceeding in great state to the city, where a magnificent entertainment awaited them in Merchant Taylors' Hall. Music struck up joyously as they entered; the Lord Mayor and Aldermen received them in their scarlet gowns; deputations from the twelve companies offered them their congratulations; then followed plays, masques, and dancing, and then a second banquet, after which, at three o'clock in the morning, the favourite and his beautiful bride returned to their nuptial chamber at Whitehall. And yet, within a little more than two years, these two envied and glittering beings were the inmates of a prison! Deprived of fortune, flattery, and the pomp of circumstance, they were not only dragged as murderers to the bar of a criminal tribunal, but narrowly escaped suffering by the hands of the common executioner.

---

* For an account of the espousals of the Queen of Bohemia, see Winwood's "Memorials," vol. iii., p. 421; Coke, vol. i., p. 64; Ellis's "Orig. Letters," vol. iii., p. 110; and "Finetti Philoxenis," p. 11.

The present Banqueting House was built in this reign. It is but a small part of a glorious edifice projected by Inigo Jones; but still it is sufficient to explain to us how magnificent would have been the entire building, of which this admired relic was intended to be but an insignificant portion. The designs for this beautiful pile are well known. It was intended to have extended to no less than 1150 feet on the banks of the Thames, and to the same distance in front of the present street of Whitehall. Moreover, but for the intervention of the civil wars, it is said to have been the intention of Charles the First to have engaged Vandyke to decorate its walls with scenes connected with the history of the Order of the Garter; the expense of which was computed at £80,000.* Such a building, decorated by such an artist, would indeed have been the glory of Europe.† This splendid room—the scene of the drivelling amusements of James the First and of the magnificent masques of Ben Jonson—where Charles the First so often dined in state with Henrietta Maria—where Cromwell entertained a puritanical parliament—and where Charles the Second so often led out a fair lady to dance the gay "Coranto,"—is now converted into a chapel! The dais on which the second Charles so often debauched is converted into an *altar*, and a *pulpit* hides the spot from which his unfortunate father passed to the scaffold! The ceiling of the Banqueting House, painted by Rubens at the cost of £3,000, represents in nine compartments the apotheosis of James the First. In the centre is conspicuous the form of the English Solomon surrounded by various Pagan deities and other allegorical figures, consisting of Mars, Commerce, and the Fine Arts.

On the accession of Charles the First, the Court of Whitehall presented such a union of taste, magnificence, and decorum, as well as such a treasury of all that is exquisite in sculpture and painting, as has apparently never been surpassed by any Court in Europe. "During the prosperous state of the King's affairs," writes Walpole, "the pleasures of the Court were carried on with much taste and magnificence. Poetry, painting, music, and architecture, were all called in to make them rational amusements; and I have no doubt but the celebrated festivals of Louis the Fourteenth were copied from the shows exhibited at Whitehall, in its time the most polite court in Europe. Ben Jonson was the laureat, Inigo Jones the inventor of the decorations; Laniere and Ferabosco composed the symphonies; the King, the Queen, and the young nobility danced in the interludes." To the names mentioned by Walpole, we may add those of Milton, Fletcher, Carew, and Selden. The "Masque of Comus," written by the former, and the beautiful scenic decorations and contrivances of the latter, may afford some conception of the rational amusements of the court of Charles. Even Marshal Bassompierre, one of the most refined and fastidious men in Europe, speaks almost enthusiastically of the elegant and dignified character of the Court of Whitehall at this period. Of his state introduction to Charles and Henrietta Maria he writes—"I found the King raised on a stage two steps, the Queen and he on two chairs, who rose the first bow I made them on coming in. The company was magnificent, and the order exquisite."*

---

* Fenton's "Waller," notes, p. 37; Walpole's "Works," vol. i., p. 235.

† It is curious to find how small were the wages of the great artist, Inigo Jones, during the period he was employed in the renovation of Whitehall. His allowance was only 8*s*. 4*d*. a day as surveyor, with £46 a year for house-rent, the maintenance of a clerk, and other occasional expenses. The masonry of the Banqueting House was executed by Nicholas Stone, a famous statuary in the reign of James the First, who died on the 24th of August, 1647. There is a print of him in the "Anecdotes of Painting." Granger, vol. ii., p. 163. His allowance, when employed at Whitehall, was "4*s*. 10*d*. the day."

The magnificent masques which were represented at Whitehall under the auspices of Charles will be remembered as long as Milton, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Inigo Jones shall continue to be classic names. "The fullest account," writes the late Mr. Disraeli, "I have found of one of these entertainments—which at once shew the curiosity of the scenical machinery, and the fancy of the poet, the richness of the crimson habits of the gentlemen, and the white dresses, the white herons' plumes and jewelled head-dresses and ropes of pearl of the ladies—was in a manuscript letter of the time, with which I supplied the editor of 'Jonson,' who has preserved the narrative in his 'Memoirs' of that poet."* "Such were the magnificent entertainments," writes Mr. Gifford, in his introduction to Massinger's Works, "which, though modern refinement may affect to despise them, modern splendour never reached even in thought."

---

* "Embassy to England" in 1626.

Charles the First, in fact, is one of the very few of our monarchs to whom the arts may be considered as under an obligation. The price of pictures, we are told, rose to double their value in his reign, in consequence of the competition between Charles and Philip the Fourth of Spain, another royal collector. Through the agency of Rubens, the celebrated cartoons of Raffaelle were transferred from Flanders to England; while, at the cost of £18,000, Charles purchased the entire cabinet of the Duke of Mantua, considered the finest in Europe. In the palace of Whitehall alone—and it must not be forgotten that the King had *eighteen* other palaces†—were twenty-eight pictures by Titian, eleven by Correggio, sixteen by Julio Romano, nine by Raffaelle, four by Guido, and seven by Parmegiano, besides many exquisite works by Rubens and Vandyke. To the blind zeal of a puritanical Parliament we owe the dispersion of this glorious collection. Such pictures and statues as they chose to style *superstitious* were destroyed; the rest were ordered to be sold. The inventory, which was intrusted to the most ignorant appraisers, took a year in drawing up, and the collection three years in selling. Thus, to the disgrace of civilization, were dispersed, mutilated, or destroyed, the splendid effects, the gems and antiquities, the costly statue galleries, the unique cabinet of Charles the First, the delight of his leisure hours, and the envy of Europe!

---

* "Curiosities of Literature."

† Granger incidentally mentions the number of the King's palaces as twenty-four. Including the old Scottish palaces they probably may have amounted to even more than this number.

The hospitality practised by Charles at Whitehall corresponded with his magnificent patronage of the arts. "There were daily in his court," we are told, "eighty-six tables, well furnished each meal; whereof the King's table had twenty-eight dishes; the Queen's twenty-four; four other tables, sixteen dishes each; three other, ten dishes; twelve other, seven dishes; seventeen other, five dishes; three other, four; thirty-two had three; and thirteen had each two; in all about five hundred dishes each meal, with bread, beer, wine, and all other things necessary. There was spent yearly in the King's house, of gross meat, fifteen hundred oxen; seven thousand sheep; twelve hundred calves; three hundred porkers; four hundred young beefs; six thousand eight hundred lambs; three hundred flitches of bacon, and twenty-six boars. Also one hundred and forty dozen of geese; two hundred and fifty dozen of capons; four hundred and seventy dozen of hens; seven hundred and fifty dozen of pullets; fourteen hundred and seventy dozen of chickens; for bread, three hundred and sixty-four thousand bushels of wheat; and for drink, six hundred tons of wine and seventeen hundred tons of beer; together with fish and fowl, fruit and spice, proportionably. This prodigious plenty in the King's court caused foreigners to put a higher value upon the King, and was much for the honour of the kingdom. The King's servants, being men of quality, by his Majesty's special order went to Westminster Hall in term-time to invite gentlemen to eat of the King's viands, and in Parliament-time to invite the Parliament men thereto."*

---

* "Present State of London," 1681.

It was to Whitehall, on the 16th of June, 1625, that Charles conducted his young and beautiful bride after the consummation of their nuptials, at Canterbury. And as Whitehall was the scene of his bridal pleasures, so did it witness the last agony of the unfortunate monarch. It was here, in the last days of his life, that he was insulted by the brutal soldiery; here that he spent so many melancholy hours in the course of his tedious trial; and lastly, here it was that he passed from the walls of his own Banqueting House to a bloody death.

> Pause we awhile the ensanguined ground to tread,
> Where fell the royal martyr's comely head.
> By all the Graces, all the Arts, bemoaned,
> With him exultant and with him dethroned,
> Here flew his moments of domestic bliss;
> Here soared his hopes to higher worlds than this,
> Here, while his loved ones prattled in his arms,
> Strayed his fond glance to Henrietta's charms,
> Here, too, were sped his halcyon days of power,
> His bridal rapture and his social hour,
> Here broke the rabble soldiers on his rest,
> With paltry insult and the ribald jest.
> Behold! they come in melancholy state
> To lead the crownless monarch to his fate.
> The crowd is gathered, and the axe prepared,
> Fixed is the block, the headsman's arm is bared;
> Yet 'midst the terrors of that piteous scene,
> How calm his aspect, how august his mien!
> For his the Heaven-lit hope, the wish resigned,
> The even pulse, the unconquerable mind;
> The blissful visions of a soul forgiven,
> That tastes the joys of, ere it mounts to, Heaven.—J. H. J.

"Every night," writes Hume, "the King slept sound as usual, though the noise of workmen employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for his execution, continually resounded in his ears." Inasmuch, however, as the last night of Charles's life was passed, not at Whitehall, but at St. James's, Hume's description is more graphic than true. From St. James's, as we have already mentioned, he passed on foot through St. James's Park to Whitehall, where, on his arrival, he was "led along all the galleries" to his private sleeping apartment, apparently overlooking the Thames. Here he was engaged at his devotions, when some zealous members of the Puritan clergy knocked at the door of his apartment and offered to assist him in preparing for his fate. The offer, as may be supposed, was declined. They had so often prayed against him, said Charles, that he would not have them pray with him in his extremity. He added, however, that he should be grateful if they would remember him in their prayers. Having finished his devotions—"Now," he said, "let the *rogues* come; I have forgiven them, and am prepared for all I am to undergo." On Colonel Hacker giving the final signal at the door of his apartment, his two faithful attendants, Bishop Juxon and Herbert, fell on their knees before him and wept. Charles gave them his hand to kiss, and as Juxon was an old man he kindly assisted him to rise. To Colonel Tomlinson, a republican officer, who had shown him every attention consistent with his duty to his employers, he presented his gold toothpick case, and requested him to attend him to the last. Then, desiring that the door might be opened, and telling Hacker he was prepared to follow him, he passed with a cheerful countenance through an avenue of guards which lined the galleries to the scaffold.

Much doubt has existed in regard to the exact spot at Whitehall on which Charles was beheaded. "The King," says Pennant, "was conducted from his bedchamber along the galleries and the banqueting-house, through the wall, in which a passage was broken, to his last earthly stage. This passage still remains, at the north *end* of the room, and is at present the door to a small additional building of late date." Mr. Croker, in his notes to Bassompierre's Embassy to England, has fallen into the same error. "It is generally supposed," he says, "that Charles was beheaded on a scaffold erected in front of the Banqueting House. This is, I believe, a mistake. *The street in the front of the Banqueting House did not then exist.*" Not only, however, did such a street—running under Holbein's famous gateway—then exist, but it was then, as it is now, the only direct thoroughfare between the cities of London and Westminster. Moreover, not only does every ancient print of the King's execution represent him as having been beheaded in *front* of the Banqueting House, and not at the *end*, but the warrant for the execution expressly enjoins that the execution shall take place "*in the open street before Whitehall.*" The fact is, that Charles, agreeably with the terms of the warrant, was executed immediately in front of the Banqueting House, the wall of which was broken through purposely to make a passage for him to the scaffold. The words of Herbert, who attended his unfortunate master in his last moments, are—"The King was led along all the galleries and Banqueting House, and there was *a passage broken through the wall*, by which the King passed unto the scaffold." The reason for breaking through the wall seems to be obvious. Had Charles passed through one of the *lower* windows, the scaffold must necessarily have been so low that it would have been on a level with the heads of the people, a circumstance, for many evident reasons, to be carefully avoided; while, on the other hand, had he passed through one of the *upper* windows, the height would have been so great that no one could have witnessed the scene except those who were immediately on the scaffold. Without, however, continuing the digression, it is perhaps sufficient to observe, that at the renovation of the Banqueting House, many years since, a fact was made apparent, which we imagine will be considered as setting the question at rest. Having curiosity enough to visit the interior of the building,—the walls of which were then laid bare,—a space was pointed out to the writer, between the upper and lower centre windows, of about seven feet in height and four in breadth, the bricks of which presented a broken and jagged appearance, and the brickwork introduced was evidently of a different date from that of the rest of the building. There can be little doubt that it was through this passage that Charles walked to the fatal stage. Indeed, when we consider how conclusive is the evidence that the execution took place in *front* of the Banqueting House, and how improbable it is that such solid and beautiful masonry should have been broken through except for some very extraordinary purpose indeed, we shall perhaps be pardoned for regarding the question as now set at rest for ever.

The King passed to the fatal scaffold with a cheerful countenance and with a firm undaunted step. In the words of Andrew Marvell, who differed widely from him in all religious and political opinions,—

"While round the armed bands
Did clasp their bloody hands,
He nothing common did or mean,
After that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."

Charles was attended to the scaffold by Bishop Juxon and by two of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, Harrington and Herbert. The stage was covered with black cloth. In the centre of it lay the block, with the axe resting on it, and, close by, the King's coffin lined with black velvet. The scaffold was surrounded by a large body of soldiers, both foot and horse, behind whom were massed a vast multitude of human beings who came to witness the memorable scene. To the last Charles appeared cheerful, resigned, and even happy. Having put on a satin cap, he inquired of one of the two executioners, who were in masks, if his hair was in the way. The men requested him to push it under his cap. As he was doing so, with the assistance of the Bishop and of the executioner, he turned to the former and said—"I have a good cause and a gracious God on my side." "There is but one stage more," replied the Bishop; "it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you will find a great deal of cordial joy and comfort." "I go," responded the King, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world." Then again inquiring of the executioner—"Is my hair well?" he took off his cloak and *George*, and delivering the latter to the Bishop, exclaimed, with a marked emphasis—"*Remember!*" To the executioner he said—"I shall say but short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands——." Looking at the block, he said—"You must set it fast." The executioner replied that it was fast. The King remarked that it might have been higher. Being told that it could not have been higher, he said—"When I put out my hands this way——." In the mean time, having divested himself of his doublet, he again put on his cloak. Then, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, and repeating a few words which were inaudible to the bystanders, he knelt down and laid his head upon the block. The executioner stooping to put his hair under his cap, the King, thinking he was about to strike, bid him *wait for the sign.* After a short pause he stretched out his hand, when the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body. The head was immediately lifted up by the other headsman and exhibited to the people. "Behold," he exclaimed, "the head of a traitor." The dismal and almost universal groan which burst forth at that moment from the dense population around, was never forgotten by those who heard it. The multitude, however, were allowed but a short interval for reflecting on the scene they had witnessed. Almost immediately two parties of cavalry, one riding rapidly from Charing Cross to King Street, and the other from King Street to Charing Cross, dispersed the people. Within a few minutes, with the exception of the scaffold and its bloody paraphernalia, Whitehall presented but the ordinary appearance of every day.

On the 16th of December, 1653, Oliver Cromwell was solemnly installed Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. He occupied at this period apartments in the Cock-pit, on the site of the present Treasury, whence, after a "seeking of the Lord," he proceeded—surrounded by his body-guard, and preceded by the Barons of the Exchequer, the Judges in their robes, and the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Recorder, in their scarlet gowns—to Westminster Hall, where the ceremony of Installation was performed with great magnificence. On the return of the procession, those who had taken a part in it again assembled in the Banqueting House, whence, after an exhortation by Nicholas Lockyer—Cromwell's Puritan chaplain, afterwards Provost of Eton—they dispersed to their respective homes.

On the 14th of April, 1654, Cromwell formally took up his abode in the regal palace of the Stuarts, apparently in the same apartments which had been occupied by the ill-fated Charles. In the public journals of the day there occur more than one notice of the removal of the Protector and his family to the stately apartments of Whitehall. "April 14, 1653. His Highness the Lord Protector, with his lady and family, this day dined at Whitehall, whither his Highness and family are removed, and did this night lie there, and do there continue." And again in the "Weekly Intelligencer."—"The Privy Lodgings for His Highness, the Lord Protector, in Whitehall, are now in readiness, as also the lodgings for his Lady Protectress; and likewise the Privy kitchen, and other kitchens, butteries, and offices; and it is conceived the whole family will be settled there before Easter. The tables for diet prepared are these:—

A table for his Highness.
A table for the Protectress.
A table for chaplains and strangers.
A table for the steward and gentlemen.
A table for the gentlemen.
A table for coachmen, grooms, and other domestic servants.
A table for inferiors, or sub-servants.*

A few days afterwards we find the Protector giving a sumptuous entertainment at his new abode. "April 27, 1654:—The Lords Ambassadors of the United Provinces this day dined with his Highness the Lord Protector, at Whitehall, and the Lords of the Council, with some Colonels and other gentlemen, at two tables in the same room; and the Lords Ambassadors, the Lord President, and the Lord Lisle, at the same table with his Highness; and twenty gentlemen were taken into his Highness's life-guard of foot, who carried up the meat, and many gentlemen attended; and after dinner there was a banquet. The coats of the guards are grey cloth, with black velvet collars, and silver trace and trimming."*

---

* "Weekly Intelligencer," March 14th to 21st, 1654.

Notwithstanding his Puritan principles, Cromwell showed but little disinclination to surround himself with the trappings of monarchy and the paraphernalia of a court. Sir Gilbert Pickering was appointed his Lord Chamberlain, and his son-in-law, Claypole, Master of the Horse. His processions were attended by heralds and pursuivants-at-arms, while, at his second installation in Westminster Hall, we find his former simple dress of black velvet exchanged for robes of purple lined with ermine. Evelyn, who visited Whitehall in 1656, observes—"I ventured to go to Whitehall, where of many years I had not been, and found it very glorious and well furnished."

The Protector's hospitality was profuse and generous. Every Monday he kept an open table for all the officers of his army who had attained the rank of captain, besides a smaller table, every day of the week, for such officers as came accidentally to court. "With these," writes Heath, "he seemed to disport himself, taking off his drink freely, and opening himself every way to the most free familiarity." More than once in the Banqueting House at Whitehall—beneath that famous roof which had witnessed alike the refined amusements of Charles and his latest agony—we find him entertaining, in a body, the Commons of England, many of whom, like himself, had set their signatures to the death-warrant of their royal master. Heath mentions the Parliament being "gaudily entertained" by the Protector in the Banqueting House in 1656, having previously attended a sermon in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster; while Burton more than once records liberal entertainments.

It was at Whitehall, on the 6th of April, 1657, that Cromwell refused the crown of Great Britain when formally tendered to him by the assembled Commons of the realm. Here also, on the 3rd of September, the following year—on the anniversary of his great victories of Worcester and Dunbar, and on the day which he had always regarded as the luckiest of his life—the mighty usurper breathed his last. The fearful tempest which howled around his death-bed was listened to with superstitious awe by those who were aware of his extremity. Ships were dashed against the shore; houses were swept from their foundations; trees were uprooted in vast numbers, and especially those in St. James's Park, almost under the windows where the Protector lay expiring.

---

* "Select Proceedings in State Affairs," April 27th to May 4th, 1654.

That Cromwell died imbued with the religious enthusiasm which he had professed in his lifetime there seems to be little doubt. So confident was he of being received among the saints in Heaven, that, to use the harsh words of Hume, "he assumed more the character of a mediator interceding for his people, than that of a criminal whose atrocious violation of social duty had, from every tribunal, human and divine, merited the severest vengeance." If, at times, any doubt was entertained by him as to the real state of his soul, it seems to have been relieved by the assurances of the fanatical preachers who attended him. Of Godwin, a popular divine, he once inquired earnestly, whether a person who had been in a state of grace could again fall from it, and suffer the reprobation awarded to the damned. On being assured that such was impossible, "Then am I safe," he exclaimed, "for I am sure that once I was in a state of grace."

During the brief Protectorship of Richard Cromwell he made the palace of Whitehall his residence. Of his strange fortunes it is sufficient here to mention that for some time before he had ceased to be Protector, his creditors had not only become pressing, but even insolent. According to Heath, scarcely a day or two had elapsed after he had resigned the Protectorship before Whitehall was besieged by half the bailiffs of Westminster, who came actually armed with writs against the unfortunate Richard.

At the Restoration of Charles the Second Whitehall presented a very different appearance to what it had worn under what Voltaire styles *la sombre administration de Cromwell.* Never, perhaps, in the social history of any country, has there been effected so sudden a revolution in morals and *fashion* as the change from the black doublets and austere bearing of the Puritans, to the flaunting coxcombry and open and unblushing profligacy which were among the immediate characteristics of the accession of the second Charles. In the same apartments in which a few months previously had been held solemn "exhortations" and "seekings of the Lord," we find such scenes as Buckingham building houses of cards to amuse *la belle Stuart,* and Rochester slipping indecent lampoons into the pockets of his good-humoured sovereign. We have only to glance from the "Parliamentary Diary" of Burton and the public journals under the rule of Cromwell to the gossiping pages of Pepys and Count Hamilton, and the change will be readily comprehended. At all events, whether for better or worse, Whitehall at the Restoration wore a very different appearance to what it had presented in the days of the Protectorate. In lieu of the Protector's chaplains, with their rueful faces and Geneva frills, and sanctified members of Parliament in long cloaks and steeple-crowned hats, again its courts swarmed with yeomen of the guard in bright costumes and pages in silken attire. Once more gallant cavaliers and fair ladies, with flowing tresses and scarlet plumes, were to be seen riding laughingly forth from under its heavy portals. Again the love-song was to be heard by moonlight in the shady labyrinths of its Privy Gardens, and again the dance took place in its lighted galleries; the while the "merry monarch" sauntered among his witty courtiers, or toyed with his languishing mistress, as gay, as thoughtless, and as unconcerned as if the blood of his father had never dimmed the axe of the executioner within a few yards of him, or as if he himself had never been a wanderer on the face of the earth.

Yet wake once more the revel and the song;
Relight the halls for Pleasure's thoughtless throng!
Refill the bowl to Beauty's sparkling eyes!
"Live while we live!" the Merry Monarch cries.
Lo! at the word delicious music falls;
And flash the lamps upon the mirrored walls.
How sweet the odours and how rich the rooms
With dazzling jewels and with waving plumes!
While names that shine in History's page we trace,
Hyde's scornful frown, and Monmouth's angel-face;
Portsmouth's dark eye, and Cleveland's haughty charms,
That lured a monarch to their snowy arms.
There shines the Star on graceful Villiers' breast;
There the grouped courtiers laugh at Wilmot's jest.
There glittering piles of thriftless gold entice
The wealthy dupe to cast the dangerous dice,
There floats young Beauty through the wanton dance,
With love becalmed in every languid glance;
While the soft love-song to some few apart
Steals with voluptuous sweetness o'er the heart.
Midst these the monarch glides from fair to fair,
Hints the light wishes, or breathes a bolder prayer.
But lo! the song is hushed, the guests are fled;
The monarch lies upon his funeral bed.
Behold how black the vault's contrasted gloom!
There are no Lords-in-Waiting in the tomb.
All whom his greatness raised, his witcheries won,
Are gone to supplicate the rising sun.
Of all who knelt to him, cringed, pandered, sued,
Folly's vain swarm, and Flattery's hollow brood,

One, one alone, within her widowed power,
Is left to sorrow o'er their parting hour;
The one true friend who smoothed his closing scene
His slighted spouse, his own discarded Queen.—J. H. J.

The return of Charles the Second to Whitehall took place on the 29th of May, 1660, the day on which he completed his thirtieth year. In St. George's Fields, Southwark, he had been met by the Lord Mayor and aldermen in their scarlet gowns, by whom he was conducted under a rich canopy, where he was regaled with a magnificent banquet. From Southwark to Whitehall, the streets through which he passed were hung on each side with tapestry; bands of music were stationed at appointed places; the train-bands of the City, in rich dresses, lined the way, and the conduits flowed with excellent wine. When at length he entered the palace of his ancestors, it was amidst the roar of cannon and the acclamations of thousands. After dark, the sky was illumined with bonfires and fireworks, and the people regaled with a profusion of wine and food. At a late hour Charles stole from Whitehall to the house of Sir Samuel Morland at Lambeth, where he passed the first night of his almost miraculous restoration with Mrs. Palmer, afterwards the celebrated Duchess of Cleveland.

In the pages of Pepys and De Grammont will be found many amusing particulars connected with the history of Whitehall in the days of the "merry monarch." Pepys, in particular, has bequeathed us a very graphic account of a Court entertainment which he witnessed in the old palace. "The room," he writes, "where the ball was to be, was crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By-and-by comes the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess [of York], and all the great ones: and, after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchess of York; and the Duke, the Duchess of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth, my Lady Castlemaine, and so other lords, other ladies; and they danced a brantle. After that, the King led a lady a single coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies: very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country-dances; the King leading the first, which he called for; which was, says he—'Cuckolds all awry'—the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my Lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vic's were the best. The manner was—when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queen herself, stand up; and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York."

From the pen of the same amusing writer we have a charming description of the return to Whitehall of a gay equestrian party, consisting of Charles, his Queen, *la belle Stuart,* afterwards Duchess of Richmond, and other courtiers. "I followed them," writes Pepys, "up into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauty and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Miss Stuart, in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille,* is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life." On horseback, Miss Stuart is said to have looked exquisitely beautiful; indeed, it was this charm which captivated George Hamilton, when he presented her with his heart and one of "the prettiest horses in England."

Such charms as those of *la belle Stuart* could scarcely fail to captivate the amorous monarch. "The King," writes

Pepys in 1663, "is now besotted with Miss Stuart, getting her into corners; and will be with her half an hour together, kissing her, to the observation of all the world; and she now stays by herself, and expects it, as my Lady Castlemaine did use to do." The feeling of Charles for Miss Stuart seems to have approached nearer to what may be termed love than any other of his libertine attachments. Miss Stuart, however, had sense enough to prefer a substantial match to a splendid intrigue, and accordingly she readily listened to an offer of marriage which she received from Charles Stuart, fourth Duke of Richmond. The remaining scenes of the drama are laid at Whitehall. The Duchess of Cleveland, it seems, furious at seeing her influence over her royal lover eclipsed by a younger rival, determined to enlighten Charles as to the inconstancy of his new mistress. Accordingly, one night, in the course of a stormy interview, the Duchess bitterly taunted him with being the dupe of his rival, and the laughing-stock of the Court,—"Miss Stuart," she said jeeringly, "had doubtless dismissed him from her apartment on the ground of affected indisposition or some pretended scruples of delicacy; but, she added, he had only to return to her chamber, and he would find his happy rival, the Duke of Richmond, occupying his place." While Charles was hesitating how to act, the Duchess took him by the hand, and led him towards the spot. "Miss Stuart's chamber," writes De Grammont, "was in the middle of a little gallery, which led through a private door from the King's apartments to those of his mistresses. The Duchess of Cleveland wished him good night as he entered her rival's chamber, and retired in order to wait the issue of the adventure." The King, it appears, had his hand almost on the door-handle, when he was obstructed by Miss Stuart's waiting-maid, who attempted to oppose his entrance, telling him her mistress had been ill, and had only just fallen asleep. Charles, however, insisted on forcing his way into the apartment. "He found Miss Stuart in bed," continues De Grammont, "but far from being asleep. The Duke of Richmond was seated at her pillow, and in all probability was less inclined to sleep than herself. The confusion of the one party and the rage of the other were such as may be easily imagined on such an occasion. The King, who of all men was the most mild and gentle, expressed his resentment to the Duke of Richmond in such terms as he had never before made use of. The Duke was speechless and almost petrified. He saw his master and his King justly irritated. The first transports which rage inspires on such occasions are dangerous. Miss Stuart's window was very convenient for a sudden revenge; the Thames flowing close beneath it. He cast his eyes upon it, and seeing those of the King more inflamed with indignation than he thought his nature capable of, he made a profound bow, and retired without replying a single word to the torrent of reproaches and menaces that were poured upon him." The Duke, as may be readily supposed, retired from Court, but it was only to return privately a short time afterwards, and carry off his beautiful prize. It was on a stormy night in March, 1667, that Miss Stuart contrived to elope from her apartments at Whitehall. Having joined the Duke at a small inn in Westminster, they fled together on horseback into Surrey, where they were married the following morning by the Duke's chaplain. According to Bishop Burnet, nothing could exceed the violence of the King's rage on hearing of his mistress's flight. Within twelvemonths, however, the good-humoured monarch not only became reconciled to her as well as her husband, but he was once so intoxicated at a party at Lord Townshend's, as to boast to the Duke of Richmond of the favours which the Duchess had conferred on him.

It was through the "little gallery" which we have mentioned as leading by a "private door" from the King's apartments to those of the ladies of the palace that Charles was one day passing, when he heard the voice of Miss Howard singing a popular satirical song, in which his familiar *sobriquet* of "Old Rowley" was not very reverentially introduced. After satisfying his curiosity, he mischievously tapped at the door of her apartment. Miss Howard inquired who was there.—"Only Old Rowley," was his good-humoured reply.

According to Evelyn, the apartments of the Duchess of Portsmouth—another mistress of Charles's—at Whitehall had ten times the "richness and glory" of the Queen's. A morning visit paid by the philosopher to them in 1683, in company with the King, is amusingly described in his "Diary." "Following his Majesty," he writes, "through the *gallery*, I went with the few who attended him into the Duchess of Portsmouth's dressing-room within her bedchamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her, newly out of bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her. But that which engaged my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartments, now twice or thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, while her Majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's wives in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry; for design, tenderness of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Then, for Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, table, stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, braseras, &c., all of massive silver and out of number, besides some of his Majesty's best paintings.

According to Pennant, Nell Gwynn, "not having the honour to be on the Queen's establishment," had no apartments at Whitehall. This, however, I presume to be a double error. That Nell Gwynn, strange as it may appear, was one of the ladies of the Privy Chamber to Catherine of Braganza is proved beyond a doubt by the books in the Lord Chamberlain's office;* while the fact of her having had apartments at Whitehall in her official capacity appears to be no less certain. Anthony Wood, for instance, speaking of the King's convivial parties, observes—"They met either in the lodgings of Louisa, Duchess of Portsmouth, or in those of Chiffinch, near the back stairs, or in the apartment of Eleanor Gwynn, or that of Baptist May; but he losing his credit, Chiffinch had the greatest trust amongst them." Occasionally these agreeable supper-parties took place in the apartment of Miss Kirk, one of the maids of honour to the Queen. The company seems to have generally consisted of the Duke of Richmond, Lord Taaffe, Miss Stuart, the Count de Grammont, and, for the sake of appearances, the governess of the maids of honour.

In the days of Charles the Second the old palace of Whitehall was of vast size and magnificence. "It extended," writes Pennant, "along the river, and in front along the present Parliament and Whitehall Street, as far as Scotland Yard, and on the other side of those streets to the turning into Spring Gardens beyond the Admiralty, looking into St. James's Park. The merry King, his Queen, his royal brother, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, and all the great officers, and all the courtly train, had their lodgings within these walls; and all the royal family had their different offices, such as kitchens, cellars, pantries, spiceries, cyder-house, bake-house, wash-yards, coal-yards, and slaughter-houses." The source from which Pennant drew this sketch of the old palace is from the interesting plan taken by John Fisher not long after the Restoration of Charles the Second, and engraved by Vertue. This plan is not a little interesting, as enabling us to fix the identical spot inhabited by the Chiffinches and the Killigrews, by the wrong-headed Prince Rupert, and by the right-minded Duke of Ormond. Here, on the site of the present Treasury, overlooking the Park, lived the celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle; and here, overlooking the street, on the site of the Board of Trade, lived the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth.

---

* She was sworn into the post in 1675. See Pegge's "Curialia," p. 58.

Both the public and private stairs, or water entrances to the Palace, have now disappeared. With how many interesting events and recollections were those stairs identified! There Wolsey, when he mournfully embarked on board his barge for Esher, must have glanced for the last time on the princely palace which was to be his no more. There Henry the Eighth was wont to embark amidst fair dames and gallant men on his magnificent water progresses to Greenwich and Richmond. Down those stairs his daughter Mary descended on her way to her coronation in Westminster Abbey. There Elizabeth was handed into her barge by the courtly Leicester or the ill-fated Essex. There Charles the First descended between an avenue of soldiers on his way by water to his trial in Westminster Hall. Down those stairs Charles the Second must have often stolen in pursuit of his midnight frolics and pleasures; and lastly, here his brother James descended in darkness and in stealth on the night that he fled an exile to a foreign shore.

Immediately to the east of the private water entrance to the palace were the apartments of Catherine of Braganza, which had been previously occupied by Charles the First and Cromwell. Immediately to the west were those of Charles the Second, both suites of apartments overlooking the Thames. By the plan of the Palace we have just referred to, it appears that the King's apartments joined those of the maids of honour, as described by De Grammont; the "little gallery" into which they opened being plainly distinguishable. Lastly, adjoining the water-entrance and the back-stairs we trace the apartment of William Chiffinch, the indefatigable panderer to the pleasures, and the depositary of the secrets, of the voluptuous Charles—whose name has been immortalized by Sir Walter Scott.

Charles the Second breathed his last at Whitehall on the 6th of February, 1685, after a short illness, and not without suspicion of having been poisoned. Evelyn—in a passage written on the night of the King's death—has left us a very striking description of Whitehall as he beheld it on the *Sunday* preceding. "I can never forget," he writes, "the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, &c., a French boy singing love-songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after all was in the dust!"

A short time before his death Charles recommended to the care and protection of his brother James, all his natural children, except the Duke of Monmouth, who had deeply offended him. He begged him also to be kind to the Duchess of Cleveland, and especially to the Duchess of Portsmouth; adding—"Do not let Nelly starve." According to the account of the Reverend Francis Roper, chaplain to the Bishop of Ely, who was admitted to the sick chamber:—"He often in extremity of pain would say he suffered, but thanked God he did so, and that he suffered patiently. He every now and then would seem to wish for death, and beg the pardon of the standers-by, and those that were employed about him, that he gave so much trouble; that he hoped the work was almost over; he was weary of this world; he had enough of it, and was going to a better. There was so much affection and tenderness expressed between the two royal brothers, the one upon the bed, *the other almost drowned in tears upon his knees, and kissing of his dying brother's hand*, as could not but extremely move the standers-by."* On the day after Charles's death, James received the congratulations of his council, and was formally proclaimed at the gates of Whitehall and in other places. According to the prejudiced account of Burnet, the proclamation was read in solemn silence. "There were no tears," he writes, "for the last King, and no shouts for the present one." Welwood and Dr. Calamy, however, have left us a very different account of the manner in which James's accession was hailed by the people.

On the eve of the memorable Revolution of 1688, when the bigotry and misconduct of the misguided James were gradually bringing about the storm which deprived him of the sovereignty of three kingdoms, it was at Whitehall that he first received the tidings of the projected invasion of his dominions by the Prince of Orange, and that he silently and sullenly awaited his fate. In the interval between the embarkation of the Prince's army in the ports of Holland

---

* Ellis's "Orig. Letters," vol. iii., p. 335.

and its arrival at Torbay, James's feelings may be more easily imagined than described.

Among other evidences of his disquietude was his causing a weather-cock of no ordinary dimensions to be erected on the roof of the Banqueting House at Whitehall, opposite his private apartments, for the purpose of giving him constant notice of the direction of the wind, whether favourable or not for the approach of the Dutch fleet. The weather-cock, which may still be seen at the north end of the Banqueting House, is rendered the more remarkable from its being transversely ornamented with a cross, the symbol of the religion, James's devotion to which proved so fatal to his posterity as well as to himself.

> "Oh, but why does he stay behind!
> By my soul 'tis a Protestant wind!"—*Lillibulero.*

When at length it became positively known that the Prince of Orange had landed on the shores of England, and was advancing towards the metropolis, it was only natural that James should turn his most earnest thoughts towards the safety of his infant heir, afterwards invidiously styled the "Old Pretender," and that of his young wife, Mary of Modena, whose subsequent flight from Whitehall is not the least romantic episode in his history. Accordingly, on the evening of the 6th December, 1688, the King, without having previously communicated his intentions to the Queen, sent for the Count de Lauzun, the well-known favourite of Louis the Fourteenth, and desired him to make instant preparations for her departure. He then retired harassed and miserable to bed. Everything having been duly prepared, the Count de Lauzun, accompanied by Monsieur de St. Victor, repaired at the appointed hour to the King's apartment, and informed him of the steps they had taken. James instantly proceeded to the apartment of the Queen, who, on being awoke and informed of her husband's intentions, threw herself at his feet, and in a passion of grief implored him to allow her to remain and share the dangers which surrounded him. James, however, instead of relenting, issued further orders that the Prince's two nurses should be awakened. It was not till the infant was brought into the room that the feelings of the father overcame his natural coldness, when, tenderly embracing his child, he gave the most particular injunctions to the Count de Lauzun to watch carefully over his charge.

It was between three and four o'clock in the morning, in the most inclement season of the year, when the Queen, carrying her infant in her arms, stole in disguise down the back stairs at Whitehall to the private water-entrance to the palace. The chief fear of the fugitives seems to have been lest the royal infant should cry and attract the attention of the sentinels, but fortunately, alike insensible to the inclemency of the elements and to the extraordinary revolution which was being wrought in its fortunes, its slumbers remained unbroken. At the foot of the stairs an open boat was in readiness, in which, in almost total darkness, with the discomforts of a high wind, a heavy rain, and the Thames being unusually tempestuous and swollen, the unfortunate Queen and her attendants crossed the river to Lambeth. There a coach had been appointed to meet them, but by some accident its arrival had been delayed. "During the time that she was kept waiting," writes Dalrymple, "she took shelter under the walls of an old church at Lambeth, turning her eyes streaming with tears, sometimes upon the Prince, unconscious of the miseries which attend upon royalty, and who upon that account raised the greater compassion in her breast, and sometimes at the innumerable lights of the city, amidst the glimmerings of which she in vain explored the palace in which her husband was left, and started at every sound she heard from thence." While in this disagreeable situation, the fugitives had a narrow escape from discovery. "The Queen," writes Father Orleans, "waiting in the rain under the church-wall for a coach, the curiosity of a man who happened to come out of a neighbouring inn with a light gave considerable cause of alarm. He was making towards the spot where she was standing, when Riva, one of her attendants, suddenly rushed forward and jostled him, so that they both fell into the mire. It was a happy diversion, as the stranger believing it to be the result of accident, they both apologized, and so the matter ended." From Lambeth, the Queen proceeded by land to Gravesend, where a vessel was waiting for her, in which, after a safe and expeditious voyage, she arrived at Calais about four o'clock on the following afternoon.

It was not long after the flight of the Queen that the ground in front of Whitehall very nearly became the scene of a sanguinary encounter. The general in command of the Household Troops at this time was the once gay and accomplished courtier, Lord Craven, he who in former days, on the field of battle, had frequently dared death in the cause of his sovereign, and who subsequently, amidst the horrors of the Great Plague, had braved it with equal cheerfulness in the cause of humanity. Though now approaching his eightieth year, he still continued to perform his military duties with the same zeal and alacrity as when, in the vigour of his youth, he had fought under the illustrious banner of the great Gustavus Adolphus. Accordingly, having received intelligence that the Dutch troops had entered London, he placed himself at the head of his troops before the palace of Whitehall, prepared to die in defence of his legitimate sovereign. The minds of men were eagerly alive to the importance of the crisis, when, about eleven o'clock at night, the sound of the approaching Dutch was plainly audible. Learning that Lord Craven was prepared to receive them, they marched through St. James's Park in order of battle; their matches lighted, and their drums beating. In the midst, however, of the general suspense and excitement, Lord Craven received positive orders from James to retire from his post; a sentence which seems to have been as reluctantly obeyed by his humblest follower as by the veteran hero himself. No choice, however, was left them but to obey.

The moment had now arrived when the unfortunate James found it imperative to consult his own safety. Accordingly, on the night previous to his flight he communicated his intention to the Duke of Northumberland—a natural son of Charles the Second, and lord in waiting at the time,—desiring him, on his allegiance, to keep the secret till the necessity for concealment should no longer exist. Accordingly, about three o'clock on the following morning, the 11th of December, the King took boat at the private water-entrance of the palace, and before daybreak was far on his way down the river.

That morning, the King's ante-chamber at Whitehall being thronged as usual by the officers of state, the gentlemen of his household, and others, their surprise was excessive when, on the door of the bed-chamber being thrown open, instead of the King, the Duke of Northumberland made his appearance and informed them of His Majesty's flight. Having performed this last act of loyalty for his sovereign, the Duke forthwith placed himself at the head of his regiment of Guards and declared for the Prince of Orange.

James in the mean time had proceeded as far as Feversham, when he was boarded by a boat containing thirty-six armed men, who, ignorant of his rank and mistaking him for a fugitive Roman Catholic priest, not only detained, but ill-treated him in the most shameful manner. During the progress of these events, the Prince of Orange had advanced as far as Windsor, from which place he despatched a messenger to his persecuted father-in-law, desiring him on no account to proceed nearer to London than Rochester. The despatch, however, arrived too late. James, whatever may have been his reasons, had resolved on returning to London, where, such is the fickleness of popular favour, his arrival was hailed by the ringing of bells, the blazing of bonfires, and every manifestation of popular delight. Reresby, a contemporary writer, mentions the "loud huzzas" which were heard as the King passed through the City, and Father Orleans also observes—"This was a day of triumph: no man ever remembered to have seen the like; ringing of bells, bonfires, and all the solemnities that are usually exhibited to testify joy were practised on this occasion."

But gratifying as must have been the evidences of reviving loyalty, they proved of no substantial advantage to the fallen monarch. On re-entering the palace of Whitehall he found its gorgeous chambers almost deserted. The herd of court sycophants and time-servers had gone to worship the rising sun. Not only was he waited upon but by few persons of distinction, but he had the mortification of seeing Dutch sentries doing duty beneath his windows.

James was in bed at Whitehall, probably but little inclined to sleep, when, about midnight, his privacy was broken in upon by Lords Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delamere, who informed him that he must quit London the next morning. For the purpose of being near the sea-coast, he requested that he might be allowed to make Rochester his residence, and, as it suited the views of his adversaries, his request was readily granted. To Rochester, then, on a stormy night, he was conveyed down the river attended by a Dutch guard, and here he remained till the 23rd of December, when, on another dark and stormy night, he proceeded with his natural son, the Duke of Berwick, and two other faithful followers, in a small boat down the river Medway till, about midnight, he reached a sailing vessel which was expecting him near the fort at Sheerness. After encountering much adverse and boisterous weather, the fugitives, on Christmas day, 1688, arrived safely at Ambleteuse, in Picardy.

It was not many days after the flight of James that his daughter, Queen Mary, installed herself, not without exhibiting some indecent feelings of exultation and joy, in the apartments which had so recently witnessed the downfall of her ill-fated father. The Duchess of Marlborough, speaking, in her "Account of Her Own Conduct," of the Queen's want of feeling, observes—"Of this she seemed to me to give an unquestionable proof the first day she came to Whitehall. She ran about it, looking into every closet and conveniency, and turning up the quilts upon the bed, as people do when they come to an inn, and with no sort of concern in her appearance; behaviour which, though at that time I was extremely caressed by her, I thought very strange and unbecoming; for whatever necessity there was of deposing King James, he was still her father, who had so lately been driven from that chamber and that bed; and if she felt no tenderness, I thought she should still have looked grave, or even pensively sad, at so melancholy a reverse of his fortune." So also Evelyn writes of the new Queen—"She came into Whitehall, laughing and jolly, as to a wedding, as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and, in her undress, as it was reported, before her women were up, went about from room to room to see the convenience of Whitehall; lay in the same bed and apartments where the late Queen lay, and within a night or two sat down to play at basset, as the Queen, her predecessor, used to do." Even her panegyrist, Bishop Burnet, admits that he could not witness the unseemly levity of the Queen's conduct without censure.

Whitehall, convenient as was its situation, and magnificent as were its apartments, was never fancied by the King as a residence. It seems doubtful, indeed, whether he ever passed a night within its walls. Whitehall, in fact, may be said to have ceased to exist with the House of Stuart. In 1697, nearly the whole of this magnificent structure, which contained upwards of a thousand apartments, was consumed by fire.

The Banqueting House, and a room or two said to have been occupied by Oliver Cromwell, lately forming part of the Exchequer Office, and now in the occupation of the Board of Trade, are all that remain to us of the ancient palace.

On the site of the present Council Office and Treasury was situated the ancient Cock-pit of the palace of Whitehall, where our sovereigns enjoyed the cruel sports which were the delight of their age. The Cock-pit subsequently became an integral part of the palace of Whitehall, and was inhabited from time to time by several celebrated persons. From one of its windows, overlooking St. James's Park, Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery saw his unfortunate master, Charles the First, walk to his execution at Whitehall. Here the wife of Oliver Cromwell was living at the time her husband was absent on his Scottish campaign. Here at the time of the Restoration resided George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and here, on the 3rd of January, 1670, he died. In 1673 it was occupied by the second and witty George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

Charles the Second, towards the close of his reign, conferred the apartments in the Cock-pit on his niece, the Princess Anne of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne. Here she was residing at the time of the Revolution of 1688, and hence, on the approach of the Prince of Orange to London, she fled at midnight down the back stairs in "her nightgown and slippers," with only the celebrated Sarah Duchess of Marlborough for her companion. A few years afterwards, owing to the harsh conduct of King William, and of her sister, Queen Mary, she was again compelled to quit the Cock-pit. Lord Dartmouth, speaking of the compulsory removal of the Princess from Whitehall, observes—"She was carried in a sedan to Sion—being then with child, without any guard or decent attendance—where she miscarried, and all people forbid waiting; which was complied with by everybody but the Duke of Somerset, whose house she was in, and Lord Rochester, who was her uncle." The Princess subsequently removed to Berkeley House, Piccadilly, where she remained till the death of her sister, having become reconciled to King William.

It seems to have been very early in the last century that a part of the Cock-pit was converted into the Privy Council Office. Here, during the reign of Queen Anne, was the office of the celebrated Godolphin, and of the no less celebrated Harley Earl of Oxford. Here, in full council, Guiscard made his attempt on the life of Harley. Here the assassin himself fell pierced with many wounds, of which he afterwards died in Newgate; and, lastly, here it was that Bishop Atterbury underwent his memorable examination before the Privy Council previously to his committal to the Tower.

In the "New View of London," printed in 1708, the Cock-pit is described as extending "between the gate into King Street, Westminster, and the gate by the Banqueting House." The same year also we find the Treasury spoken of as being "kept at the Cock-pit near Whitehall." Till a late period in the last century the Treasury letters and minutes were headed "Cock-pit."

THE THAMES AT LONDON.

THE THAMES IN ANCIENT TIMES.—OLD PALACE OF WHITEHALL.—NORTHUMBERLAND, YORK, DURHAM, SALISBURY, WORCESTER, AND SOMERSET HOUSES.—TEMPLE GARDEN.—ALSATIA.—BRIDEWELL.—BAYNARD'S CASTLE.—QUEENHITHE.—BANKSIDE.—WATER PROCESSIONS.

PROCEEDING from Westminster down the river to the Tower, let us note, as we pass along, a few of the more remarkable places associated with the history of the past. Let us recall the time when the Thames was the great thoroughfare—the "silent highway," as it has been styled—between London and Westminster; when its banks were adorned with a succession of stately palaces and fair gardens; and when it was crowded with gilded barges covered with silken awning, and with a thousand wherries freighted with hooded churchmen, grave merchants, and laughing beauty.

"Heave and how, rumbelow"—

was the ancient chorus of the London watermen in the days of the Plantagenets; from which time to as late as the reign of Charles the First, we find this peculiar race famous for keeping time to their oars with some characteristic song.

"Row the boat, Norman, row to thy leaman,"

was the first line of a song composed by the London watermen in honour of John Norman, Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Henry the Sixth, who, in 1454, first introduced the custom of the Lord Mayor proceeding on state occasions by water from London to Westminster instead of on horseback. The days have long gone by when the oar of the London waterman was entangled in the stems of the water-lily; when, as described by Paulus Jovius in 1552, the river "abounded in swans, swimming in flocks;" or when, as mentioned in the "Spectator," "ten sail of apricock boats" were seen landing their cargoes at Strand Bridge, having previously taken in melons at Nine Elms. But though the Thames at London may have lost a great deal as regards the picturesque, there still remains much to charm and interest us, besides which the progress of time has had the effect of increasing its thousand historical associations.

The first spot of interest in our journey is the site of the old palace of Whitehall, from the water-stairs of which our monarchs were accustomed to embark in all their splendour and triumph from the days of Henry the Eighth to those of the last of the Stuart Kings. Further on are the gardens of Northumberland House, formerly extending to the water; while, adjoining them, the railway station erected on the site of Hungerford Market points out the position of the London residence of the powerful family of the Hungerfords of Fairleigh, in Wiltshire, whose mansion was pulled down by Sir Edward Hungerford in the reign of Charles the Second. A little beyond stood York House, formerly the inn, or residence, of the Bishops of Norwich, and afterwards of the Archbishops of York. Here lived the celebrated Lord Chancellor Egerton, and here the great Bacon was born: here, also, in the days of his magnificence, lived the great favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and from under its beautiful gateway, the work of Inigo Jones—he must often have passed to his sumptuous barge in all the pomp and pride of human greatness.

Close to York House stood Durham House, the residence of the Bishops of Durham, now occupied by Durham Yard and the Adelphi. In July, 1258, at a time when the treachery and insincerity of Henry the Third, the exactions with which he oppressed his unfortunate subjects, and his contempt of all solemn obligations, threatened to draw down on him the judgments of Heaven and the anathemas of the Church, we find the misguided monarch entering his barge at Westminster Stairs, and passing Durham House in his way down the river to the Tower. Just at this time the sky became obscured, and so violent a storm of thunder and lightning arose, that Henry, who was at all times terrified by any conflict of the elements, ordered the rowers to put him on shore. Durham House happened at this time to be occupied by Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who had married the King's sister, and who was at the head of the associated barons with whom Henry was then on the worst terms. It suited Leicester, however, to be courteous to his sovereign, and accordingly, perceiving the approach of the royal barge, he hastened to receive the King on his landing, and after having respectfully saluted him, endeavoured to dispel his fears. "Your majesty," he said, "should not be afraid since the tempest is over." At these words, the King, putting on a severe expression of countenance, exclaimed passionately—"Above measure I dread thunder and lightning; but, by the head of God, I am in more terror of thee than of all the thunder and lightning in the world."

Next to Durham House stood Salisbury House, built by Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, in the reign of James the First; while adjoining it stood Worcester House, the site of which is now covered with Beaufort Buildings. Farther on extending as far as Waterloo Bridge, stood the magnificent palace of the Savoy—the residence of the great Plantagenets, Dukes of Lancaster—the place of captivity of John, King of France, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Poictiers—and which was devoted by Wat Tyler to the flames in 1381, from the hatred which he bore to its owner, the celebrated John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

Somerset House, standing on the site of the famous palace erected by the Protector Duke of Somerset, recalls a host of interesting associations. Beyond it stood Bath's Inn, the residence of the Bishops of Bath and Wells till the reign of Edward the Sixth, and afterwards the property of the celebrated high admiral Lord Thomas Seymour, and one of the scenes of his "indecent dalliance" with the Princess Elizabeth during the lifetime of her sister, Queen Mary. Subsequently it became the residence of the Howards, Earls of Arundel and Dukes of Norfolk, whose titles are still preserved in Arundel Street and Surrey Street.

"Essex Stairs," between the site of Arundel House and the Temple, points out the spot where stood the garden or water entrance to Essex House, once the residence of the ill-fated favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and the scene of his conspiracy against his royal mistress. The Temple Garden —whether we people it in imagination with the Knights Templars of the olden time, or with the many learned men who have since sauntered beneath its green avenues—is a spot especially interesting. Here it is, in his play of Henry the Sixth, that Shakspeare places the scene between Richard Plantagenet and the Earl of Somerset, which, in the subsequent bloody quarrel between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, obtained for the two parties the names of the White and Red Rose.

"*Suffolk.* Within the temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
. . . . . .
Plan. Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
Warwick. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
Suffolk. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset
And say withal I think he held the right."

Adjoining the Temple was Alsatia, a place of refuge for the outcasts of society in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, now perhaps principally familiar to the reader from Scott's admirable romance, the "Fortunes of Nigel." Immediately to the east stood the church and convent of the Carmelites, or White Friars—a name preserved, within the last century, in "Whitefriars Stairs"—while close to it is the site of Dorset House, formerly the residence of the Bishops of Salisbury, and afterwards inhabited by the celebrated Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset. Here he composed his tragedy of "Porrex and Ferrex," which was performed before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, and here more than one of his successors, a race of warriors and poets, breathed their last.

Next we pass by the site of Bridewell, a formidable castle in the days of William the Conqueror, and the favourite palace of our early Norman sovereigns, the walls of which were formerly washed by the clear waters of the Fleet River.

In the days when London was a fortified city, the great wall which surrounded it ran along the Fleet River, extending to the Thames nearly where Blackfriars Bridge now stands. *Within* the walls stood the great house of the Dominicans, or Black Friars, a spot famous in the history of England; while further to the east of the bridge is the site of Baynard's Castle, which takes its name from Baynard, a follower of William the Conqueror, who died in the reign of William Rufus. This spot is also endeared to us from being associated with the pages of Shakspeare, as well as with some of the most interesting passages in the history of our country. But as we may presently have to dwell at greater length on one or two of these sites of past splendour, we must not here too much anticipate the interest which attaches to them.

In our progress down the river, we pass under the shadow of the great cathedral of St. Paul's. At its foot is Queenhithe, or Queen's Harbour, anciently called Edred's Hithe—the spot where vessels discharged their cargoes as early as the days of the Saxons. King Stephen bestowed it on William de Ypres, who, in his turn, conferred it on the convent of the Holy Trinity "within Aldgate." In the reign of Henry the Third it again came into the possession of the crown; when, apparently from its harbour dues having been made the perquisites of the Queen, it obtained its name of *Ripa Reginæ*, or Queen's Wharf.

On the opposite, or southern bank of the Thames—between Blackfriars Bridge and Southwark Bridge—is Bankside. Here was the Globe Theatre, immortalized as the spot where Shakspeare trod the stage; here was the celebrated "Paris Garden;" here stood the circuses for "bowll-bayting" and "beare-baytynge," where Queen Elizabeth entertained the French ambassadors with the baiting of wild beasts; here stood the Falcon Tavern—the "Folken Ine," as it is styled in the ancient plans of Bankside—the daily resort of Shakspeare and his dramatic companions; here, between Southwark Bridge and London Bridge, the site still pointed out by Pike Gardens, were the "pike ponds" which supplied our monarchs with fresh-water fish; and, lastly, here were the park and palace of the Bishops of Winchester.

The history of old London Bridge we shall reserve for our notices of Southwark and of its interesting locality. But, before landing at the Tower, let us pause to mention one or two incidents which throw a further interest over the old river.

It was while proceeding by water in his state barge that Richard the Second, observing Gower the poet passing by in his wherry, called him on board, and in the course of conversation commanded him to

> "Make a book after his hest."

The result was the production of the "Confessio Amantis," in which the poet, in a simple but graphic manner, describes his interview with his sovereign:—

> "As it befel upon a tide,
> As thing which should then betide;
> In Thames, when it was flowing,
> As I by boat came rowing,
> So as fortune her time set,
> My liege lord perchance I met,
> And so befel, as I came nigh,
> Out of my boat, when he me sygh;
> He bade me come into his barge;
> And when I was with him at large,
> Among other things he said
> He hath this charge upon me laid,
> And made me do my business,
> That to his high worthiness
> Some new thingé I should book,
> That he himself might look,
> After the form of my writing.
> And thus upon his commanding,
> My heart is well the more glad
> To write so as he me bade."

A few years afterwards, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, we find the Thames connected with the troubles of the unfortunate Eleanor Cobham, wife of Humphrey Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester. She was accused with two other persons—one Bullinbrooke, "a priest very expert in the art of necromancy," and Margery Goudmain, commonly called the Witch of Eye—of conspiring against the King's life, with the object of elevating the Duke of Gloucester to the throne. Another charge brought against the Duchess was that of having administered love-potions to her husband "to make him love her;" the truth of which she admitted, though she positively denied having conspired against the life of the King. Subsequently Bullinbrooke was hanged, drawn, and quartered, and the Witch of Eye was burnt, while the Duchess escaped with performing penance and suffering imprisonment for life. On three different occasions she was compelled to walk through Fleet Street and other places with her head uncovered, and with a taper of two pounds weight in her hand, which she offered at the high altar of St. Paul's Cathedral. On each of these occasions the unfortunate lady was brought from Westminster to the City by water. On the 13th of November, 1440, she was landed at the Temple Stairs; on the 15th at the Old Swan Stairs, close to London Bridge, and on the 17th at Queenhithe. The fact is rather a remarkable one that, notwithstanding the lapse of more than four hundred years, the three "stairs" we have just mentioned should have remained till our time with the same names by which they were distinguished in the reign of Henry the Sixth.

Previously to the coronation of Elizabeth of York, consort of Henry the Seventh—that "gentle, beautiful, and fruitful lady," as she is styled by Lord Bacon—she was magnificently conducted by water from the palace at Greenwich to Westminster, being attended by "barges freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silk." The ceremony was performed in Westminster Abbey, by Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, on Sunday, the 25th of November, 1487. "She was royally apparelled," writes Ive in his account of the "Coronacion of Queene Elizabeth," "and accompanied with my lady, the King's mother, and by many other great estates, both lords and ladies, richly besene, came forward to the coronation; and at their coming forth from Greenwich by water there was attending upon her there the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen of the city, and diverse and many worshipful commoners, chosen out of every craft, in their liveries, in barges freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silk, richly beaten with the arms and badges of their crafts; and especially a barge, called the bachelor's barge, wherein were many gentlemanly pageants well and curiously devised to do her highness sport and pleasure with."

It was while passing down the Thames in his sumptuous barge, in 1521, that the Prince of the Blood, Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham, the victim of his arch-enemy Cardinal Wolsey, was arrested by the Captain of the King's guard, Sir Henry Marney, and carried through the Traitor's Gate to the Tower, whence, on the day of his trial, he was conveyed by water to Westminster Hall, still attended with all the ceremony due to his high position. When, however, later in the day he re-embarked on board his barge at Westminster Stairs, it was as a condemned criminal. To Sir Thomas Lovell, Constable of the Tower, he observed—"When I came to Westminster, I was Lord High Constable and Duke of Buckingham, but now—poor Edward Bohun!" Having been landed at the Temple Stairs, with the fatal axe carried before him, he was thence conducted through the City to the Tower on foot as a "cast man." A few days afterwards, amidst the tears and lamentations of a vast concourse of people, he perished by the hands of the headsman on Tower Hill.

During the time that the famous conclave was sitting in judgment, in the great hall at Blackfriars, on the legality of the marriage between Henry the Eighth and Catherine of Aragon, the splendid barge of Cardinal Wolsey was to be seen constantly passing from the court at Blackfriars to the palace of Bridewell, to enable him to communicate from time to time to the impatient monarch the result of the day's proceedings. On one occasion, on re-entering his barge after having been closeted for several, apparently unpleasant, hours with his royal master, his companion the Bishop of Carlisle, who had accompanied him to the palace, happened to hazard the trite observation that it was a "very hot day." "Yes," said the Cardinal pithily, "and if you had been as well chafed as I have been within this hour, you *would* say it was very hot."

On the occasion of the nuptials of Henry the Eighth and Anne of Cleves, in 1540, the King and his bride proceeded by water from Greenwich to Westminster in great state. "On the fourth of February," writes Holinshed, "the King and Queen removed to Westminster by water, on whom the Lord Mayor and his brethren, with twelve of the chief companies of the City, all in barges gorgeously garnished with banners, pennons, and targets, richly covered, and furnished with instruments sweetly sounding, gave their attendance; and by the way all the ships shot off, and likewise from the Tower a great peal of ordnance went off hastily."

A few years afterwards, when Henry the Eighth declared his marriage with Anne Boleyn, the young Queen was conducted "by all the crafts of London" from Greenwich to the Tower. There were "trumpets," we are told, "shawms, and

afte
whe

other divers instruments, all the way playing and making great melody." "The Lord Mayor's state barge," writes Mr. Tytler, "led the way, adorned by flags and pennons hung with rich tapestries, and ornamented on the outside with scutcheons of metal, suspended on cloth of gold and silver. It was preceded by a wafter, or flat vessel, full of ordnance, on the deck of which a dragon pranced about furiously, twisting his tail and belching out wildfire. The Mayor's was followed by fifty other barges belonging to the trades and merchant-companies, all sumptuously decked with silk and arras, and having bands of music on board. On his lordship's left hand was seen a raft with an artificial mountain, having on its summit a wheel of gold, whereon was perched a white falcon crowned and surrounded by garlands of white and red roses. This was the Queen's device, and on the mountain sat virgins who sang and played sweetly. This civic cavalcade rowed down to Greenwich, where Anne appeared habited in cloth of gold, and, entering her barge, accompanied by her suite of ladies and gentlewomen, set forward to the Tower. Around her were many noblemen—the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Dorset, her father, the Earl of Wiltshire, with the Earls of Arundel, Derby, Rutland, Worcester, and others, all in their private barges. She thus rowed to the Tower, amidst the shouts of the people, and peals of ordnance from the ships which were anchored close in shore. On arriving at the fortress she was received by the Lord Chamberlain and brought to the King, who met her at the postern and kissed her. She then turned to the Mayor, and having gracefully thanked him and the citizens for the honour they had done her, entered the Tower."

Less than three years after this scene of triumph the young and beautiful Queen was reconducted over the same "silent highway," and landed a miserable prisoner at the Traitors' Gate of the Tower!

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Thames again became the gay scene of many a royal procession. It was on the occasion of Elizabeth's stately progresses on the Thames, that Sir Walter Raleigh, from his prison-window in the Tower, caught a glimpse of his royal mistress as she was landing at Blackfriars. To Sir Robert Cecil, Arthur George writes in 1592—"Upon a report of her Majesty's being at Sir George Carew's, Sir Walter Raleigh, having gazed and sighed a long time at his study-window, from whence he might discern the barges and boats about the Blackfriars' Stairs, suddenly broke out into a great distemper, and swore that his enemies had on purpose brought her Majesty thither to break his gall in sunder with Tantalus' torment, that when she went away he might see death before his eyes, and many such-like conceits. And, as a man transported with passion, he swore to Sir George Carew that he would disguise himself, and get into a pair of oars, to ease his mind but with a sight of the Queen."

In the following reign—on the occasion of the marriage of the interesting Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, with the Elector Palatine—the Thames at Whitehall was the scene of extraordinary splendour and rejoicings. Among those who took a share in the pageant were the members of the Inner Temple and of Gray's Inn, who had been invited to perform a masque before the Court. "These maskers," we are told, "with their whole train in all triumphant manner and good order, took barge at Winchester Stairs about seven of the clock that night, and rowed to Whitehall against the tide. The chief maskers went in the King's barge royally adorned, and plenteously furnished with a great number of great wax-lights, that they alone made a glorious show: other gentlemen went in the Prince's barge, and certain other went in other fair barges, and were led by two admirals. Besides all these, they had four lusty warlike galleys to convoy and attend them; each barge and galley being replenished with store of torch-lights, made so rare and brave a show upon the water as the like was never seen upon the Thames."

On the occasion of the marriage of Charles the First and Henrietta Maria, the Thames at London presented a still more stirring and splendid scene. On the 16th of June, 1625, Charles, who had met his young bride at Dover, embarked with her on board the royal barge at Gravesend, whence, attended by several of the magnificent vessels of the nobility, they proceeded up the river in regal state. From London Bridge to Whitehall the procession resembled a triumph. Thousands of vessels crowded the Thames. Every lighter and barge was filled with spectators. The banks appeared a moving mass of people, who, as the guns roared from the Tower, vied with each other in the clamour of their gratulations. The King and Queen were severally dressed in green. The windows of the barge, notwithstanding the rain fell in torrents, were kept open; Henrietta frequently acknowledging the shouts of the populace by gracefully waving her hand. It was observed that her head already reached the King's shoulder, and that she was young enough to grow taller.*

In the "Strafford Letters" will be found more than one interesting notice of the celebrated Archbishop Laud passing between his episcopal palace at Lambeth and the palace of Whitehall. For instance, in one of his letters to the Earl of Strafford, speaking of the state of his health, he regrets that, in consequence of his elevation to the See of

---

* Ellis's Original Letters.

Canterbury, he has now simply to glide across the river in his barge when on his way either to the Court or the Star-chamber; whereas, when Bishop of London, there were five miles of rough road between the palace of Fulham and Whitehall, the jolting over which in his coach he describes as having been extremely beneficial to his health.

The bed of the Thames was once for a short time the depository of the Great Seal of England. James the Second having obtained possession of it on the night of his flight from Whitehall, he purposely let it fall into the water as he passed down the river. Not long afterwards it was recovered by a fisherman and restored to the government.

THE TOWER.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FORTRESS. — ITS PRINCIPAL BULWARKS. — TOWER CHAPEL.—TRAITORS' GATE.—KINGS WHO BUILT, ENLARGED, AND LIVED IN IT.—DISTINGUISHED PRISONERS WHOSE MISFORTUNES OR CRIMES HAVE THROWN A DEEP INTEREST OVER ITS DUNGEONS.

ASSOCIATED with almost every great and every tragic event in the history of our country, there is no building in Europe which to an Englishman is replete with feelings and recollections of such deep and varied interest as the Tower of London. Who is there, indeed, whose philosophy is so rigid, or whose heart is so dead to every sentiment of poetry and romance, as to be able to pass without deep emotion through its dreary courts, every stone of which, could they speak, would chronicle some fearful crime, or some melancholy tale of suffering and distress! Whether, indeed, we recall the time when the Roman sentinel looked down from its ramparts on the quiet waters below;—whether we identify ourselves with the period when it was the proud palace of our Norman sovereigns, diversified with terraced walks and verdant labyrinths;—whether we conjure up the shadows of the headless and illustrious dead who have expiated here their patriotism or their crimes; or whether we recall the foul murders which have been perpetrated in its fearful dungeons, this memorable pile cannot fail to awaken a train of thought and reflection to which no pen could do justice. But, before we proceed to touch on the many heart-stirring events with which the Tower is associated, it is necessary to give a brief description of the ancient fortress itself.

The fact of a Roman fortress having existed on the site of the present Tower of London has occasionally been called in question, but we believe without reason; nor would we willingly deprive it of one of its most interesting associations. That the White Tower, or, as it was formerly styled, Cæsar's Tower,* was originally founded by Julius Cæsar, is unquestionably a fiction, the Roman emperor never having advanced so far as London in either of his expeditions. On the other hand, that the Romans had a fortification here, and indeed a Mint, at a later period, there can be little doubt.

That the Keep or White Tower is the most ancient part of the present fortress there can also be no question. It was erected about the year 1078, by William the Conqueror; the architect being the celebrated Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, who also built Rochester Castle. In the following reign William Rufus surrounded the Tower with a stone wall; his successor, Henry the First, made several other important additions. According to Fitzstephen, who wrote about the year 1180,—"London hath on the east part a Tower Palatine, very large and very strong, whose court and walls rise up from a deep foundation: *the mortar is*

---

* Shakspeare more than once designates it as Cæsar's Tower. In "Richard the Second," act v., sc. 1, we find,—

"This is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected Tower."

And, again, in "Richard the Third," act iii., sc. 1,—

"*Prince.* Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?
Gloster. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.
Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
Buckingham. Upon record, my gracious lord."

tempered with the blood of beasts." When Fitzstephen penned these lines, how little could he have imagined how symbolical were the materials of the bloody scenes which were destined hereafter to be enacted in its secret dungeons!

"Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
By many a foul and midnight murder fed!"

The principal entrance to the Tower is by three gates to the west, one within the other. The first of these opens into a small court, on the right of which is the Lions' Tower, where the royal menagerie was formerly kept; the second opens to a stone bridge built over the moat; and at the further end is the third gate, defended by a portcullis, where, for centuries, the principal guard of the Tower, consisting of soldiers and warders, has always been stationed.

There still exists a curious and ancient ceremony connected with the opening and closing of the Tower gates. In the morning, the yeoman-porter, attended by a sergeant's guard, proceeds to the Governor's house, where the keys of the fortress are delivered to him. Hence he proceeds to open the three gates, and as the keys pass and repass the soldiers on duty present arms. The yeoman-porter then returns to the innermost gate, and calls on the warders in waiting to take in Queen Victoria's keys, on which the gate is opened, and the keys are lodged in the warder's hall till night-time. At the closing of the gates, the same formalities are used as in the morning. As soon as the gates are shut, the yeoman-porter, followed by a sergeant's guard, proceeds to the main guard, who are all under arms, with the officer upon duty at their head. The usual challenge from the main guard is—"Who comes here?" To which the yeoman-porter answers—"Keys." "What keys?" is asked. "Queen Victoria's keys," is the reply. The challenger then returns—"Advance, Queen Victoria's keys." They then advance, and the yeoman-porter exclaims—"God save Queen Victoria;" whereupon the guards answer, with loud voices—"Amen." The yeoman-porter then proceeds to the Governor's house, where the keys are lodged for the night.

The principal bulwarks in the Tower of London are the White or Cæsar's Tower; the Bell Tower; the Beauchamp or Cobham Tower; the Devereux Tower; the Bowyer's Tower; the Jewel Tower; the Broad Arrow Tower; the Salt Tower; the Record or Wakefield Tower; and the Bloody Tower. By a document drawn up in 1641, showing the manner in which the different buildings were appropriated, it appears that at one time as many as eleven towers were used as "*prison lodgings.*"

We have already mentioned that the WHITE TOWER, or Keep, is the most ancient part of the fortress. This fine building is of a quadrangular form. The walls are of vast thickness. At each of its four angles is a lofty turret, one of which was formerly used by the learned Flamstead as an observatory. Besides its antiquity, the White Tower is especially an object of attraction, having been formerly an integral part of the ancient palace of the Kings of England. Its chapel, its hall, and its council-chamber still remain. In addition to some capacious vaults the White Tower consists of three stories, each of which has its particular interest. The ground-floor consists of three apartments, two of which are of considerable size, while the third is not a little remarkable from the peculiarity of its vaulted roof, and the appearance which it presents of great antiquity. That these gloomy chambers were for centuries used as prisons there can be little doubt. Here, in the reign of Queen Mary, were imprisoned several unfortunate persons who were implicated in Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion, and here, if we are to place any credit in tradition, Sir Walter Raleigh composed his "History of the World."

The above story, besides two other apartments, contains the beautiful private chapel dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, in which for centuries our sovereigns and their households offered up their devotions. Formerly, through many a reign, it was redecorated and rebeautified with religious care and at regal expense.

In the uppermost story of the White Tower, the apartments are far loftier and more imposing, and also have all the appearance of being of an ancient date. The largest of them—the roof of which consists of vast beams of timber supported by massive pillars of wood—is deeply interesting, as being, according to tradition, the famous council-chamber where our sovereigns sat at debate when they held their Court in the fortress. Here it was that Richard the Second, clad in all the appurtenances of royalty, and surrounded by "Dukes, prelates, Earls, and Barons," took his crown from his devoted head and delivered it to the usurper Bolingbroke! Here occurred that striking scene at the council-table, when the Protector Gloucester bared his shrivelled arm, and when, striking his hand upon the table, the guard rushed in, and hurried the unfortunate Hastings to the block; and lastly, here it was that Anne Boleyn stood serene and beautiful before her judges, on that memorable occasion when every cheek was blanched and every eye was wet but her own!

The private apartments of the palace, in which for nearly five hundred years the sovereigns of England experienced their joys, their sorrows, or their bridal pleasures, were situated at the south-east angle of the fortress, having an immediate communication with the chapel and the state rooms in the White Tower. The bedchamber and the private closet of the sovereign were in the Lanthorn Tower, of which no vestige now remains, but which formerly adjoined the great gallery, and overlooked the private garden of the palace.

Immediately on the left hand, after entering the fortress, is the BELL TOWER, which derives its name from containing the alarm bell of the garrison. Here was confined the pious and venerable John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, for refusing to take the oath of supremacy to Henry the Eighth, and hence he was led forth to the scaffold on Tower Hill. The apartment in which he was imprisoned was probably the gloomy and vaulted room on the ground floor. His dungeon is described as having been miserable in the extreme; indeed, such was the treatment to which he was subjected that, though in his eightieth year, he was allowed no covering but rags, and these scarcely sufficient to hide his nakedness.

Over a chimney-piece in an apartment adjoining the Bell Tower, not many years since was discovered the following interesting inscription:—"*Upon the twenty daye of June, in the yere of our Lord a thousande five hundred three score and five, was the Right honorable countes of Lennox Grace commettede prysoner to thys lodgynge for the marreage of her sonne, My Lord Henry Darnle and the Quene of Scotland. Here is their names that do wayte upon her noble Grace in thys place. M. Elizh. Hussey, M. Jane Baily, M. Elizh. Chamberlain, M. Robert Partington, Edward Cuffin, anno Domini* 1566."

According to tradition it was in the Bell Tower that Queen Elizabeth was lodged when committed to the Tower by her sister, Queen Mary; yet, inasmuch as we are expressly told that her prison adjoined the Queen's garden, in which she was occasionally allowed to take the air, the legend loses somewhat of its importance. The Bell Tower, which has long formed a part of the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Tower, was erected in the reign of Henry the Eighth. It contains little that is interesting with the exception of an apartment on the second floor, in which Guy Fawkes and the other conspirators concerned in the Gunpowder Plot underwent their examination. A bust of James the First, as well as a marble monument in the wall—containing an account of the conspiracy in Latin, and the names of the conspirators and examining commissioners—are still preserved in the apartment.

The Beauchamp or Cobham Tower, which appears to have been erected about the reign of King John, is highly interesting, as having been apparently the principal state prison in the fortress, and consequently the spot where the most illustrious criminals were probably immured. In the reign of Henry the Eighth it was known as the Beauchamp Tower, but subsequently, in consequence of some members of the Cobham family having been confined there for their share in Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion, it became more familiarly known as the Cobham Tower. The principal apartment, which is of large size and on the first floor, has two small cells adjoining it, in which probably the prisoners were secured for the night. It is difficult to enter this interesting apartment without feelings of deep emotion. The walls are literally covered with inscriptions engraved by the hands of a succession of unhappy prisoners; some of them bearing names familiar to us by their misfortunes and violent deaths; others breathing the purest piety; others bewailing in some touching sentence their miserable lot.

For instance, let us take the following inscription by Charles Bailly, a young man who involved himself in the ruined fortunes of Mary Queen of Scots:—

"*Principium sapientiæ timor Dei, I.H.S. X.P.S. Be friend to one. Be enemye to none. Anno D.,* 1571, 10 *Sept. The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not pacient in adversities; for men are not killed with the adversities they have; but with the impatience which they suffer.*

"*Tout vient apoient, quy peult attendre. Gli sospiri ne son testimoni veri dell' angoscia mia. Æt.* 29. *Charles Bailly.*"

Again, how touching is the following inscription, the original of which is in Italian! "*Since fortune hath chosen that my hope should go to the wind to complain, I wish the time were destroyed, my planet being ever sad and unpropitious. William Tyrrel,* 1541."

Over the fireplace is an inscription engraved by the hand of the unfortunate Philip Earl of Arundel, who languished here for many years till released by death on the 19th of November, 1595. The inscription runs:—

"*Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo, tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro. Arundell. June* 22, 1587.

"Gloria et honore eum coronasti, Domine,
In Memoria eterna erit justus.
At . . ."

Lastly, there is a well-executed piece of sculpture by John Dudley, Earl of Warwick—eldest son of John Duke of Northumberland—who was imprisoned here for his share in the attempt to place the crown on the head of his sister-in-law, Lady Jane Grey. His name, spelt in the fashion of the age, is encircled by a border of oak-sprigs, roses, and other flowers, having above it his family badge of the lion and bear and ragged staff. There is also an inscription of four lines in verse, part of which is obliterated. The Earl was afterwards arraigned for high treason in Westminster Hall, when, together with his father and the Marquis of Northampton, he was condemned to death, but died in the Tower shortly after receiving his sentence.

The word "JANE" on the walls of the principal apartment in the Beauchamp Tower has occasionally excited great attention, as having been supposed to be the autograph of the beautiful and accomplished Lady Jane Grey. From the circumstances, however, of her high rank and her near relationship to the Queen, it seems far more likely that she was imprisoned either in the royal apartments, or in the private residence of the Lieutenant of the Tower. Whether, indeed, as has been suggested, the name may have been engraved by her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley—a fellow-prisoner in the Tower with his brother, the Earl of Warwick—or by some other affectionate relative or adherent, is a question never likely to be decided. At all events, whatever apartment may have been occupied by Lady Jane Grey, she is known to have inscribed on the wall of it the following couplet, of which unfortunately no trace can now be discovered:—

"Non aliena putes homini quæ obtingere possunt,
Sors hodierna mihi, cras erit illa tibi."

The DEVEREUX, anciently called the DEVELIN TOWER, situated at the north-west angle of the fortress, has every appearance of being of a much earlier date than the Beauchamp Tower. Distinguished by its massive walls, its gloomy cells, and iron gratings, it seems for centuries to have been set apart as a state prison. It owes its present name from having been the prison of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the ill-fated favourite of Queen Elizabeth.

The Bowyer's Tower derives its name from having been formerly the residence of the master and provider of the King's bows. Of this Tower the only remains are the basement story, consisting of a vaulted and gloomy apartment, the walls of which also are of great thickness. According to tradition, it was in this dismal chamber that George Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of Malmsey.

The Jewel Tower, or, as it was styled in the days of Queen Elizabeth, the Martin Tower, flanks the north-east angle of the Tower. It derives its name from having been long the repository of the Regalia. It was here that Blood made his attempt to steal the crown jewels. Of this ancient tower, also, little is left but the basement floor, the roof of which is vaulted and groined in the elegant style of architecture that prevailed in the reign of Henry the Third. It was formerly one of the principal prison-lodgings in the Tower, containing, till modern alterations barbarously swept them away, some interesting inscriptions engraved by unfortunate prisoners on its walls.

The Broad Arrow Tower, consisting of two stories, and apparently of the same date as the Beauchamp Tower, also formed one of the ancient prisons of the fortress. The most interesting part is its basement floor, consisting of a dismal chamber, and a still more dismal cell about six feet long and about four feet wide. On the walls are still to be traced some interesting inscriptions, engraved by the guilty, the penitent, or the oppressed.

The Salt Tower, a small circular tower, adjoined in former days the east end of what was called the King's gallery, and probably constituted an integral part of the ancient palace. The ground floor consists of a vaulted dungeon, connected by a small spiral staircase of stone with the upper chamber. On the walls of the former there still exist many melancholy memorials of those who languished within this gloomy prison house.

The Record Tower, formerly known as the Hall Tower, and sometimes as the Wakefield Tower, is a large circular building, the lower part of which is apparently of the reign of William Rufus, and, with the exception of the White Tower, is unquestionably the most ancient part of the fortress. In this Tower, from the reign of Henry the Eighth, and probably from a still earlier period, the ancient records of the kingdom were preserved. If we are to place any faith in tradition, it was in the fine and lofty chamber on the second story that the "meek usurper," Henry the Sixth, met with his untimely end.

We might mention several other towers which anciently formed a part of the bulwarks of the royal fortress, but either all remains of them have passed away, or they possess no particular interest. We will content ourselves, therefore, with noticing not the least remarkable one,—the Bloody Tower.

The Bloody Tower, formerly called the Garden Tower, appears, from its style of architecture, to have been built about the reign of Edward the Third. The chief interest attached to this tower is derived from the popular belief that in one of its gloomy chambers Edward the Fifth and his infant brother, Richard Duke of York, were smothered by order of their inhuman uncle, Richard Duke of Gloucester, from which circumstance it has been supposed to derive its name of the Bloody Tower. True it is that in the reign of Charles the Second a discovery was made in the Tower of the bones of two youths corresponding in size with the two children of Edward the Fourth, but it was not, as has generally been conjectured, beneath the basement story of the Bloody Tower that they were found, but at the foot of an ancient staircase on the south side of the White Tower. Moreover, it was not till the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth that the Bloody Tower received its present name, and accordingly, as Mr. Bailey conjectures in his history of the Tower of London, it seems far more likely to have been so called from having been the scene of one of the many "foul and midnight murders" which disgraced the sixteenth century; not impossibly from the tragical end of Henry Earl of Northumberland, who destroyed himself in the Tower in 1585, but whose death was popularly attributed to the hand of the midnight assassin.

Perhaps the most interesting spot in the ancient fortress is the "Tower Chapel," erected in the reign of Edward the First, and not inappropriately dedicated to St. Peter ad Vincula. Who is there who has ever entered that narrow portal, through which so many of the headless dead have been carried in their bloody shrouds to their last home, without feelings of the deepest emotion? How many high hopes! what turbulent passions! what fair forms! rest calmly beneath our feet! Here for a time rested the headless trunk of Sir Thomas More, and here lie the remains of the amiable and undaunted martyr, John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. In front of the altar sleep the two ill-fated wives of Henry the Eighth, the gentle and beautiful Anne Boleyn, and the no less beautiful adulteress, Catherine Howard; while between them—in the same grave with his turbulent and ambitious brother, Lord Seymour of Sudley, and side by side with his powerful rival, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland—sleeps the Great Protector Duke of Somerset.

Not far off rest the headless remains of George Lord Rochford, who was involved in the fate of his innocent sister, Anne Boleyn. Here also lies the wise and powerful minister of Henry the Eighth, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. Singular it is that in no history can we trace the burial-place of the gifted and ill-fated Lady Jane Grey, or of her ambitious father, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, who was executed a few days after his accomplished daughter. Inasmuch, however, as her young husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, who was beheaded on the same day with her, was interred in the Tower Chapel, it is not improbable that Lady Jane and her turbulent father were laid in the same grave.

In the afternoon of the day on which death terminated the dreadful sufferings of Sir Thomas Overbury, the remains of that accomplished courtier and poet were committed almost stealthily to the earth in the Tower Chapel. Here lies the mutilated corpse of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the ill-fated favourite of Queen Elizabeth; while, under the communion-table, reposes one no less gifted and ambitious, the unfortunate James Duke of Monmouth. Lastly, here lie buried more than one of the gallant and devoted men who lost their lives in the cause of the ill-fated Stuarts. Here repose, in one grave, the intrepid Lord Balmerino, the gay and handsome Lord Kilmarnock, and the arch-traitor, Simon Lord Lovat.

"Pitied by gentle minds Kilmarnock died,
The brave, Balmerino, were on thy side."

Some years since, on removing the pavement of the chapel, their coffin-plates, bearing the following inscriptions, were discovered, and are now preserved in the building.

Arthurus
Dominus de Balmerino
Decollatus 18° die Augusti 1746.
Ætatis suæ 58°.

Willielmus
Comes de Kilmarnock
Decollatus 18° die Augusti 1746.
Ætatis suæ 42°.

Simon Dominus
Frazer de Lovat
Decollat. Apr^s. 9. 1747.
Ætat. suæ 80.

In the days when our sovereigns and their households performed their orisons in the Tower Chapel, we find it constantly re-beautified and re-decorated by successive monarchs It then contained, besides rich stalls for the King and Queen, two chancels, one dedicated to the Holy Virgin and the other to St. Peter. Moreover, it was adorned with a fine Cross and with pictures and statues of saints; it had its two altars profusely ornamented, and its windows filled with beautiful stained glass. In vain, however, we now search for any trace of the magnificence of the past. But that which principally disappoints us on entering the Tower Chapel, is the absence of all memorials to the illustrious dead who sleep beneath our feet, and whose misfortunes have been familiar to us from our childhood. Not one is to be found!

But though the resting-places of the headless dead remain unrecorded in the Tower Chapel, it contains more than one interesting memorial to persons more fortunate or less ambitious who died peaceably in their homes. There is a fine monument to Sir Richard Blount; another to his son, Sir Michael, and a third to Sir Richard Cholmondeley, who fought under the Earl of Surrey at Flodden Field. All three of these persons held in their day the appointment of Lieutenant of the Tower. But the monument to which we turn with the greatest interest is a small tablet of stone in the floor at the upper end of the nave, to the memory of Talbot Edwards, the old man who was gagged and stabbed by the ruffian Blood, when the latter made his famous attempt to seize the crown jewels. "*Here lieth y^e body of Talbot Edwards, gent., late keeper of His Ma$^{ty's}$ Regalia, who dyed y^e* 30*th of September,* 1674, *aged* 80 *yeares and* 9 *moneths.*" The old man lived to see himself neglected and his assailant pensioned !

The open space in front of the Chapel is scarcely less interesting than the chapel itself. When the rage of the Protector, Richard Duke of Gloucester, sent the unfortunate Lord Hastings from the Council-table to the block "without time for confession or repentance," it was hither that he was hurried by the guard, and here beheaded on a "log of timber," which his executioners found conveniently at hand. Here the lovely Anne Boleyn submitted her slender neck to the stroke of the executioner. Here the no less beautiful Queen, Catherine Howard, was beheaded, together with the unprincipled Lady Rochford, the confidante of her amours. Here perished the pious and gentle Lady Jane Grey; and, lastly, here it was that the Earl of Essex, the ill-fated favourite of Queen Elizabeth, submitted serenely and piously to his fate. In the "yard belonging to the chapel" also lie buried Sir Francis Weston, Henry Norris, and William Brereton, the three reputed lovers of Anne Boleyn, who having been involved in her ruin, were beheaded a few days before her on Tower Hill.

Before we proceed to notice some of the more distinguished prisoners whose misfortunes or whose crimes have thrown so dark and deep an interest over the dungeons of the Tower, let us pause for a moment at the famous Traitors' Gate. As we look down upon that gloomy water-entrance, what a crowd of melancholy recollections rushes to our minds ! How many illustrious persons who wantoned so lately in the full pride of pomp and power, have been hurried through this dark passage, never more to return ! How often, when its dripping walls have received the armed barge, and have echoed back the last melancholy splash of the advancing oars, has the increasing darkness sent the colour from the cheek of the prisoner, and struck terror into his heart! Only within a few years have its ancient wooden gates, blackened by age and the action of the water, been removed..

The first person recorded to have been committed a prisoner to the Tower was the famous soldier-prelate, Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, whose extortions and oppressions rendered him so unpopular as minister and first favourite of William Rufus. Uniting in his own person the appointments of High Treasurer, Justiciary, and Bishop of Durham, he sank at once, on the accession of Henry the First, from* the highest position which could be held by a subject to be the inmate of a prison. Here he continued to live a life of revelry and intemperance, till his friends having contrived to convey a rope to him in a flagon of wine, he let himself down from the tower in which he was imprisoned, and, with the exception of a few bruises, reached the ground uninjured. He subsequently managed to reach the court of Robert of Normandy, whom he afterwards assisted in his fruitless endeavours to obtain possession of the English throne.

It is not till the succeeding reign of King Stephen that we discover any positive evidence of the Tower having been a royal residence. Certain it is, however, that this monarch was residing here in 1140, when, according to William of Malmesbury, he kept his court in the Tower during Whitsuntide with great magnificence. In this reign we find the custody of the Tower conferred on Geoffrey de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, grandson of the powerful Geoffrey de Mandeville who had accompanied the Conqueror to England. De Mandeville, turning traitor to his royal master, retained the fortress for the Empress Maude; nor was it till he was made prisoner at St. Albans, in 1143, that the Tower again came into the possession of King Stephen.

During the reign of Henry the Second we find but little interest associated with the Tower, nor is it ascertained that he ever kept his court here. It may be mentioned, however, that early in this reign the Tower was in the custody of the celebrated Thomas à Becket.

When, in 1189, Richard the First departed for the Holy Land, he conferred the important post of custodian of the Tower on his Chancellor, Longchamp, Bishop of Ely. The Bishop, foreseeing, perhaps, the opposition which he was likely to encounter in his career of haughtiness and oppression, raised round the fortress an "embattled wall of stone," far stronger than that of William Rufus, and surrounded the whole with a "broade and deepe ditch." At length, having by repeated acts of violence and extortion completely incensed the nation, he was cited by a convocation of barons and prelates, headed by the King's brother, Prince John, to appear before them on a certain day at Loddon Bridge. Instead, however, of obeying the summons, he shut himself up with his retainers in the Tower, till, finding himself environed by a powerful army, and foreseeing that resistance was of little avail, he appeared at night on the walls of the eastern part of the fortress, and held a parley with the principal nobles who headed the conspiracy. The result was, that on their guaranteeing him his safety, with permission to retire to the Continent, he consented to surrender the Tower, which was immediately afterwards entered by Prince John and his followers. The charge of the fortress was forthwith conferred on the Archbishop of Rouen, in whose custody it remained till the return of King Richard from the East.

King John frequently held his court at the Tower, and also added to its strength. In 1215 it underwent a siege by the Barons, but when the Magna Charta was signed at

Runnymede in that year it was still in the possession of the King. One of the stipulations of the Charter was the surrender of the Tower of London to the Barons till such time as the King should have fulfilled the articles of agreement which he had signed with his people, and accordingly it was delivered in trust to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton.

Henry the Third not only added considerably to the strength of the Tower, but it was also to his taste for the fine arts that his successors were indebted for that internal comfort and magnificence which for four centuries afterwards rendered this palatial fortress a suitable residence for the sovereigns of England. As a specimen of the architectural taste of Henry the Third, we may mention the beautiful chapel erected under his auspices in the White Tower. In the records of the period are numerous entries of the sums spent by Henry in beautifying and strengthening the Tower, the items comprising also the cost of statues and paintings. One especial order enjoins that the King's chamber of state shall be decorated with paintings from the story of Antiochus.

As the Tower was the spot where Henry passed the days of his youth, so also was it the scene of more than one of his fierce struggles with his imperious barons, and of more than one eventful incident in his chequered career. Here it was that his sister Isabel was kept in restraint till her marriage with the Emperor Frederick in 1235. Here the unfortunate King sought safety during his contest with his powerful nobles. Here at one time we find him flying in the dead of night, and at another presiding over festivals of gorgeous magnificence. Lastly, here it was that he signed those humiliating conditions, which delivered over, not only the Tower of London, but every other fortress in the kingdom, to the custody of the Barons. From this period the Tower remained in the possession of that domineering faction till the battle of Evesham, when the success of the King's gallant son, afterwards Edward the First, restored the royal authority.

During this reign we find more than one person of distinction a prisoner in the Tower. Here, in 1232—to the very fortress of which he had recently been the dreaded governor—was committed that powerful Baron and distinguished soldier and statesman, Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent. The valuable services which he had rendered to King Richard and King John, as well as to Henry himself, deserved a very different requital. In 1216, when Louis, the French Dauphin, invaded England at the invitation of the rebels, De Burgh had successfully defended the castle of Dover with a garrison consisting only of his own servants and a hundred and forty soldiers. Again, when a large fleet under the conduct of the celebrated Eustace the Monk was approaching the shores of Kent with supplies from France, the Earl set sail from Dover, and with only eight ships under his command, dispersed the enemy, and took captive and beheaded their leader. At the death of King John, De Burgh had hastened to serve his young sovereign, Henry the Third; nor at first had he any reason to complain that his services were rewarded with a niggard hand. In 1219, on the death of William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, he was appointed guardian of the King and kingdom; the following year he married Margaret, sister of the King of Scotland; and in 1228 was created Earl of Kent and appointed Chief Justiciary of England for life. Lastly, in 1231, he was made Chief Justiciary of Ireland, and Constable of the castles of Odiham and Windsor, and of the Tower of London. Such an accumulation of dignities and honours naturally raised him many enemies, and accordingly through their machinations he was deprived by his sovereign of all his honours, appointments, and estates, and compelled to seek refuge in the sanctuary of Merton Priory, in Surrey. Hence he removed to a palace of the Bishop of London, in Essex, where he had remained no long time when, being informed that an armed force was approaching to seize his person, he flew to an adjoining chapel, where his enemies found him standing before the altar with the cross and host in his hands. In spite, however, of the sacredness of the place, he was dragged from the sanctuary, and with every circumstance of ignominy carried, with his legs tied, on a wretched jade to the Tower. The cruel treatment which he here experienced—his second flight into the sanctuary in Essex—the solitary nights which he spent at the altar deprived of food and of all intercourse with his kind—the approach of starvation which compelled him to deliver himself up to his enemies—his re-imprisonment in the Tower—the cruelties to which he was subjected in the dungeons of Devizes Castle—his romantic escape therefrom—the further attempts made to starve him to death on his seeking refuge before the high altar of the church of St. John at Devizes—and lastly, his being carried in safety to the borders of Wales by a band of devoted friends—all these are incidents which partake rather of the character of romance than of matter-of-fact history of real life. De Burgh subsequently leagued himself with those nobles who took up arms to redress the wrongs of their country, and, having been included in the general amnesty at Gloucester, was restored to a great portion of his estates. He died in 1243, and was buried in the church of the Friars Preachers in London.

Another illustrious prisoner in the Tower about this period was Griffin, eldest son of Llewellyn Prince of Wales.

He had passed four miserable years a prisoner in the fortress of his hereditary foe, when, having found means to elude the vigilance of his keepers, he succeeded in fabricating a rope of the clothes and furniture of his bed, which he made fast to the battlements of the turret in which he was confined. In the dead of night he made his perilous attempt to escape, when the rope unhappily broke, and he was discovered the next morning a lifeless corpse with his head and neck crushed beneath his shoulders.

The last person of any celebrity confined to the Tower in the reign of Henry the Third was William Marish, or de Marescis, who, though descending from a long line of ancestors, was content to establish himself as the chief of a band of daring freebooters in the Isle of Lundy, where he continued to be long an object of terror to the inhabitants of the western coast of England. At length, notwithstanding the strength of his island stronghold, he was overpowered and committed, loaded with irons, to the Tower, whence in due time he was led forth to be hanged, disembowelled, and to have his quarters exposed in the four principal cities of the kingdom.

It was in accordance with the martial tastes of Edward the First to add considerably to the strength of the Tower. He greatly enlarged the moat, and threw up outworks, especially towards the western entrance; since which but little has been added to the military defences of the celebrated fortress. The "mighty victor" would seem to have seldom held his court in the Tower, yet its history during his reign is far from devoid of interest. Here it was, when the unfortunate Jews were accused of adulterating the coin of the realm, that six hundred were huddled together at one time, of whom two hundred and eighty were hanged in London alone. Hither, too, the conquest of Wales and the subjection of Scotland conducted many a noble and knightly prisoner. Here the timid Baliol wept over his fallen greatness, and here languished the flower of Scottish chivalry, comprising the Earls of Athol, Ross, and Monteith, Comyn of Badenoch, Richard Syward, John Fitz-Geoffrey, Andrew de Moravia, John de Inch Martin, David Fitz-Patric de Graham, Alexander de Meners, and Nicholas Randolf, all of whom had distinguished themselves by the valour with which they had fought the battles of their country. Lastly, here it was that the glorious patriot, William Wallace, was led a prisoner in 1305, and hence he was led forth, tied to a horse's tail, to expiate on the common gallows, under circumstances of peculiar horror, his only offence, a generous ardour to revenge the wrongs of his country. His body was removed from the gallows before life was extinct; his bowels were taken out and burnt; his head was set on London Bridge, and his quarters sent to Scotland to arouse the tears and curses of his affectionate countrymen. His gallant companion in arms, Sir Simon Frazer, and other brave Scots, suffered the same fate. Among them was the Earl of Athol, whose royal descent proved of no avail, and who also met his fate under circumstances of peculiar cruelty.

It was while Edward was pursuing his victorious course in Scotland, in 1303, that his treasury in Westminster Abbey, as we before remarked, was broken into and robbed of the large sum, it is said, of one hundred thousand pounds. Edward immediately committed the whole of the sacred establishment—consisting of the abbot, the monks, and their servants—to the Tower of London. To the Tower also, in this reign—when their vice and enormities led to the breaking up of their establishments in 1307—were committed the Grand Master of the Knight Templars, and all the members of their powerful Order south of the Tweed.

The ill-fated Edward the Second appears to have occasionally kept his court in the Tower. Here his Queen gave birth to her eldest daughter—from this circumstance styled Joan of the Tower—and here we find him more than once taking refuge when threatened by the fury of his exasperated subjects. After his murder, his young son, Edward the Third, was kept closely watched here by his mother, Queen Isabel, and her paramour, Lord Mortimer. It was soon evident, however, that the fiery spirit of Edward the First had descended to his young grandson. By his orders Mortimer was suddenly arrested in Nottingham Castle, and with his two sons was thrust, loaded with chains, into the darkest dungeons of the Tower. Here the unworthy favourite remained till he was led forth to be hanged at the Elms in Smithfield.

With Edward the Third not only does the Tower appear to have been a favourite residence, but during his reign we find it connected with some of the proudest events in our history. Here, after his great and brilliant victories in France and Scotland, were conducted as prisoners the chivalry of both those countries, including the French and Scottish monarchs themselves. The first prisoner, however, of importance in this reign appears to have been the gallant John Earl of Murray, one of the most devoted supporters of the Scottish throne, who was taken prisoner in 1336. In those days the liberation of a prisoner of high rank was procurable only by the payment of a large ransom, and accordingly when the Earl was delivered by Edward to the safe-keeping of the Earl of Salisbury, the latter received a written permission to "do with him as most for his advantage." Murray being unable to pay the large ransom required for his freedom, remained in the Tower for four years when, singularly enough, on Salisbury's being made prisoner in France, he was exchanged, on the intercession of the King of Scotland, for his former keeper.

The year 1346 witnessed the surrender to the victorious arms of Edward of the important town of Caen in Normandy, "a goodly town," we are told, "full of drapery and other merchandise, and rich burgesses, and noble ladies and damsels, and fair churches, and one of the fairest castles in all Normandy." Here were captured the Count d'Eu, constable of France, the Count de Tankerville, and other influential citizens of Caen, who, after having been conducted in triumph through the streets of London, were lodged in the Tower.

The same year London witnessed a far more splendid triumph, and the royal fortress opened its gates to receive still more illustrious captives. At the battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham, fell into the hands of the English the Scottish sovereign, David Bruce, as well as the Earls of Fife, Monteith, Wigton, and Carrick, the Lord Douglas, and fifty other powerful chieftains, all of whom were sent prisoners to the Tower. Their escort consisted of twenty thousand men; the Scottish monarch, mounted on a lofty black charger, being a conspicuous object in the procession. On his entrance into the City he was met by the different companies clad in their respective liveries, by whom he was conducted with all honours through the crowded streets to the gates of the Tower, where he was formally and respectfully delivered over to the custody of Sir John Darcy, the constable of the fortress. The unfortunate monarch remained a prisoner in England for as many as eleven years, when he was ransomed for the vast sum of one hundred thousand marks. Many of his gallant companions in arms also suffered long confinements, while the Earls of Fife and Monteith, in consequence of their having previously acknowledged fealty to Edward, were sentenced to death. The former owed his escape to his affinity to the blood-royal, but Monteith was hanged and quartered agreeably to his sentence, and his head was afterwards exposed on Tower Hill.

Other and more brilliant successes followed the victory of Neville's Cross. In 1347, after a siege of nearly eleven months, the city of Calais surrendered to the victorious arms of Edward. Finding it impossible to hold out any longer, its brave defenders—followed by the principal burgesses—proceeded one by one bareheaded to the camp of the English monarch; the former with their swords transversed, and the latter with a rope in each hand, to denote that their lives were at the disposal of the victor. Edward, moved with compassion at their melancholy condition, not only spared their lives, but immediately ordered food to be sent into the town to relieve the hunger of their suffering fellow-citizens. Subsequently, headed by their valiant leader, John de Vienne, a knight of Burgundy, they were led through the streets of London to the Tower. The same year was conducted to the Tower the celebrated Charles de Blois, who so long and valiantly asserted his claims to the dukedom of Brittany. He continued a prisoner for nine years, when he obtained his release on the payment of a large ransom. He fell at the battle of Auray, in 1364, maintaining to the last his pretensions to the ducal throne.

The splendid victory of Poictiers, in 1357, filled the Tower with still more illustrious captives. The triumphant entry of Edward the Black Prince into London, in that year, must have presented a scene of striking magnificence to which no description could do justice. The principal captives who graced his triumph consisted of John King of France, his son Philip, four other Princes, eight Earls, and many others of the chief nobility of France. The French King on his first arrival was confined in the Savoy, where, we are told, he "kept his house a long season, and was frequently visited by the King and Queen, who made him great feast and cheer." During the subsequent absence, however, of Edward in France, in 1359, it was thought necessary to remove him to a place of greater security, and accordingly he was conducted to the Tower. "To be more sure of them," writes Froissart, "the French King was set in the Tower of London, and his young son with him, and much of his pleasure and sport restrained, for he was then straitlier kept than he was before." The French King remained a prisoner till the following year, when the treaty of Bretigny restored him to his country and his throne.

There remain to be noticed only two other prisoners of distinction who were committed to the Tower in the reign of Edward the Third. These were William de Thorp, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, condemned to death for bribery and corruption, and the young, graceful, and gallant Valeran, Earl of St.-Paul, who had been taken prisoner in a skirmish near Lyques, in 1375. The former narrowly escaped an ignominious death on the scaffold. St.-Paul was more fortunate. After a long confinement in the Tower, he was removed to the "fayre castell of Wynsore," where the Princess of Wales, and her daughter the Lady Maude—"the fayrest ladye in all Englande"—were then residing. St.-Paul and the Lady Maude sometimes met at "daunsynge and carollyng;" the result being that an attachment sprung up between them, which subsequently ended in their union.

The history of the Tower during the reign of Richard the Second presents matter of interest widely different from that which had characterised it during the reign of his warlike predecessor. A few days before the ceremony of his coronation, being then only in his eleventh year, he proceeded from the palace of Richmond to the Tower, where he remained till the appointed day, the 15th of July, 1377. He then issued forth from the portals of the Tower "clad in white garments" and accompanied by the principal nobles; Sir Simon Burleigh holding the sword of state before him, and Sir Nicholas Bond, on foot, leading the King's horse by the bridle. In the open space before the Tower he was greeted by an immense assemblage of nobles and knights, together with the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen of London in their scarlet robes, who, forming themselves into procession, accompanied the young King to Westminster. "The noise of trumpets and other instruments," writes Holinshed, "was marvellous. The city was adorned in all sorts most rich. The water conduits ran with wine for the space of three hours together. In the upper end of Cheape was a certain castle made with four towers, out of the which castle, on two sides of it, there ran forth wine abundantly. In the towers were placed four beautiful virgins, of stature and age like to the King, apparelled in white vestures, in every tower one, who blew in the King's face, at his approaching near to them, leaves of gold; and as he approached also, they threw on him and his horse florins of gold counterfeit. When he was come before the castle, they took cups of gold, and filling them with wine at the spouts of the castle, presented the same to the King and to his nobles. On the top of the castle, betwixt the four towers, stood a golden angel, holding a crown in his hands, which was so contrived that when the King came he bowed down and offered to him the crown."

Among the prisoners of the Tower during this reign we discover many illustrious names. In 1386, when the powerful confederacy under the King's uncles, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, had reduced the unfortunate monarch to the last extremity, we find many of his personal friends and advisers committed to the dungeons of that very fortress in the saloons of which they had so recently been welcomed as the cherished guests of their sovereign. Among these was the gallant and accomplished Sir Simon Burleigh, whom the Black Prince had paid the high compliment of selecting to be the companion and adviser of his heir. It was to no purpose that the Queen fell on her knees before the inexorable Gloucester, and with floods of tears implored him to save the life of one so honoured and beloved. Sir Simon was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, but being a knight of the Garter the sentence was afterwards changed to beheading, which was accordingly carried into effect on Tower Hill.

When at length the confederacy broke up, Richard was enabled to avenge the death of his faithful adviser. Of its leaders, the Duke of Gloucester perished in a mysterious manner in the castle at Calais; the Earls of Arundel and Warwick, Lord Cobham, and Sir John Cheyney were committed prisoners to the Tower; Warwick was sentenced to banishment in the Isle of Man. Arundel was less fortunate. That turbulent and once powerful nobleman was condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; a sentence which, in consideration of his high rank, the King commuted to the axe and the block. On the day of his condemnation he was hurried from Westminster to Tower Hill with his hands tied ignominiously behind him, and there, without having been allowed a moment for prayer, was hurried into eternity. Among the spectators the unfortunate Earl happened to distinguish his own son-in-law the Earl of Nottingham, and his nephew the Earl of Kent, to whom he seized the opportunity of addressing a few reproachful words. "It would have more beseemed you, my lords," he said, "to have been absent on this occasion; but the time will come when as many will marvel at your misfortunes as do at mine at this time."

During the memorable rebellion of Wat Tyler, we find King Richard, with about six hundred of the principal nobles and churchmen in the realm, taking refuge in the Tower, the fortress being very soon invested by an infuriated rabble, described by Froissart as yelling and shouting "as though all the devylles of hell had been amonge them." At length, all supplies being cut off from the royal party, the King consented to grant the rebels a conference at Mile End. Thither, accordingly, having previously heard mass in the Tower, he was on his way, when a body of the rebels forced a passage into the fortress, and committed the most atrocious barbarities. Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury; the Chancellor, Sir Robert Hales; the Treasurer; the King's confessor, and others, were dragged from the chapel where they had taken refuge, and put to the sword. Stow, speaking of the murder of the Archbishop, observes,—"There lay his body unburied [on Tower Hill] all that Friday, and the morrow, till the afternoon, none daring to deliver his body to sepulture: his head these wicked took, and nailing thereon his hood, they fixed it on a pole, and set it on London Bridge, in place where before stood the head of Sir John Minstarworth." Other atrocities were committed by the exasperated mob. They not only burst open and pillaged the royal apartments, but entering the chamber of the Queen's mother, treated her with the most wanton cruelty. The sequel of the story is well known. The King met the rebels at Smithfield, when the gallant Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Walworth, struck their daring leader, Wat Tyler, to the ground, and thus sent dismay into the hearts of his followers. Wat Tyler's execution speedily followed, when the head of the Archbishop was taken down from London Bridge and that of the rebel chief set up in its place.

In 1389 we find the Tower associated with a very magnificent tournament, at which many of the most celebrated knights of France and Germany presented themselves. On the first day, called the feast of challenge, "there issued," writes Froissart, "out of the Tower of London, first, threescore coursers apparelled for the jousts, and on every one an esquire of honour riding a soft pace; and then issued out threescore ladies of honour mounted on fair palfreys, riding on the one side, richly apparelled; and every lady led a knight with a cheque of silver, which knights were apparelled to joust; and thus they came riding along the streets of London with great number of trumpets and other minstrelsy, and so came to Smithfield, where the King and Queen and many ladies and demoiselles were ready in chambers richly adorned to see the jousts." At night, we are told, "there was goodly dancing in the Queen's lodging, in the presence of the King and his uncles, and other Barons of England, and ladies and demoiselles, continuing till it was day, which was time for every person to draw to their lodgings." When, in 1396, King Richard chose a second wife, Isabel, daughter of Charles the Sixth of France, it was to the Tower that she was conducted on her landing in England, and hence she subsequently proceeded in great state to her coronation at Westminster.

It was to the Tower that the ill-fated Richard was brought a prisoner at the close of his reign, and here it was that he formally abdicated his throne in favour of Henry Duke of Lancaster. The scene as described by Froissart is striking in the extreme. "The Duke of Lancaster," he writes, "accompanied with lords, dukes, prelates, earls, barons, and knights, and with the notablest men in London, and of other good towns, rode to the Tower, and there alighted. Then King Richard was brought into the hall, apparelled like a king in his robes of estate, his sceptre in his hand, and his crown on his head. Then he stood up alone, not holden nor stayed by any man, and said aloud,—'I have been King of England, Duke of Aquitaine, and lord of Ireland above twenty-two years, which signory, royalty, sceptre, crown, and heritage I clearly resign here to my cousin, Henry of Lancaster: and I desire him here in this open presence, in entering on the same possession, to take this sceptre;' and so delivered it to the Duke, who took it. Then King Richard took his crown from his head with both his hands, and set it before him, and said, 'Fair cousin, Henry Duke of Lancaster, I give and deliver you this crown, wherewith I was crowned King of England, and therewith all the right thereto depending.'" Richard was shortly afterwards removed to the castle of Leeds in Kent, and thence to Pomfret Castle, where he met with his mysterious and untimely end. His body, having been conveyed to London, lay one night in the Tower previously to its interment in Westminster Abbey.

The only other prisoner of importance who appears to have been confined in the Tower during the reign of Richard the Second, was the great poet Chaucer. Here it was—following the example of Boethius, who under similar circumstances wrote his famous work, the "Consolations of Philosophy"—that Chaucer composed his prose-work "The Testament of Love."

The history of the Tower during the reign of Henry the Fourth presents but few incidents of particular interest. Henry, however, unquestionably resided here in the early period of his reign, and hence issued forth in magnificent state to his coronation in Westminster Abbey. He was attended on this occasion by his eldest son, Prince Henry, by six dukes, six earls, eighteen barons, and nine hundred knights and esquires. The King himself, clad in a short tunic of cloth of gold, with the garter on his left leg, rode on a white courser with his head uncovered; all the streets through which he passed being hung with tapestry and arras, and the conduits flowing with wine. The number of horsemen who formed the cavalcade is said to have amounted to no less than six thousand.

The discovery of the conspiracy formed at Oxford for taking away the King's life led to the arrest and execution of some of the first nobles in the kingdom. The Earls of Kent and Salisbury were put to death at Cirencester; the Earl of Gloucester and Lord Lumley shared the same fate at Bristol, and Sir Thomas Blount and nine-and-twenty other knights and esquires at Oxford. Many others were committed to the Tower, among whom were the Earl of Huntingdon, Thomas Merks, Bishop of Carlisle, and Sir John Shelley. The Earl of Huntingdon, King Henry's brother-in-law, having been captured near his own castle at Pleshey, was executed after an imprisonment of only five days, and his head fixed on London Bridge. The sacred office held by the Bishop of Carlisle probably saved his life. This was the gallant and noble-minded churchman, who, almost alone, had stood forward as the champion of his former sovereign, King Richard, and had undauntedly opposed the infamous proceedings which led to Richard's deposition. From the Tower the Bishop was transferred to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, under whose charge he shortly afterwards died.

Two other prisoners in the Tower in this reign were Griffin, son of the celebrated Owen Glendower, and the young and accomplished James the First of Scotland. The latter, in the lifetime of his father, King Robert the First, was on his way to be educated in France, when he was captured at sea and committed by order of King Henry to the Tower. After suffering an imprisonment of nearly eighteen years, he contracted his romantic marriage with Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and cousin of Henry the Sixth, shortly after which time he obtained his release, and was permitted to return to Scotland.

Although during the glorious reign of Henry the Fifth the Tower appears to have been but rarely used as a regal residence, its story continues to be full of interest. Here, at the first dawn of the Reformation, the brave and virtuous Lord Cobham twice suffered imprisonment on account of his religious principles. On the first occasion, after having been sentenced to be hanged and burnt as an obstinate heretic and traitor, he was fortunate enough to effect his escape from the Tower, and, notwithstanding the vast rewards which were offered for his apprehension, continued for nearly four years to elude the vigilance of his enemies. At last, in December, 1417, this excellent man was taken prisoner by Lord Powis on the borders of Wales, when, having been reconducted to his former prison, the Tower, and refusing to recant his religious convictions, his original sentence was carried into execution at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields.

The victory gained by Henry the Fifth at Agincourt was, in 1415, the means of crowding the Tower with many prisoners of high rank. Here were imprisoned the Duke of Orleans, father of Louis the Twelfth of France; the Duke de Bourbon; Louis Earl de Vendôme; Marshal Boucicaut, and the Count d'Eu, all of whom had been taken prisoners on the field of Agincourt. The Duke de Bourbon and Marshal Boucicaut died in captivity; the Earl de Vendôme obtained his release from the Tower in 1423, and was placed under the custody of Sir John Cornwall; in 1435 the Count d'Eu was also released and given in charge to the Earl of Morton. The Duke of Orleans remained a prisoner in England till 1440, when be was released on the payment of a ransom amounting to £50,000. During his captivity in this country he solaced himself with writing his volume of poems entitled "Poésies de Charles Duc d'Orléans," more than one of which is said to have been composed in the Tower of London.*

Many of the Scottish nobility—including the Earl of Crawford, Alexander Lord Gordon, William Lord Ruthven, William Lord Aberdalgy, James Lord Calder, Walter Lord Dirleton, and William Lord Abernethy—were also confined in the Tower in this reign; these persons having been given up as hostages for the payment of the sum of £40,000, which had been demanded as the cost of King James's entertainment and maintenance while a prisoner in England. Some of the Scotch noblemen were afterwards exchanged for others of their countrymen, while others, less fortunate, remained in captivity for many years.

On the breaking out of Cade's rebellion in the reign of Henry the Sixth, a strong garrison was placed in the Tower under the command of Lord Scales, while, in order to appease the popular fury, Lord Say was committed a prisoner within its walls. Elated by success, Cade and his followers proceeded to lay siege to the royal fortress, in which the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Chancellor, and several other persons of high rank had taken refuge. For some time the City continued to be a frightful scene of plunder, cruelty, and rapine; nor was it till, at the suggestion of the Bishop of Winchester, a general pardon under the Great Seal was promised to all offenders, that tranquillity was restored to the affrighted metropolis. Cade, however, was excepted from the general amnesty, and shortly afterwards suffered the penalty of his crime.

---

* The frontispiece to the third volume, which is a copy of an ancient drawing preserved in the British Museum, is, to quote the words of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "of peculiar interest; in the first place, as being the oldest view of the Tower extant; in the second place, as fixing the exact chamber in the White Tower in which the poet was confined, and displaying dramatically the life which he led. First we see the Prince at his desk, composing his poems, with his gentlemen in attendance, and his guards on duty. Next we observe him leaning on a window-sill, gazing outwards into space. Then we have him at the foot of the White Tower, embracing the messenger who brings him the ransom. Again we see him mounting his horse. Then we have him, and his friendly messenger, riding away from the Tower. Lastly, he is seated in a barge, which lusty rowers are pulling down the stream, for the boat which is to carry him to France."—*Athenæum for July* 21, 1866.

In 1460, we find Lord Scales besieged in the Tower by the Earl of Salisbury, Lord Cobham, and Sir John Wenlock. The fortress, however, continued to hold out for Henry till the King was made prisoner the following year, when Lord Scales, in endeavouring to effect his escape, was taken prisoner and slain. The various successes and reverses which attended the arms of the opposing factions of York and Lancaster, and the circumstances which raised Edward the Fourth to the throne, are well known. Henry, after the fatal battle of Hexham, had wandered for some time in disguise on the borders of Scotland, till having been betrayed into the hands of his enemies, he was ignominiously conducted to one of the prisons of that very fortress in the regal halls of which he had formerly reigned the envied and all-powerful lord. Here he remained till 1470, when the revolution effected by the Earl of Warwick forced King Edward into a temporary exile, and for a brief period restored Henry to his rights. He was immediately removed from the solitary rooms in which he was confined to the royal apartments, where he was shortly afterwards waited upon in great state by the Duke of Clarence, the Earls of Warwick and Shrewsbury, Lord Stanley, and other noblemen of high rank. Thence, clad in a long robe of blue velvet, and with the crown on his head, he proceeded in solemn state to St. Paul's, where, amidst the hollow shouts of the fickle populace, he returned thanks for the extraordinary deliverance from the power of his enemies.

But a fresh storm was brooding over the head of the ill-fated monarch. The return of Edward from his brief exile, and the signal victory obtained by him at Barnet, were the means of King Henry being re-conducted to his old prison in the Tower, where he was committed to the charge of Anthony Wydvile, Earl Rivers. In the mean time Edward had marched his forces to give battle to the devoted and dauntless Queen Margaret, who, with her young son Edward, had recently landed at Weymouth from France. The opposing armies encountered each other on the field of Tewkesbury, the result of which is well known. Young Edward having been taken prisoner was inhumanly put to death, and on the 21st of May, 1471, King Edward returned to the capital in triumph. A few days afterwards the unfortunate Henry was found dead in the Tower.

Shortly after the battle of Tewkesbury, the noble-minded Margaret—whom the tragic events of a few days had rendered childless and husbandless—was conducted to a miserable prison in the Tower. Here she remained a prisoner till 1475, when, in accordance with the treaty of Pecquigny, she obtained her release on the payment of £50,000.

Among the remarkable persons confined in the Tower in the reign of King Henry is said to have been Owen Tudor, grandfather to King Henry the Seventh. Here also was imprisoned William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, the prime minister and declared favourite of Margaret of Anjou, now principally remembered from his connection with the loss of many of the splendid territorial acquisitions which England had won from her hereditary foe, and especially from the discomfiture which he received from Joan d'Arc beneath the walls of Orleans. It was nearly twenty years after this time that the Duke fell a victim to the popular clamour which attributed to him every misfortune that had befallen England during the unfortunate reign of the imbecile Henry. He was doubtless a bad man and a bad minister, but he was devoid neither of moral nor personal courage. Accordingly, aware that articles of impeachment were being prepared against him in the House of Commons, he boldly rose in his seat in the House of Lords and endeavoured to overawe his enemies by the undaunted manner in which he asserted his own innocence and insisted on the claims which his services and those of his family had entailed on the gratitude of the public. The Commons of England, however, were not to be turned from their purpose, and consequently, on the 28th of January, 1450, the powerful minister was committed to the Tower, whence, on the 9th of March following, he was brought to the bar of the House of Lords. It was expected that his condemnation would immediately have followed, but, to the surprise of all men, the King, doubtless at the instigation of Queen Margaret, took the law into his own hands, and dispensing with the formalities of a trial, banished him the kingdom for five years. The hatred of the people, however, was not to be pacified. On his passage from Dover to Calais he was seized by a vessel belonging to the Duke of Exeter, and beheaded with a rusty sword on the side of a long-boat; his body, stripped of its "gown of russet and doublet of velvet mailed," being thrown on the sands of Dover.

The only other prisoners of importance in this reign were Edmund Duke of Somerset, who succeeded to the power and unpopularity of the Duke of Suffolk; John Lord Dudley, who had been wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Bloreheath; John de Vere, twelfth Earl of Oxford; his eldest son, Lord Aubrey de Vere; and George Nevill, Archbishop of York, Chancellor of the kingdom and brother of the Earl of Warwick the king-maker. The Earl of Oxford and his heir expiated their attachment to the House of Lancaster on the scaffold. The others had the good fortune to escape with their lives.

During the reign of the handsome and amorous usurper, Edward the Fourth, we find him frequently keeping his gay court at the Tower. Hence it was, on the 29th of June, 1461, that he rode forth in great magnificence to his coronation in Westminster Abbey; the Knights of the Bath preceding him, arrayed "in blue gowns, with hoods and tokens of white silk upon their shoulders." It was hither also, in 1465, that Edward conducted his fair Queen, Elizabeth Wydville, after their romantic union at Grafton had been announced to the world. Hence, too, it was that on Whitsun-eve, 1465, she was conducted in state to Westminster Abbey to be solemnly crowned by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Before quitting the history of the Tower in the reign of Edward the Fourth, let us not omit to mention one of the most remarkable tragedies which has ever afforded the ground-work for romance—the execution of the ill-fated George Duke of Clarence, the son-in-law of the king-maker Warwick, and the brother of the reigning monarch. Who is there but has longed to be able to point out the dungeon, where the "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence" dreamed his last frightful dream, when he awoke from his troubled and fitful slumbers to start at the pale faces of the remorseless murderers who were waiting to bear him to his doom?

The night-scene in the dungeon, between the unfortunate Clarence and Sir Robert Brakenbury, the lieutenant of the Tower, is one of those magnificent passages in poetry which make the earliest and deepest impressions on our imaginations, and continue to be remembered to the last.

"*Brak.* What was your dream, my Lord? I pray you, tell me.
Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; there we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl;
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?
Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud,—'*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanish'd. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,—
'*Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—*
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him unto torment!'
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream."

King Richard III., act i., sc. 4.

The motives which induced King Edward to sign the death-warrant of his own brother will probably ever continue to be a mystery. Clarence, fickle in character and imprudent in speech, had formerly joined his father-in-law, the Earl of Warwick, in his confederacy against the King; yet since then they had to all appearance become reconciled; all unkindness seemed to have been forgotten; the royal brothers had fought side by side at the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury. But whatever may have been the follies or the crimes of the misguided Clarence, his enemies were evidently determined on his death. Accordingly on the 16th of January, 1478, he was committed to the Tower, and in the course of the same month was brought to trial, on charges of high treason, at the bar of the House of Lords. With suborned witnesses, and a parliament in those days slavishly devoted to the wishes of the reigning sovereign, it may readily be imagined that the doom of Clarence was fixed. Edward himself pleaded in person against his unfortunate brother; he was found guilty by the peers, and both

Houses petitioned the King to consent to his execution. The only favour which Edward showed his brother is said to have been the giving him the choice of the manner of his death, which was privately carried into effect in the Tower on the 18th of February.

King Edward dying on the 9th of April, 1483, on the same day his young son, Edward the Fifth, then in his thirteenth year, was proclaimed his successor. The young Prince was at this time residing in the castle of Ludlow, on the borders of Wales, under the guardianship of his maternal uncle, Anthony Wydville, Earl Rivers, a nobleman equally distinguished for his literary accomplishments and his chivalrous gallantry on the field of battle. The breath had no sooner quitted the body of the late King, than the Duke of Gloucester commenced playing that subtle part which has rendered his name famous in the pages both of history and romance. At the time of his brother's death he was absent in the north of England, whence he proceeded with a large retinue clad in mourning to Northampton, where he and Lord Rivers met. That evening over the social board these two great lords pledged themselves in the wine-cup; mirth and joviality resounded in the festive chamber; and when they parted at night it was with every appearance of cordiality and good fellowship. The next day, however, as Rivers was entering the town of Stony Stratford, he was suddenly arrested by order of the Duke of Gloucester, and conveyed with Lord Grey, Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Sir Richard Hawse to Pomfret Castle, in front of which he was beheaded without trial and without a hearing. The remarkable events which followed—the appointment of the Duke to the high office of Protector—the flight of the affrighted Queen-mother with her younger son, the Duke of York, to the sanctuary at Westminster—and the insidious means by which she was induced to deliver up her beloved child to his unscrupulous uncle—are well known. On the 13th of April, 1483, the young King, attended by the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, made his entry into London with great magnificence, and after having passed a few nights in the palace of the Bishop of London, was conducted to his last earthly resting-place in the Tower, where he was shortly afterwards joined by his infant brother, the Duke of York.

The 23rd of June had been fixed upon as the day of the King's coronation, and every preparation had been made for the important ceremony, when, on the 13th, there took place that memorable council at the Tower, which the genius of Shakspeare has rendered familiar to every one. At the head of the table sat the Protector, while among the principal persons present were the Archbishop of York, Morton Bishop of Ely, Lord Hastings, and Lord Stanley. After a while Richard, who was apparently in the highest possible spirits, excused himself to the Lords of the Council, and retired for a short time from the apartment. On his return, rage, hatred, and vengeance are said to have been forcibly and terribly depicted on his countenance. At length, contracting his brows and biting his lips, he started up—"What," he exclaimed, stamping his foot, "are they worthy of that compassed and imagined *his* destruction who was so nearly related to the King, and was intrusted with the administration of the government?" The Lords of the Council, completely confounded, sat silent. At length Hastings, emboldened perhaps by their long friendship and the affection which the Protector was believed to entertain for him, ventured to reply. "Surely, my lord," he said, "they are worthy to be punished as traitors, whosoever they be." At these words the rage of the Protector seemed to increase.

"Those traitors," he said, "are the sorceress, my brother's wife, and his mistress, Jane Shore: see how by their witchcraft they have wasted my body!" "And therewith," writes Sir Thomas More, "he turned up his doublet sleeve to the elbow of his left arm; where he showed a wearish withered arm and small." The Lords of the Council looked at each other in terror and amazement. Again Hastings was the first to attempt to pacify him. "Certainly, my lord," he said, "*if* they have so heinously done, they be worthy of heinous punishment." "And do you reply to me," thundered the Protector, "with your *ifs* and your *ands?* *You* are the chief abettor of that witch Shore; *you* are yourself a traitor: and I swear by St. Paul, that I will not dine before your head be brought me." At this instant he struck the table furiously with his clenched hand, on which the guard, crying "treason! treason!" rushed into the apartment. In the struggle which followed, Lord Stanley, either by design or accident, received a severe blow on the head with a pole-axe. Lord Stanley and the two prelates were hurried off to different prison-rooms. Hastings was forthwith seized and dragged to the green in front of the Tower chapel, where, "without time for confession or repentance," he was beheaded.

"*Glouc.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders; whosoever they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glouc. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill,
See how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,

> Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
> That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
> *Hast.* If they have done this thing, my gracious lord—
> *Glouc.* *If!* thou protector of this damned strumpet,
> Tellest thou me of *ifs*? Thou art a traitor:
> Off with his head. Now, by St. Paul I swear,
> I will not dine until I see the same!
> Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
> The rest that love me, rise and follow me."
> *King Richard III.*, act iii., sc. 4.

On the 25th of June, 1483, twelve days after the execution of Hastings, Richard was waited upon at Baynard's Castle by his creature the Duke of Buckingham, the Lord Mayor of London, and a body of citizens, who, having previously been suborned by the Protector's agents, clamorously insisted on his assuming to himself the supreme power. Being informed that the people were assembled in the court below, he pretended an utter ignorance of their purpose; nor was it without great apparent reluctance that he was induced to admit their leaders to an audience. At length, having been assured by Buckingham that the people were unanimously resolved to have him for their sovereign, and further, that if he refused the proffered dignity they would be compelled to look out for a sovereign elsewhere, he yielded with great apparent humility to their arguments and remonstrances. On the following day he was proclaimed by the title of King Richard the Third with the usual formalities.

On the 6th of July, the Protector, passing under the time-honoured portals of the Tower, proceeded with great pomp through the streets of London to his coronation in Westminster Abbey. In the procession were as many as three dukes, nine earls, and twenty-two barons, besides a large assemblage of knights and esquires. Amongst the most conspicuous in the gorgeous cavalcade was the Duke of Buckingham. The appearance of Richard is described by the chronicler Hall as strikingly splendid. His robes were of blue velvet, richly embroidered with gold, while the trappings and caparisons of his horse were supported by footmen in rich and costly dresses, "in such solemn fashion that all men much regarded it."

Shortly after his coronation, King Richard proceeded on a progress through the midland counties as far as York, during which period he is said to have devised and carried into effect that memorable tragedy, the murder of his two nephews in the Tower. "King Richard," writes Sir Thomas More, "after his coronation, taking his way to Gloucester, devised, as he rode, to fulfil that thing which he had before intended. Whereupon he sent John Grene, whom he specially trusted, to Sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same Sir Robert in any wise should put the two children to death. This John Grene did his errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before our Lady in the Tower, who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die therefor. With that answer Grene returned, recounting the same to King Richard at Warwick, yet on his journey; wherewith he took much displeasure, and that same night said to a page of his, 'Ah! whom shall a man trust? They that I have brought up myself; they that I thought would have mostly served me, even these fail, and at my commandment will do nothing for me.' —'Sir,' quoth the page, 'there lieth one in the pallet-chamber without, that, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse;' meaning by this Sir James Tyrrell, who was a man of goodly personage, and, for the gifts of nature, worthy to have served a better prince if he had well served God, and by grace obtained as much truth and good-will as he had strength and wit. Whereupon the King rose and came out into the pallet-chamber, where he found Sir James Tyrrell in bed with Sir Thomas Tyrrell, of person like and brethren in blood, but nothing of him in conditions. Then said the King unto them merrily, 'What, sirs, be ye in bed so soon?' and calling Sir James Tyrrell up, brake to him secretly his mind in this mischievous matter, in which he found him to his purpose nothing strange. Wherefore on the morrow he sent him to Brakenbury with a letter, by which he was commanded to deliver to Sir James all the keys of the Tower for a night, to the end that he might there accomplish the King's pleasure in such things as he had given him in commandment."

Following the further account of Sir Thomas More, we are told that ever since the usurpation of Richard, the young King and his infant brother, the Duke of York, had been deprived of all the appurtenances of royalty; that they were kept in the closest confinement in the Tower; that their accustomed attendants were removed from about their persons, and further, that their places were supplied by one who bore the *sobriquet* of Black Will, and by four other persons who may be supposed to have been of no very gentle natures. From this period the young brothers are described as clinging to each other, as if in the vain hope of finding succour in each other's embraces; neglecting their dress, and anticipating in childish horror the dark doom which awaited them. "The Prince," writes Sir Thomas More, "never tied his points, nor anything thought of himself, but with that young babe his brother, lingered in thought and heaviness till the traitorous deed delivered them from their wretchedness."

The project of smothering the young princes in their bed—a project which seems to have been devised as offering the most likely means of avoiding detection—is said to have originated with Sir James Tyrrell, who, moreover, associated with himself one Slater and two other ruffians of the names of Miles Forrest and John Dighton; the latter a "big, broad, square and strong knave." The hour fixed upon for the perpetration of the crime was midnight, when the inmates of the Tower might be expected to be asleep. "Then," writes Sir Thomas Moore, "this Miles Forrest and John Dighton came into the chamber, and suddenly wrapped them up amongst the clothes, keeping down by force the feather bed and pillows hard upon their mouths, that within a while they smothered and stifled them, and their breaths failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of Heaven, leaving to their tormentors their bodies dead in bed. After which the wretches laid them out upon the bed, and fetched Tyrrell to see them, and when he was satisfied of their death, he caused the murderers to bury them at the stair-foot, deep in the ground under a great heap of stones."

"*Tyrrell.* The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad stories.
'Lo, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those gentle babes:'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind;
But O! the devil,'—there the villain stopp'd;
Whilst Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse;

> They could not speak; and so I left them both,
> To bear this tidings to the bloody King."
>
> *King Richard III.*, act iv., sc. 3.

After the perpetration of the crime, Sir James Tyrrell is said to have ridden in furious haste to King Richard, to whom he communicated "all the manner of the murder." Richard, we are told, though he thanked him for the zeal which he had displayed in his service, manifested nevertheless a strange displeasure at the indecent manner in which his nephews had been committed to the earth; at the same time he directed Tyrrell to cause their bodies to be removed to consecrated ground. "Whereupon," writes Sir Thomas More, "a priest of Sir Robert Brakenbury's took them up and buried them in such secrecy as, by the occasion of his death, which was shortly after, no one knew it."

In describing the particulars of the presumed murder of the children of Edward the Fourth in the Tower, we have followed throughout the account given by an almost contemporary writer, Sir Thomas More—an account which, for more than three centuries, has drawn the tear from childhood and formed the subject of many a plaintive ballad—which Shakspeare has improved upon in his immortal drama—and which has long been borrowed by the pencil of the artist and the pen of the writer of romance. Whether, however, such a tragedy was ever acted in the Tower is another question. That the young Princes were put to death in the manner related by Sir Thomas More, there is no little reason to disbelieve. All that is known with certainty is the fact that they were alive and were inmates of the Tower at the period of Richard's accession, and that they were never afterwards satisfactorily proved to be in existence. Whether, however, they fell by the hand of the assassin, or whether they wore out a miserable existence in the dungeons of the

Tower—whether they were removed to the Continent and were transferred to the safe keeping of some foreign power—or whether the young King was the only victim, and his brother, the Duke of York, was in reality the accomplished and unfortunate Perkin Warbeck,—will probably ever continue to be a mystery.

On the 22nd of August, 1485, King Richard expired on the famous field of Bosworth, on which the crown he had worn in the battle was placed by Sir William Stanley on the head of his rival, Henry of Richmond. The ceremony of King Henry's coronation, in consequence of the sweating sickness raging violently in London, was delayed a few weeks, at the expiration of which he was solemnly crowned by Cardinal Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, by the title of King Henry the Seventh.

During this year we find the King, like his predecessors, occasionally maintaining his court, and holding tournaments, at the Tower. With his young Queen also—Elizabeth of York, sister of the unfortunate Edward the Fifth—the Tower seems to have been a favourite residence. Hither this amiable Princess was escorted by water from Greenwich in great state on the eve of her coronation, and here on her landing she was received by the King and the principal nobility and officers of state, who conducted her to the royal apartments. The following day, the 25th of November, 1487—"royally apparelled and accompanied by my ladye, the King's mother, and many other great estates, both lords and ladies"—she came forth to her coronation. The houses in the streets through which she passed on her way to Westminster Abbey were hung, some with arras and tapestry, and others with cloth of gold, velvet, and silk. Between the Tower and St. Paul's were arrayed the different Companies of the city of London in their rich and showy liveries, and "in diverse places were ordained singing children, some arrayed like angels, and others like virgins, to sing sweet songs as her Grace passed by." Thus, through the gay and crowded streets, attended by the noblest and fairest of the land, passed Elizabeth of York to her coronation. Her kirtle was of white cloth of gold, over which she wore a mantle of the same material furred with ermine. Her long fair hair flowed loosely down her back, and on her head she wore a coronet of gold glittering with precious stones. The populace, as she passed along, greeted with the most enthusiastic acclamations the young and interesting Princess, whose marriage had united the two great houses of York and Lancaster, and had thus arrested that tide of misery, blood, and desolation which had so long devastated the land.

The Tower was the scene of Elizabeth's death. On the 2nd of February, 1503, she was brought to bed here of a daughter, whose birth she survived only a few days.

Jealous of any rival near his throne, one of the first acts of Henry the Seventh, on being exalted to the supreme power, had been to immure in the Tower the last male heir of the great race of the Plantagenets, Edward Earl of Warwick, son and heir of the late ill-fated Duke of Warwick. Without having committed—without even being accused of having committed a crime—this unfortunate young prince was condemned to pass in a miserable imprisonment those years which are generally considered to be the happiest and most precious of our existence. Here he remained till the year 1499, when the gates of the Tower opened to receive a no less remarkable prisoner, Perkin Warbeck. The two youths —who were not improbably allied in blood—having found means to confer with each other in secret, contrived a plan for escaping from the gloomy fortress. Their project, however, unfortunately transpiring, the Earl of Warwick, whose only offence was a natural longing for life and liberty, was brought to trial before the Earl of Oxford, High Steward of England, and having been condemned to death, was beheaded on the 28th of November on Tower Hill.

From the Earl of Warwick we turn to the still more extraordinary fortunes of Perkin Warbeck. According to the account of those who denied his claims, this person was the son of one Osbeck or Warbeck,—a renegade Jew of Tournay, and subsequently a citizen of London,—whose wealth having introduced him to the notice of Edward the Fourth, that easy and affable monarch consented to stand godfather to his son. The account, however, given by Perkin Warbeck and his partizans was widely different. They boldly asserted that he was Richard Duke of York, youngest son of King Edward; that he had contrived to elude the murderous intentions of Richard the Third as well as the watchful jealousy of Henry the Seventh; and that he was, in fact, their rightful and legitimate sovereign. Whether, however, Perkin Warbeck was in reality the younger son of King Edward; whether, as some have conjectured, he was merely the illegitimate offspring of that monarch; or whether, after all, he was only a daring impostor, are questions admitting of more arguments and disquisitions than we have space to enter into. At all events, Margaret Duchess of Burgundy—aunt of the late King Edward the Fifth and of his brother the Duke of York—acknowledged Warbeck to be her nephew, and conferred on him the title of the "White Rose of England;" while men of the highest rank and consequence—including Lord Fitzwalter, Sir Simon Mountfort, Sir Thomas Thwaites, and it is even said the Lord Chamberlain, Sir William Stanley—entered into a secret correspondence with him. Encouraged by these circumstances, as well as by the growing unpopularity of Henry the Seventh, Perkin Warbeck, with the assistance of his wealthy and powerful friends, enlisted a well-appointed body of men, to whom he added a number of adventurers of all nations, and with this force proceeded to dispute the possession of the throne with King Henry. Accordingly, in the month of July, 1495, he set sail, and with little difficulty effected a landing on the coast of Kent. The gentlemen of the county, however, were prepared to oppose him, and accordingly, after a skirmish in which he lost a hundred and fifty men, he re-embarked his force and steered towards Scotland.

The reception of Perkin Warbeck by the Scottish monarch, James the Fourth, was as favourable and flattering as his fondest wishes could have anticipated. James not only publicly acknowledged him to be the legitimate sovereign of England, but as a proof of his sincerity conferred on him in marriage a beautiful and virtuous lady related to the blood-royal of Scotland, the Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the Marquis of Huntley. Moreover, it was owing to the assistance rendered him by James that he was enabled to raise and equip the armed force with which he made his second irruption into England. The moment, however, was fast approaching when it was to be no longer in the power of the Scottish monarch to assist his favourite. Having been forced, though with great reluctance, to sign a treaty of peace with the English King, he had no choice but to leave the unfortunate Perkin Warbeck to try his fortunes in some other quarter. Accordingly he proceeded in the first instance to Cork, whence, in consequence of an invitation which he received from the Cornish rebels, he was induced to pass over to the coast of England. There he soon found himself at the head of seven thousand men, with which force he proceeded to lay siege to Exeter. Gradually, however, desertion and discontent thinned his ill-paid and ill-appointed followers, and accordingly at the threatened approach of the King of England with a large force, he was compelled to raise the siege and to seek safety in flight. For a time he found an asylum in the sanctuary of Beaulieu in the New Forest; till, receiving an assurance of the King's pardon, he surrendered himself into the hands of his enemies, and was conducted in a kind of mock triumph towards London. On the road, however, he contrived to effect his escape, and to throw himself on the protection of the prior of Sheen, in Surrey, but again he fell into the power of Henry. From this period he remained a close prisoner in the Tower, till the failure of his attempt to escape from that fortress with the young Earl of Warwick. He was then brought to trial on charges of high treason, and, having been found guilty, was hanged at Tyburn on the 23rd of November, 1499. His young and interesting widow, Lady Catherine Gordon, received great kindness from Henry's Queen, who placed her near her person and conferred on her a pension which was continued to her in the following reign.

The only other prisoner of importance who was confined in the Tower in this reign, was the Lord Chamberlain, Sir William Stanley, whose only proved crime is said to have been his well-known and confidential observation to Sir Robert Clifford, that *if he was sure that Perkin Warbeck was the son of King Edward, he would never bear arms against him.* Nevertheless, on the 15th of February, 1495, he was brought to trial, and having been found guilty, was beheaded on Tower Hill.

The history of the Tower during the ensuing reign of Henry the Eighth is full of interest. Here were confined, preparatory to a bloody death, that rich and powerful nobleman, Edward Duke of Buckingham; the wise and witty Sir Thomas More; the upright minister, Cromwell, Earl of

Essex; the gentle and beautiful Anne Boleyn; the fair and lascivious Catherine Howard; the meek martyr, Anne Askew; and the young and gallant Earl of Surrey, the darling of beauty and of the muses.

It was here that Henry the Eighth passed, in comparative privacy, the days which elapsed between the death of his father and his interment in Westminster Abbey. Hither also it was that he conducted his young Queen, Catherine of Aragon, from Greenwich, and here with her he passed a few days previously to their gorgeous coronation at Westminster. According to the account of the old chronicler, Hall, it must have far exceeded in magnificence all former similar ceremonials. The procession, after having issued from the Tower, passed through a long line of streets, the houses of which, as was customary on such occasions, were hung with silk, tapestry, and damask. First rode, in rich dresses, two gentlemen on horseback, bearing the colours of the provinces of Guienne and Normandy. Then came two other gentlemen, carrying the King's hat and cloak; while immediately before Henry rode Sir Thomas Brandon, master of the horse, in a magnificent habit of tissue, ornamented with roses of gold. The King, who rode bare-headed, was conspicuous above the rest in a tunic of raised gold and a robe of crimson velvet. "His placard," we are told, "was set with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, and his bawdrick, or belt, with great rubies: the trappings of his horse were of damask and gold, with a deep border of ermine; the knights and esquires of his body were clad in crimson velvet; and all the gentlemen, and other of his chapel, and his officers and household servants, in scarlet." Immediately behind the King came the Queen in a chariot or litter drawn by two white palfreys; her dress being of white embroidered satin, while on her head she wore a coronet set with precious stones, from underneath which her hair, "beautiful and goodly to behold," fell in long tresses down her back.

The first illustrious victim to the jealousy of Henry the Eighth, was Edward Duke of Buckingham, Knight of the Garter and Lord High Chancellor of England, upon whose attainder and execution sank for ever the splendour, the princely honours, and vast wealth of the ancient and renowned family of the Staffords. The Duke, being descended from Anne, eldest daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of King Edward the Third, was nearly related to the blood-royal. To this circumstance, and also to his having rashly incurred the hostility of Cardinal Wolsey, may be attributed his downfall. The Duke on some occasion of ceremony is said to have held a basin to the King, which his majesty had no sooner used than Wolsey dipped his fingers into it. This circumstance was so offensive to the proud blood of Buckingham, that he emptied the contents of the basin on the floor, when a part of the water fell on the rich dress of the Cardinal. From this moment Wolsey is said to have determined on the Duke's ruin. Some time afterwards, having been arrested on charges of high treason, he was conveyed on the 13th of May, 1521, by water from the Tower to Westminster Hall, where he was solemnly tried before his peers and found guilty of high treason. Four days after his condemnation, this powerful nobleman was beheaded in pursuance of his sentence on Tower Hill. He died calmly and lamented by the populace, to whom his popular manners and princely mode of living had greatly endeared him. It was Charles the Fifth who, in allusion to the meanness of Wolsey's origin, observed on being informed of Buckingham's death, "that a butcher's dog had killed the finest buck in England."

In the year 1534 was committed to the Tower, for refusing to take the oath of supremacy to Henry the Eighth, the wise and accomplished Chancellor, Sir Thomas More. Neither at the time of his arrest, nor during his long imprisonment, did his equanimity ever forsake him. On his landing at the Traitors' Gate, the porter, according to an ancient custom, claiming his "uppermost garment" as his fee, Sir Thomas presented him with his hat, telling him *that* was his "uppermost garment" and that he wished it were of more value. During his imprisonment in the Tower he was frequently visited by the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and other members of the Privy Council, who in vain used every argument to persuade him to take the oath of supremacy, and thus purchase existence at the expense of his conscience. Accordingly, he was brought to trial at the bar of the Court of King's Bench, and having been found guilty of high treason by the jury, was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; a sentence, however, which the King subsequently changed to beheading. On the return of Sir Thomas to the Tower a severer trial than that which he had lately undergone awaited him. As he was being led through the gates of the fortress, his beloved daughter, Mrs. Roper, burst through the guards, and throwing her arms round her father's neck, bathed him with her tears. It was only by force that the officers were able to remove her; and even then she again broke from them before he was out of sight, and once more throwing herself into her father's arms, the same distressing scene was repeated. "Oh, my father, oh, my father!" were the only words to which her grief enabled her to give utterance. But even at this painful moment—when even the guards who surrounded him are said to have shed tears—Sir Thomas still retained his wonted calmness and self-possession. In the centre of the armed circle he gave his daughter his solemn blessing; reminding her, that if he suffered innocently it was by the will of God, and that it was her duty to resign herself to His will and pleasure. Lastly, he enjoined her to pray for mercy on his soul.

> "The blooming maid,
> Who through the streets as through a desert strayed;
> And when her dear, dear father passed along,
> Would not be held, but bursting through the throng,
> Halberd and battle-axe, kissed him o'er and o'er,
> And turned and went—then sought him as before;
> Believing she should see his face no more."
>
> ROGERS: *Human Life.*

It was early on the morning of the 6th of July, 1535, that this illustrious man was unexpectedly visited by Sir Thomas Pope, who informed him that it was the will of the King and Council that his execution should take place before nine o'clock on that very day. His reply was touchingly calm and dignified. "For your good tidings," he said, "I heartily thank you. I have always been much bounden to the King's kindness for the benefits and honours he hath from time to time heaped upon me; but I am more so for his having put me into this place, where I have had convenient time to have remembrance of my end, and that it pleaseth his highness so shortly to rid me from the miseries of this wretched world." As he was being led forth from the Tower, a woman in the crowd reproached him for having detained certain deeds while he was in power. "Good woman," he said, "have patience but a little while, for the King is so gracious to me, that within this half-hour he will discharge me of all my business, and help thee himself." While in the act of mounting the scaffold, he said to some one near him—"Friend, help me up, and when I come down again, let me shift for myself." The executioner begging his forgiveness—"I forgive thee," he said, "but you will never get any credit for beheading me; my neck is so short." Then laying his head upon the block, he desired the executioner to wait till he had put his beard aside; "for that," he said, "never committed treason."

Thus perished on Tower Hill, in his fifty-third year, this great ornament of his age and country. His remains were in the first instance buried in the chapel of the Tower, but were afterwards removed to the south side of the chancel of Chelsea Church. His head was fixed on a pole on London Bridge, where it remained for fourteen days, when his beloved daughter contrived to get it into her possession. She preserved it in a leaden box till the day of her death, when, agreeably with her own wish, it was placed in her arms and interred with her in the family vault of the Ropers, in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury.

A fellow-prisoner of Sir Thomas More in the Tower, was John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, a devout and learned prelate, who was also committed for refusing to admit the King's supremacy. Notwithstanding his advanced age, for he had attained his eightieth year, the Pope had recently conferred on him the high dignity of Cardinal, but before the purple could reach England the venerable prelate was no more. On the 17th of June, 1535, he was tried and condemned, and on the 22nd of the same month was led forth to his execution. On the morning of his death he dressed himself with unusual care, and upon mounting the scaffold calmly laid his head upon the block, repeating fervently the *Te Deum.*

The same year the unfortunate Queen, Anne Boleyn, was committed a prisoner to the Tower. Less than three years previously she had issued forth to her coronation from under its portals, greeted by the roar of cannon and the acclamations of the populace; the envied of thousands, the observed of all observers:—

> "Then high-born men were proud to wait;
> And beauty watched to imitate
> Her gentle voice and lovely mien;
> And gather from her air and gait
> The graces of their queen:
> Then, had her eye in sorrow wept,
> A thousand warriors forth had leapt;
> A thousand swords had sheathless shone,
> And made her quarrel all their own.
> Now,—what is she? and what are they?
> Can she command? or these obey?
> All silent and unheeding now,
> With downcast eyes, and knitting brow,
> And folded arms, and freezing air,
> And lips that scarce their scorn forbear,
> Her knights and dames,—her court is there."

She had then been attended by bishops and mitred abbots—by Knights of the Bath in their "violet gowns with hoods purfelled with minever"—by judges in their scarlet robes, and by peers arrayed in crimson velvet; while she herself, young, beautiful, and joyous, followed in a fair chariot drawn by four milk-white palfreys, her long hair flowing from under the diamond coronet which encircled her head, and her canopy, of cloth of gold, supported by the choicest knights of a chivalrous age. The scene was now changed, and when, pale, friendless, and affrighted, she once more set her foot within the gloomy fortress, it was never to cross its hoary threshold again.

One can almost imagine the famous tournament scene at Greenwich, which immediately preceded the arrest of Anne Boleyn, when, on May-day, 1535, the handkerchief of the lovely Queen fell from her silken balcony into the area below. Whether the circumstance was intentional or purely accidental, Henry chose to interpret it as an act of gallantry to one of her presumed paramours, and, inflamed by his new passion for Jane Seymour, determined on the ruin of his beautiful Queen. Immediately quitting the gay scene, he proceeded, accompanied by only six attendants, to Westminster, where he issued prompt orders for the arrest of the Queen's brother Lord Rochford, of Henry Norris, William Brereton, and Sir Francis Weston, three officers of his own household; as well as of Mark Smeaton, a musician, all of whom were accused of having shared the Queen's favours, and who were severally committed to the Tower. The next day, the Queen was herself arrested by the Duke of Norfolk and other Lords, by whom, on her way to the Tower by water, she was informed of the charges brought against her. Amazed by so strange and sudden a vicissitude in her fortunes, as she passed through the gloomy Traitors' Gate she became deeply affected, and on reaching the landing fell down on her knees, and while passionately protesting her innocence, fell into violent hysterics. As she hoped God to help her, she said, she was innocent of the crime laid to her charge.

Of her behaviour when first admitted into the fortress, there is extant a very interesting account from the pen of Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower. To Secretary Cromwell he writes, "Upon my lord of Norfolk and the King's council departing from the Tower, I went before the Queen into her lodging, and she said unto me, 'Mr. Kingston, shall I go into a dungeon?' 'No, madam, you shall go into your lodging that you lay in at your coronation.' 'It is too good for me,' she said; 'Jesus have mercy on me;' and kneeled down, weeping apace, and in the same sorrow fell into a great laughing, which she hath done several times since. And then she desired me to move the King's highness, that she might have the sacrament in the closet by her chamber, that she might pray for mercy; for 'I am as clear,' she said, 'from the company of man, as to sin, as I am clear from you, and am the King's true wedded wife.' And then she said, 'Mr. Kingston, do you know wherefore I am here?' And I said, 'Nay;' and then she asked me, 'When saw you the King?' and I said, 'I saw him not since I saw him yesterday in the tilt-yard.' And then said she, 'Mr. Kingston, I pray you to tell me where my father is?' and I told her I saw him before dinner in the court. 'And where is my sweet brother?' And I said I left him at York Place [Whitehall], and so I did. 'I hear say,' said she, 'that I shall be accused with three men, and I can say no more than Nay, without I should open my body,' and therewith opened her gown. Then she said, 'Mr. Kingston, shall I die without justice?' And I said, 'The poorest subject the King hath, hath justice;' and therewith she laughed. All this saying was yesternight."

It was at this period that Anne Boleyn addressed that touching and beautiful letter to her heartless lord, which, as a literary composition, is far superior in elegance to the style of the age in which she lived. The last paragraph, in which—forgetting her own misfortunes—she eloquently intercedes for those innocent persons who had become involved in her ruined fortunes, is one which never fades from the memory. "My last and only request," she writes, "shall be that myself only may bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those four gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight; if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave off troubling your Grace any farther, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May. Your most loyal and ever-faithful wife, ANNE BOLEYN."

On the 12th of May, Norris, Weston, Brereton, and Smeaton underwent their trial in Westminster Hall, when a verdict of guilty having been pronounced against them, they were severally executed on Tower Hill, according to their sentence. Three days after their condemnation the Queen and her brother, Lord Rochford, were brought to trial in the great hall of the Tower. The jury which tried them consisted of the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Arundel, and twenty-three other peers; their uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, presiding as Lord High Steward. The Queen had by this time not only regained her calmness and self-possession, but when she appeared before the Court attended by her ladies, she wore an aspect of dignified royalty and injured innocence which made a deep impression on the beholders. In those days the will of the sovereign readily decided the fate of his victim, and accordingly the fair and innocent Queen was sentenced to be either burned or beheaded, as the King might ordain. The dreadful words were no sooner uttered than she arose in the midst of her female attendants, and in the most solemn and touching manner asseverated her innocence. Had the verdict of her judges, she said, been given according to the expectation of the bystanders, she must inevitably have been acquitted. There were those, however, among them, she added—and she seems especially to have alluded to the King's brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk—who, "applying themselves to the King's humour," were determined on effecting her ruin. "O Father! O Creator!" she exclaimed fervently; "Thou who art the way, the truth, and the life; Thou knowest that I have not deserved this death!"

Till within two days of her execution, the unhappy Queen appears to have been buoyed up with expectations that her life would be spared. The execution of her brother, however, and the preparations which were evidently making for her own death, at length convinced the unfortunate Queen how little mercy she had to expect from her relentless husband, and accordingly she prepared herself to die with all the piety and resignation at her command. Only a few hours before her execution, Kingston writes to Secretary Cromwell: "The Queen sent for me, and at my coming she said—'Mr. Kingston, I hear say I shall not die before noon, and I am very sorry therefore, for I thought to be dead now, and past my pain.' I told her it should be no pain; it was so subtle. Then she said, 'I have heard say the executioner is very good, and I have a little neck;' and putting her hands about it laughed heartily. I have seen many men, and also women executed, and that they have been in great sorrow, but, to my knowledge, this lady has much joy and pleasure in death. Her almoner is continually with her, and has been since two of the clock after midnight."

On the night before her execution Anne, for the last time, sent a message to her husband, protesting her innocence, and acknowledging the many favours she had formerly received at his hands. From a private gentlewoman, she said, he had raised her to be a marchioness, and from a marchioness to be a Queen, and now that he could raise her no higher, he was sending her to be a saint in Heaven. Lastly, she solemnly recommended her infant daughter Elizabeth to his paternal care.

On the day of her execution, the 19th of May, all strangers having been commanded to quit the Tower, about noon she was led forth to the scaffold, which was erected on the green in front of the chapel. Among the persons summoned to be present were the Dukes of Suffolk and Richmond, and the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen of London. Not only was her step firm and graceful; and her countenance serene and cheerful, but it was remarked that she had never looked more beautiful than she did in that awful hour. Her beauty and gentleness nearly unmanned the executioner: the ladies who attended her clung to her in paroxysms of grief. Anne, who alone of those present appeared cheerful and unmoved, kindly endeavoured to soothe their grief; at the same time presenting to each of them some token of her affectionate regard. Then, after having addressed a few words to the bystanders—in which she acknowledged the bounties she had received from the King, and desired the prayers of those around her—she knelt down, and, having passed a short time in earnest prayer, laid her head upon the block as resignedly as if it had been her pillow, and submitted to the blow of the executioner. Her remains, having been placed in a common elm chest which had at one time been used for holding arrows, were interred without ceremony among the many headless dead in the chapel of the Tower.

The following year, Lord Thomas Howard, youngest son of the Duke of Norfolk, was committed to the Tower for forming a clandestine marriage with the King's niece, Lady Margaret Douglas. Here he died of grief after a short imprisonment, when his widow, who had been his fellow-prisoner, obtained her liberty.

In 1540, the powerful and high-minded Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was disgraced by the ungrateful master whom he had so long and faithfully served. On the morning of the 10th of June, he had taken his seat at the council-table as Keeper of the Privy Seal, Lord Chamberlain, and Master of the Wards, when he was suddenly arrested by the Duke of Norfolk and hurried to the Tower. On the 29th he was tried and condemned, ostensibly on charges of high treason; his chief crime, however, being his opposition to the King's marriage with his new passion, Catherine Howard. From the Tower, after his condemnation, the fallen minister addressed more than one pathetic letter to his royal master, "written," to use his own language, "with the quaking hand and most sorrowful heart of a most sorrowful subject." "I, a most woeful prisoner," concludes one of these letters, "am ready to take the death when it shall please God and your majesty; and yet the frail flesh inciteth me continually to call to your Grace for mercy and grace for mine offences. And thus Christ save, preserve, and keep you. Written at the Tower, this Wednesday, the last of June, with the heavy heart, and the trembling hand of your highness's most heavy, and most miserable prisoner and poor slave, Thomas Cromwell." Then a little below this he further adds, "Most gracious prince, I cry for mercy, mercy, mercy!"

One of these heart-rending appeals the tyrant caused to be thrice read over to him, and was so affected at the recital as to shed tears. The arguments, however, of Cromwell's deadly enemy, the Duke of Norfolk, as well as the King's headstrong passion for Catherine Howard, overcame his lingering affection for his old and faithful servant, and, on the 28th of July, Cromwell was led from the Tower to the fatal scaffold on the adjoining hill, where he died pious and resigned.

On the 8th of August, 1540, eleven days after the death of Cromwell, Henry was united to Catherine Howard, niece of the Duke of Norfolk, the best beloved, and not the least beautiful of his numerous wives. Fascinated by her youth, her loveliness, her agreeable conversation and insinuating address, the sixteen months which elapsed between the period of their marriage and the discovery of the frailty of his young wife, were perhaps the happiest of Henry's life. He himself not only made no secret of his excessive attachment, but on one occasion publicly returned thanks to Heaven in the chapel-royal, for the felicity which their union had procured for him; the Bishop of Lincoln composing an especial prayer for the occasion. At length, however, rumours of the Queen's infidelity, and especially of criminal conduct on her part before marriage, reached the ears of the King's council, and accordingly to Archbishop Cranmer was committed the invidious and perilous task of communicating to the unsuspecting monarch the fact that he had been deceived in his beautiful Queen. Had Cranmer failed in his proofs, his head, as well as those of others, would doubtless have paid the penalty. So confident, indeed, was Henry of his wife's purity, that at first he positively refused to give the least credit to the information. When at length he was convinced of her criminality, he became so deeply affected as to continue a long time speechless, and eventually to burst into tears.

The Queen, on her arrest taking place, was conveyed in the first instance to Sion, where she underwent an examination before the Archbishop of Canterbury, her uncle the Duke of Norfolk, and other lords. About the same time, Lady Rochford, the confidante of her amours, and three gentlemen, Mannoc, Derham, and Culpepper, on whom she was accused of having conferred her favours, were committed to prison. From Sion she was conducted in as private a manner as possible to the Tower; whither also were committed, as accessories of her crime, her grandmother, the old Duchess of Norfolk, her unprincipled confidante, Lady Rochford, her uncle, Lord William Howard, the Countess of Bridgewater, and some other persons of inferior rank. About the same time Derham and Culpepper were tried, and hanged at Tyburn; and on the 11th of January, 1542, acts of attainder were passed against the Queen and Lady Rochford for high treason.

The confession, on the part of the young Queen, of a portion of the guilt with which she was charged, naturally expedited her fate. Most strenuously, indeed, she denied having been unfaithful to the King since their marriage, but at the same time she made a full acknowledgment of her criminality with Derham in her unmarried days. At all events her death was resolved upon, and accordingly on the 11th of February she was executed, at the same time with her favourite, Lady Rochford, on the green in front of the Tower Chapel. "Since my writing to you on Sunday last," says an eye-witness, "I saw the Queen and Lady Rochford suffer within the Tower the day following; whose souls, I doubt not, be with God, for they made the most godly and Christian end that ever was heard tell of, I think, since the world's creation; uttering their lively faith in the blood of Christ only, with wonderful patience and constancy to the death; and with goodly words and steadfast countenances, they desired all Christian people to take regard unto their worthy and just punishment with death for their offences, and against God heinously, from their youth upwards, in breaking all his commandments. Wherefore, they being justly condemned, as they said, by the laws of the realm and the parliament, to die, required the people, I say, to take example at them for amendment of their ungodly lives, and gladly to obey the King in all things: for whose preservation they did heartily pray, and willed all people so to do, commending their souls to God, and earnestly calling for mercy upon him." As it had been through the evidence of Lady Rochford that not only Queen Anne Boleyn, but her own husband, Lord Rochford, had been brought to the block, her fate naturally excited but little commiseration. The world, indeed, is said to have regarded it as a judgment from heaven.

A lady of a very different character was the gentle martyr, Anne Askew, one of the early sufferers in the cause of the Reformed religion. On her arrival at the Tower, after her trial and condemnation at Guildhall, not only was she thrust into a miserable dungeon and subjected to frightful tortures, but we have her own evidence, as well as that of Fox, the Martyrologist, that Sir Richard Rich, a Privy Councillor, and the Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas Wriothesley, actually put their hands to the rack, and assisted in the frightful work of torturing the noble-minded girl. "Rich," she writes, in her unvarnished narrative, "came to me with one of the council, charging me, upon my obedience, to shew unto them if I knew any man or woman of my sect. My answer was, that I knew none. They asked me of my lady Suffolk, my lady of Sussex, my lady of Hertford, my lady Denny, and my lady Fitzwilliams. I said, if I should pronounce anything against them, that I were not able to prove it. Then they put me on the rack, because I confessed no ladies or gentlewomen to be of my opinion, and thereon they kept me a long time. And because I lay still and did not cry, my Lord Chancellor and Mr. Rich took pain to rack me with their own hands, till I was well nigh dead. Then the Lieutenant [of the Tower] caused me to be loosed from the rack. Incontinently I swooned, and then they recovered me again. After that, I sat two long hours reasoning with my Lord Chancellor, upon the bare floor, whereas he, with many flattering words, persuaded me to leave my opinions. But my Lord God—and I thank his everlasting goodness—gave me grace to persevere, and will do, I hope, to the end."

Strength indeed was vouchsafed to her to the last. According to Strype, one who visited her in the Tower a few hours before her execution was so struck with the sweet serenity of her countenance, that he compared it to that of St. Stephen, "as it had been that of an angel." Anne Askew was burnt to death at Smithfield in the presence of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Bedford, the Lord Chancellor, and others, on the 16th of July, 1546. When led to the flames, her limbs were so mangled and disjointed, that it was only with the assistance of two sergeants that she was able to stand. At the last moment, immediately before the torch was put to the faggots, a paper was presented to her, containing the King's pardon on condition of her recanting her errors. She refused, however, not only to have the document read, but even to look at it; "whereupon," writes Ballard, "the Lord Mayor commanded it to be put in the fire, and cried with a loud voice, *Fiat Justitia;* and fire being put to the faggots, she surrendered up her pious soul to God in the midst of the flames."

The last persons of any great importance who were committed to the Tower in this reign were Thomas Duke of Norfolk and his accomplished and ill-fated son, Henry Earl of Surrey. To the former venerable nobleman, the King, as well as his country, lay under deep obligations. In his youth, Norfolk had signalized himself in more than one naval enterprise; he had fought the foremost and the bravest on the famous field of Flodden; as Lord Deputy of Ireland his conduct had gained the approbation of all men; he had suppressed a dangerous insurrection in the North; on the King's advance to Boulogne, in 1544, he had commanded the vanguard of the army; and lastly, he had more than once vanquished the Scots on their own territory. Allied to the blood-royal by his descent from the ancient family of the Mowbrays—still more closely allied to it by his marriage with a daughter of Edward the Fourth, and by his two nieces, Catherine Howard and Anne Boleyn, having been successively Queens of England—it was only natural that so jealous a sovereign as Henry should have regarded the power and popularity of the Duke of Norfolk with suspicion and dread. Accordingly, in the month of December, 1546, the Duke was suddenly arrested and committed to the Tower. To the ambassadors abroad it was given out that the Duke and his son, Lord Surrey, had conspired to take on them the government during the King's life, and after his death to get the person of the Prince of Wales into their power. Another charge against the Duke, was his having quartered the arms of Edward the Confessor with his own; whereas not only had his ancestors long so quartered them, but he himself had often worn them in the King's presence. On the 14th of January, 1547, the House of Peers, without examining the prisoner, without trial or evidence, passed a bill of attainder against the Duke; the 29th being named as the day for his execution.

In the mean time the gay and gallant Earl of Surrey—the soldier, the scholar, the courtier, and the poet—had been committed to the Tower with his venerable father. Not being a peer of the realm, he was tried before a common jury at Guildhall, where he was arraigned on the 13th of January. His answers to the questions put to him were remarkable for their judgment and acuteness. His defence was eloquent, dignified, and spirited. Nevertheless he was found guilty of high treason, and accordingly, when re-conducted to the Tower, it was with the edge of the fatal axe turned towards him. Six days afterwards, on the 19th of January, he was beheaded on Tower Hill.

The Duke of Norfolk was more fortunate than his accomplished son. His sentence, as we have said, was to have been carried into effect on the 29th of January, but on the previous day Henry, whose health had been long failing, providentially breathed his last. The Duke, who survived till the reign of Queen Mary, lived to preside at the trial of his powerful rival, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and when upwards of eighty years of age appeared in arms at the suppression of Wyatt's rebellion. The fact is a remarkable one that he should have lived in the reigns of eight sovereigns.

During the religious persecutions which prevailed in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the dungeons of the Tower were crowded with hundreds of human beings who were stigmatized with the name of heretics; its vaulted chambers and passages almost daily echoing back the shrieks extorted by the frightful tortures of the rack. Here, too, in this reign, were committed the Earls of Casillis and Glencairn, and many of the most powerful of the Scottish nobility who had been taken prisoners at the battle of Solway. Again, in 1537, after the suppression of the insurrections in the north of England, the dungeons of the Tower were peopled with a host of prisoners, of whom Lord Darcy was beheaded on Tower Hill, Lord Hussey at Lincoln, and Sir Robert Constable hanged in chains at Hull. Others, including the abbots of Fontaine, Ryval, and Jervaux were executed at Tyburn. Here were imprisoned the two unworthy favourites of Henry the Seventh, Sir Richard Empson and Edmund Dudley, both of whom were beheaded on Tower Hill. Here also, at a later period, were confined the Marquis of Exeter; Henry Pole, Lord Montague; Sir Edward Neville, brother of

Lord Abergavenny; and Sir Nicholas Carew, all of whom, having been condemned to death for carrying on a treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole, fell by the axe of the executioner on the adjoining hill. Lastly, the singular fate of Arthur Plantagenet, Viscount Lisle, demands a passing notice. This nobleman, an illegitimate son of King Edward the Fourth, had been committed to the fortress on suspicion of being engaged in a conspiracy to deliver over the town of Calais, of which he was the governor, to the French. Subsequently, however, his innocence having been clearly proved, Henry sent his secretary, Sir Thomas Wriothesley, with a present of a diamond ring to the prisoner as a token that he was restored to favour and to life. The communication produced a different effect to what was intended. So overpowered was Lord Lisle by the joyful tidings and by the suddenness of the communication, that he was seized with convulsions of which he expired the same night.

Henry the Eighth, as we have already mentioned, died on the 28th of January, 1547; two days after which event his son and successor, Edward the Sixth, then in his tenth year, was conducted with great parade to the Tower, amidst the roar of cannon and the acclamations of the populace. The next day, the royal child was placed on a throne in the chamber of presence, where the principal nobility knelt to him and kissed his hand. Here, a few days afterwards, he was knighted by his maternal uncle, the Protector Somerset, and hence, on the 20th of February, he was conducted in great state to his coronation in Westminster Abbey.

The first prisoner of importance committed to the Tower after the accession of the young King, was his own uncle, Thomas Lord Seymour of Sudley, Lord High Admiral of England, a nobleman no less conspicuous from his high courage, his commanding figure, his graceful manners and his success with the fair sex, than for his arrogance to his equals, his implacable animosities, and his insatiable ambition. By his insinuating address he had contrived to win the affections of Henry's widow, Catherine Parr, to whom he was married within so short an interval after that King's death, that, had she borne a living child, it would have been difficult to identify its father. The Queen dying shortly afterwards in childbed, Lord Seymour had the boldness to fix his views on the King's sister, the young Princess Elizabeth. That he not only succeeded in insinuating himself into her good graces, but that some familiarities of a rather delicate nature passed between the Lord High Admiral and the young Princess there can be no question. For instance, at one time we find him romping with her and "cutting her gown into a hundred pieces," in the garden at Hanworth; while on another occasion we discover him entering her chamber before she had risen, whereon, we are told, "she ran out of her bed to her maidens, and then went behind the curtains of her bed." But with Lord Seymour love was only a secondary consideration. Aware that his brother, the Protector, would never consent to his marriage with the Princess, he entered into a dark and deep-laid plot, the principal objects of which were to supplant his brother in the Protectorship, and to gain possession of the King's person and affections.

It could only have been from a stern and melancholy necessity that a man so amiable as the Protector could have been induced to sanction those violent measures which led his brother to the block. Having previously deprived him of the office of High Admiral, the Protector, on the 19th of January, 1549, signed a warrant for his committal to the Tower. In vain Lord Seymour pleaded to be brought to an open trial. On the 26th of February, the bill for his attainder passed the House of Lords; on the 4th of March it was ratified, with only a few dissentient voices, by the House of Commons, and on the following day the young King gave his assent to the execution of his own uncle, and the Protector signed the death-warrant of his own brother. At his own request he was attended by the celebrated Bishop Latimer, who, in one of his sermons, informs us that the Lord Admiral died "very dangerously, irksomely, horribly." He fell by the axe on Tower Hill, on the 20th of March, 1549.

The ruin of the great Protector—brought about by his turbulent and ambitious rival, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland—followed shortly after that of his brother. On the 6th of October, 1551, Lord St. John, President of the Council, the Duke of Northumberland, the Earls of Southampton and Arundel, and five other members of the Privy Council met at Ely House, Holborn, and after attributing to him every misfortune which of late had befallen the nation, came to the bold determination of acting independent of his authority. These astounding tidings no sooner reached the ears of the Protector, than he removed the young King from Hampton Court to Windsor, and, by arming his friends and retainers, showed how resolved he was to defend himself to the last. Great, however, and deserved as was his popularity with the lower classes, the Protector found, to his grief and consternation, that scarcely one person of rank was prepared to rise in his favour, and consequently that his days of power were numbered. On the 17th of October he was sent to the Tower with several of his friends and adherents, and on the 1st of December following was brought to trial before a solemn assemblage of peers in Westminster Hall; the Marquis of Winchester sitting as Lord High Steward. The charges on which he was arraigned were those of high treason and felony; on the former of which he was acquitted, but having been found guilty of the second charge it afforded quite sufficient pretext for his enemies to condemn him to the block. Accordingly, from Westminster he was conducted by water to London Bridge, and thence, escorted by a strong guard, through the streets to his former apartment in the Tower. His execution took place on the 22nd of January, on Tower Hill. Ascending the fatal stage with a firm step and cheerful countenance, he knelt down, and lifting up his hands, commended his soul to God. He then addressed himself to the multitude, and had proceeded at some length in his speech, when a painful incident interrupted his devotions. Suddenly, Sir Anthony Brown was seen riding towards the scaffold, on which the people, raising a loud cry of joy, and throwing up their caps, shouted—"A pardon, a pardon, God save the King!" The mistake, however, was soon discovered, on which the Duke, without the least discomposure, waved his hand to the people in order to obtain their silence, and then calmly continued his harangue.

Having concluded, he again knelt down to his devotions, and then, having once more risen up, took an affectionate leave of the Sheriffs and the Lieutenant of the Tower, at the same time presenting the executioner with some money. He then untied his shirt-strings, and again knelt down in the straw, himself covering his face with his handkerchief. To the last, not only did his countenance appear unmoved by the fear of death, but it was observed that, if anything, his cheeks had more colour in them than usual. After placing his head upon the block, he repeated three times—"Lord Jesus, save me!" and at the last time of uttering the words, the axe fell and separated his head from his body. His remains, having been placed in a coffin, were carried back to the Tower, and interred between the bodies of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. Thus died the great Protector, Edward Duke of Somerset! After the axe had fallen many of the crowd rushed on the scaffold, and dipping their handkerchiefs in his blood, preserved them as precious relics. Some years afterwards, when Somerset's rival, the Duke of Northumberland, was being carried a prisoner to the Tower, many persons crowded round him, and shaking their bloody handkerchiefs in his face, upbraided him with his cruelty to their favourite Duke.

Of the Protector's friends and partisans who were committed with him to the Tower, the Earl of Arundel, Lords Grey and Paget, and others escaped with an imprisonment of more or less duration. Sir Ralph Vane, a brave and veteran soldier, Sir Michael Stanhope, a relation of Somerset, Sir Thomas Arundel, and Sir Miles Partridge were less fortunate. All four were executed on the same day, the 26th of February, on Tower Hill; Arundel and Stanhope by the axe, and Vane and Partridge on the gallows. Sir Ralph Vane, having fought gallantly on many fields of battle, and also having conducted his defence at his trial with great ability, died much lamented. When pressed to petition for his life he refused to make the required submission. "The wars," he said, "have now ended, and the coward and the courageous are alike esteemed."

Edward the Sixth expired at Greenwich on the 6th of July, 1553, in the sixteenth year of his age. Unfortunately, shortly before his decease he had been prevailed upon by the Duke of Northumberland to pass over his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, and to bequeath his crown to the Duke's daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey, great-granddaughter of Henry the Seventh by the marriage of Mary, daughter of that monarch, to Charles Duke of Suffolk. It should be mentioned that immediately after the King's death this measure had been confirmed by the Privy Council and the several judges; Sir James Hale alone refusing to give his assent.

The breath had no sooner quitted the King's body than Northumberland, accompanied by the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Pembroke, and others of the nobility, proceeded to Sion House, where Lady Jane was then residing, and where they did homage to her as their sovereign. At the same time she was proclaimed Queen of England with the usual solemnities; and on the 9th of July was conducted in state to the royal apartments in the Tower.

In the mean time Mary, the rightful successor, had withdrawn to Framlingham Castle, in Suffolk, whither there flocked to her so many of the nobility and gentry with military reinforcements, that it soon became evident, even to the aspiring Northumberland, that all hope of retaining the crown on the head of his daughter-in-law was at an end. In particular he was affected by the coldness of the people. "Many," he said to Lord Grey, "come to look at us, but I find no one cries, *God speed you!*" Deserted by his friends and followers, he was arrested at Cambridge by the Earl of Arundel on the 25th of July, and forthwith committed to the Tower. At the same time were sent to the same fortress his three sons, the Earl of Warwick and Lords Ambrose and Henry Dudley; his brother, Sir Andrew Dudley; the Earl of Huntingdon; Lord Hastings; Sir Thomas Palmer; Sir Henry and Sir John Gates; and Dr. Sandys; the latter of whom had preached a sermon at Cambridge on behalf of the claims of the Lady Jane. Two days afterwards, the Duke of Suffolk, Lady Jane Grey, and her husband Lord Guildford Dudley, were committed to the Tower.

Notwithstanding Northumberland's established reputation for courage, the manner in which he encountered his reverse of fortunes was widely different from the pious fortitude and resignation which, under similar melancholy circumstances, had distinguished his rival and victim, the Duke of Somerset. When arrested by his enemy, the Earl of Arundel, he fell on his knees before that nobleman, and passionately implored him to intercede for his life. Again, on the day before his execution, we find him addressing the following appeal to the Earl—"Honourable Lord, and in this my distress my especial refuge, most woeful was the news I received this evening by Mr. Lieutenant, that I must prepare myself against to-morrow to receive my deadly stroke. Alas! my good lord, is my crime so heinous as no redemption but my blood can wash away the spots thereof? An old proverb there is, and it is most true, that a living dog is better than a dead lion. Oh! that it would please her good Grace to give me life, yea, the life of a dog, if I might but live and kiss her feet, and spend both life and all in her honourable service, as I have done the best part already under her worthy brother and most glorious father. Oh! that her mercy were such as she would consider how little profit my dead and dismembered body can bring her; but how great and glorious an hour it will be in all posterities, when the report shall be that so gracious and mighty a queen had granted life to so miserable and penitent an object." All his entreaties, however, proved of no avail. On the 22nd of November, the Duke, together with Sir Thomas Palmer and Sir John Gates, were beheaded on Tower Hill in the presence of an immense assemblage of people. At his execution he confessed the justice of his sentence, and professing himself a firm believer in the "old religion," he told the multitude that they would have no tranquillity till they returned to the faith of their ancestors. Having concluded his speech, he "put off his gown of swan-coloured damask," and then laying his head on the block, he covered his eyes, and submitted to the stroke of the executioner.

In the mean time, Queen Mary, on the 3rd of August, had been conducted with great state and magnificence to the royal apartments in the Tower. Here she continued to hold her court till after the funeral of her brother, King Edward, on which occasion, though she permitted him to be buried according to the rites of the Protestant faith, she caused a solemn requiem to be offered up for his soul in her chapel in the Tower. In October following we find her holding her court in the royal fortress, and it was thence, on the 1st of that month, that she proceeded in great state to her coronation in Westminster Abbey.

On her first entering the great court of the Tower, a painful spectacle had met Queen Mary's eyes. "Kneeling on the green before St. Peter's Church," writes her biographer, "were the state-prisoners, male and female, Catholic and Protestant, who had been detained lawlessly in the fortress during the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth. There was Edward Courtenay, the heir to the Earl of Devonshire, now in the pride of manly beauty, who had grown up a prisoner in the Tower from his tenth year. There was another early friend of the Queen, the wretched Duchess of Somerset. There was the aged Duke of Norfolk, still under sentence of death. There were the deprived Bishops of Durham and Winchester—the mild Cuthbert Tunstall and the haughty Stephen Gardiner—which last addressed a congratulation and supplication to the Queen in the name of all. Mary burst into tears as she recognised them, and, extending her hands to them, she exclaimed—"Ye are my prisoners!" she raised them one by one, kissed them, and gave them their liberty.* Their places, however, were merely vacated to make room for fresh prisoners; indeed, during Mary's reign there seems scarcely to have been a week but the Tower opened its gates either to admit some new victims or to send forth some miserable wretch to the axe or to the stake.

Replete as is the Tower with historical associations of deep interest, there is no story connected with it half so affecting as that of the young, the lovely, and ill-fated Lady Jane Grey; a story, of which Fox tells us, that, when writing it in his "Book of Martyrs," the tears burst from his eyes. Distinguished as much by the sweetness of her disposition and her unaffected piety as by her high birth, her deep learning, her playful wit, her surpassing loveliness, and her extraordinary female accomplishments, the Lady Jane, to the age of eighteen, had lived a life of comparative seclusion. We have the authority both of her tutor Aylmer, and of Queen Elizabeth's tutor, Ascham, that at that early age Lady Jane was a perfect mistress of the Greek, Latin, French, and Italian languages, and was also acquainted with the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic. She played on several musical instruments; sang to her own accompaniments; wrote a beautiful hand, and excelled in various kinds of needlework. "Before I went into Germany," writes Ascham, "I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady, the Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, and all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading the 'Phædon' of Plato, Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccaccio. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she should lose such pastime in the park. Smiling she answered me, 'All their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato.' However illustrious she was by fortune, and by royal extraction," adds Ascham, "these bore no proportion to the accomplishments of her mind, adorned with the doctrine of Plato, and the eloquence of Demosthenes."

---

* Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," vol. iii., p. 441.

To one so retiring and so passionately attached to literature and the arts, the glitter of a crown and the frivolities of a court could offer but slight charms. Accordingly, when waited upon at Sion House by her father and father-in-law, the Dukes of Suffolk and Northumberland, and congratulated by them as Queen of England, she not only expressed the greatest reluctance to quit a private station and the happy circle of which she was the idol; but it was with the greatest difficulty that she was at last induced to yield to their urgent entreaties. The story of her short reign of ten days is well known. On the 27th of July, 1553, she was sent back a prisoner to the very fortress which she had so lately entered as Queen; whence, on the 13th of November—together with her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, Archbishop Cranmer, and Lords Ambrose and Henry Dudley—she was escorted by a guard of four hundred men to take her trial at Guildhall for high treason. As she stood at the bar on that solemn occasion, her youth and loveliness, and the fame which had gone abroad of her extraordinary learning and the sweetness of her disposition, rendered her the object of universal commiseration. Throughout the long and tedious day her voice never faltered, and even when the awful sentence of death was passed on her, although every other eye was moist in that crowded assembly, the colour never for a moment faded from her cheeks.

The short remnant of life which was left to the Lady

Jane was passed by her in preparing herself for death, and in writing some tender letters to those who were near and dear to her. To her father she wrote, affectionately forgiving him for the share which he had in bringing her to the block, and fervently recommending him to the care of the Almighty. "My death," she concludes, "although to you it may seem woeful, yet to me there is nothing that can be more welcome than from this vale of misery to aspire to that heavenly throne of all joy and pleasure with my Christ and Saviour; in whose steadfast faith (if it be lawful for the daughter so to write to the father) the Lord that hath hitherto strengthened you, so continue to keep you, that at the last we may meet in Heaven." A short time before her death, the Lieutenant of the Tower, who appears to have taken a deep interest in his beautiful prisoner, preferred a touching request to her to write a short sentence in his manual of devotion by which he might remember her. Accordingly, taking up her pen, she addressed to him, "as a friend," a solemn admonition, in which she advised him of the importance of religion, and conjured him so to live that by death he might inherit eternal life. About the same time, while her handmaidens were weeping in an adjoining apartment, she took up a Greek Testament, and, in the Greek language, wrote in its blank pages an affectionate letter to her sister Lady Catherine, enjoining one of her attendants to deliver the volume to the beloved person to whom the letter was addressed.

It had been originally intended that Lady Jane and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, should be executed together on the same scaffold on Tower Hill, but eventually the Privy Council decided that Lady Jane should be executed separately within the precincts of the Tower. Lord Guildford, on learning that they were to die apart, expressed a strong desire to be allowed a last interview with his young wife; but Lady Jane, fearing that the scene might unnerve them both, had strength of mind enough to refuse his last request. "Tell him," she said, "that our separation is but momentary, and that we shall soon meet in heaven, where our love will know no interruption, and where our joys and felicities will be for ever and ever." Lord Guildford, a gallant youth of eighteen, was the first led forth to execution; Lady Jane standing at her prison window and waving her hand as a parting adieu to him as he passed to the scaffold on Tower Hill. At the outer gate he shook hands affectionately with Sir Anthony Brown and others, and having requested their prayers, proceeded with a modest dignity to the scaffold. Having ascended the fatal steps, he prayed for a short time calmly and fervently, and then as calmly laid his head upon the block. Lady Jane, when informed of the serenity with which he had met his fate, seems to have been relieved of her last earthly anxiety. "Oh, Guildford, Guildford!" she exclaimed, "the ante-repast is not so bitter that thou hast tasted and which I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble; it is nothing compared to the feast of which we shall partake this day in heaven." The fact is a painful one to contemplate, that as she was standing at the window, the cart bearing the headless body of her husband passed by.

It was almost at this moment that Sir John Gage, the Lieutenant of the Tower, came to summon her to the scaffold. Rising cheerfully from her seat, and presenting him with her hand, she was led by him to the green in front of the chapel, the spot on which Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard had previously bared their slender necks to the executioner. Having addressed a short speech to the bystanders, and her devotions being ended, she submitted herself to her female attendants, who proceeded to unrobe her. "Her gloves and handkerchief," writes Fox, "she gave to her maiden, Mistress Ellen, and her book to Master Bridges, the Lieutenant's brother-in-law; and, as she began to untie her gown, the executioner attempted to assist her, but she requested him to let her alone, and turned to her two gentlewomen, who helped her off therewith, giving her a fair handkerchief to bind about her eyes." The executioner then knelt down and asked her forgiveness, which she cheerfully granted. After this, with a steady and serene countenance, she knelt down on the straw, and tied over her eyes the handkerchief which her ladies had presented to her. She then stretched out her hands towards the block, but not feeling it, she exclaimed—"What shall I do? where is it, where is it?" One of the bystanders having directed her hands towards it, she calmly laid her neck upon it, and while fervently pronouncing the words, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit," the executioner at one blow severed her head from her body.

On the 17th of February, five days after his daughter's death, the Duke of Suffolk was arraigned before his peers in Westminster Hall. Having been found guilty of high treason, he was re-conducted to the Tower, and on the 21st was led forth to execution. As his rashness and ambition had been the cause of so much bloodshed, and especially as it had occasioned the untimely end of his beautiful daughter, he met with but little commiseration. On the scaffold he addressed the multitude in a few words, in which, after having acknowledged the justice of his punishment, he repudiated the "trumpery" of the old religion; acknowledged himself a sincere member of the Protestant faith, and concluded by beseeching the bystanders to pray God to receive his soul. Then kneeling down, and devoutly lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven, he repeated the psalm "Miserere mei, Domine." Among the last words he uttered were those which his daughter had used on a like melancholy occasion. "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The executioner kneeling down to request his forgiveness—"God forgive thee," he said, "as I do; and when thou doest thine office, I pray thee do it quickly, and God have mercy on thee." Then, having repeated the Lord's Prayer, he tied a handkerchief over his eyes, and calling upon Christ for mercy, submitted himself to the stroke of the executioner.

Sir Thomas Wyatt, whose rash enterprise had proved fatal to Lady Jane Grey and her husband, was after his capture by Sir Maurice Berkeley, near Temple Bar, sent a prisoner to the Tower. Thence he was conducted to his trial at Westminster, where, having pleaded guilty to the charge of high treason, he was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. This sentence was afterwards commuted to decapitation, which was accordingly carried into effect on Tower Hill, on the 11th of April, 1554; when his body having been dismembered, his head, as has been already mentioned, was stuck on a gallows on Hay Hill, near Berkeley Square, and his quarters exposed in different parts of the metropolis. The suppression of Wyatt's rebellion filled the Tower with a crowd of miserable prisoners. In two days alone—the 14th and 15th of February—as many as fifty of the rebels were hanged. Altogether four hundred persons are computed to have suffered death; while four hundred more, having been led before the Queen at Whitehall, with halters round their necks, had the good fortune to be dismissed with a pardon. Among the less fortunate was the Duke of Suffolk's brother, Lord Thomas Grey, who was beheaded on the 27th of April on Tower Hill.

Among those whom Wyatt's treason very nearly involved in his ruin was the Princess Elizabeth, the future Sovereign of England. After his condemnation, Wyatt, in hopes of saving his life, had given some information which went far to implicate her in his crime, though he afterwards retracted his accusation, and with his dying breath and on his bended knees solemnly asserted her innocence. Wyatt's original accusation, however, was sufficient to serve the purpose of her unfeeling sister, and accordingly Elizabeth was committed to the Tower. On the night of her arrest she was in bed at her house at Ashbridge, in Hertfordshire, when her chamber was indecently entered by Sir Richard Southwell, and two messengers from the Privy Council, who, with great rudeness, acquainted her with the nature of their errand. The Princess, naturally indignant at this unwarrantable intrusion, inquired whether their orders were of so peremptory a nature to prevent their waiting till the next day. Their orders, was their reply, were from the Queen, who had commanded them to use no delay, and therefore "they must take her with them whether quick or dead." Nevertheless Elizabeth obtained the indulgence of being permitted to remain at Ashbridge till the next morning, when she was placed in a litter and conveyed with as much expedition as possible to Whitehall, where she found herself placed under close custody.

Elizabeth had remained about a fortnight at Whitehall, when, to her surprise and consternation, she was informed that it was the Queen's pleasure that she should be removed to the Tower till such time as her guilt or innocence should have been satisfactorily established. The idea of being incarcerated in that gloomy fortress, which within the last few years had been crimsoned with the blood of so many persons of royal descent, and where her own unoffending mother had suffered by the axe of the executioner, struck the Princess, lion-hearted as she was, with dismay. With these feelings, she addressed a pathetic letter to the Queen, her sister, in which she solemnly protested her innocence, and implored that any other place might be substituted as the scene of her imprisonment. Mary, however, turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, and accordingly, on Palm Sunday, when the great mass of the population were attending divine service, she was conducted to the water entrance of the palace, where a barge was in readiness to receive her. During her passage down the river she preserved her usual serenity till she perceived the barge nearing the Traitors' Gate—that fatal water entrance through which so few who had once entered the Tower as prisoners had been ever known to return—when her courage for a moment deserted her, and she expressed a wish to be landed at some other spot; a request, however, which was coldly refused. Fear now gave way to indignation, and accordingly, when one of the attending lords offered her his cloak to protect her from the rain, she not only scornfully rejected it, but, we are told, "put it back with her hand with a good dash." As soon as she had set her foot on the landing-place,—"Here landeth," she exclaimed, "as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before Thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friends than Thee!" On entering the fortress she sat down on a stone, either to meditate or to rest herself. The Lieutenant of the Tower reminding her that it rained, and pressing her to rise—"Better," she said, "to sit here than in a worse place: for God knoweth whither you will bring me."

During the time that the high-spirited Princess remained a prisoner in the Tower, she was subjected to every kind of harshness and indignity. Not only was her privacy constantly intruded upon by the Queen's priests and confessors, who wearied her with vain importunities to forsake her religion, but during a whole month she was not allowed to quit her apartment; and when after a time, in consequence of her health failing her, she was permitted to take the air in the Queen's garden, she was invariably attended by the Lieutenant of the Tower and a guard. Even a child only four years old, who was in the habit of bringing her flowers, underwent a strict examination, on suspicion of its being the channel of communication between the Princess and the Earl of Devonshire. At length, on the 19th of May, she obtained her release.

Among the illustrious prisoners in the Tower during the reign of Queen Mary, must be mentioned the celebrated martyrs, Archbishop Cranmer, and Bishops Ridley and Latimer, who were for some months incarcerated here; the fortress at the time being so crowded with prisoners that it was found necessary to confine the three prelates together in one room. Among other hardships to which they were subjected we find Bishop Latimer, though a very old man, refused a fire, even when snow was on the ground. He bore his misfortunes, however, not only with patience, but with cheerfulness. "Master Lieutenant," he said on one occasion, "I suppose you expect me to be burnt, but unless you let me have some fire, I am likely to deceive your expectations, for I shall most probably die of the cold." Another remark which he made to his fellow-sufferer, Bishop Ridley, while the faggots were being piled around them, has been rendered famous in history, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." From the Tower the three prelates were removed to Oxford, where these dauntless champions of the Reformation suffered martyrdom in the flames.

Queen Mary dying on the 17th of November, 1558, Elizabeth, to the great joy of the Protestant portion of her subjects, was immediately proclaimed Queen at Westminster, the Royal Exchange, and other places in the metropolis. From Hatfield, where she was staying when her sister's death was announced to her, she proceeded to the capital, being everywhere greeted in her progress with enthusiastic shouts of congratulation and popular joy. The first night was passed by her at the Charter House, whence she proceeded to the Tower. "On her entrance into the Tower," writes Hume, "she could not forbear reflecting on the great difference between her present fortune and that which a few years before had attended her, when she was conducted to that place as a prisoner, and lay there exposed to all the bigoted malignity of her enemies. She fell on her knees, and expressed her thanks to Heaven for the deliverance which the Almighty had granted her from her bloody persecutors; a deliverance, she said, no less miraculous than that which Daniel had received from the den of lions." In the Tower Elizabeth continued to keep her court till the commencement of the month of December, when she removed to Somerset House, where she resided till her sister's remains were consigned to the ground. She again, however, returned to the Tower on the 12th of January, and here passed the three days which preceded her coronation at Westminster. The procession which, on the day appointed for that ceremony, issued forth from the portals of the Tower is described as gorgeous in the extreme. The Queen, magnificently attired, was seated in an open chariot superbly gilt and of curious workmanship. Before her went pursuivants and heralds, and drums and trumpets; around her were "goodly and beautiful ladies, richly appointed," while behind her followed knights of the garter and peers of the realm, arrayed in the gorgeous apparel of the age. And, thus, we are told, "most honourably accompanied," she passed under a succession of triumphal arches; along streets hung with tapestry and damask; through avenues of the City companies, clad in their gaudy liveries of scarlet and rich furs; arrested at one moment in Fenchurch Street by a beautiful child addressing her in a befitting oration; pausing at another time to witness a "goodly pageant" in Gracechurch Street; stopped at Cornhill by a representation of the Cardinal Virtues trampling on Ignorance and Superstition; interrupted in Fleet Street by a living model of Deborah sitting in "Parliament robes" under a palm-tree, prophesying the restoration of the House of Israel; and lastly, at Temple Bar, by a stalwart citizen, representing the giant Gogmagog, who held in his hand a scroll in Latin verse, explaining what the bewildered Queen might or might not have remarked during her fantastic progress.

One of the most interesting prisoners in the Tower in the reign of Elizabeth was the Lady Catherine Grey, second daughter of the late Duke of Suffolk, to whom her sister Lady Jane had sent her Greek Testament on the eve of her execution. Lady Catherine having won the affections of Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, eldest son of the late Duke of Somerset, and their attachment being mutual, they were privately married about the year 1560; Lady Catherine in due time making him a father. Although the great-granddaughter of Henry the Seventh, she was not so nearly related to the sovereign as to render the marriage illegal without the royal assent. Notwithstanding this immunity, however, so enraged was Elizabeth at the marriage, as to commit Lord Hertford and his young wife to separate prisons in the Tower. Unfortunately for them, their keepers, wrought upon by Hertford's gold, occasionally allowed the lovers to meet in private; the result was the birth of a second child, a circumstance which inflamed the anger of Elizabeth beyond all bounds. Warner, the Lieutenant of the Tower, was at once dismissed from his situation. Hertford, having been summoned before the Star Chamber, was sentenced to pay three different fines amounting to fifteen thousand pounds; five thousand for having corrupted a virgin of the royal-blood in the Queen's palace; the same sum for having broken prison; and five thousand more for having repeated his intercourse. The husband and wife never afterwards met again. Lady Catherine died in the Tower, on the 26th of January, 1567; while it was not till Lord Hertford had paid the large fines imposed upon him, and had suffered an imprisonment of nine years, that he obtained his release.

The first person of high rank who perished on the scaffold in the reign of Elizabeth, was Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, famous for his attachment to Mary Queen of Scots, and the high penalty which he paid for his devotion. Distinguished by his high birth and princely fortune, affable, generous, and benevolent, the Duke of Norfolk was at this period the most popular as well as the most powerful nobleman in England. Moreover, that Elizabeth herself entertained feelings of personal regard for the Duke, and more than once gave him a friendly hint that his designs were suspected and were likely to bring him into danger, there seems to be little question. "Take heed," was on one occasion her significant expression to him, "on what pillow you lay your head." At length, more reliable information having reached the Queen's ministers, it was thought requisite to arrest the Duke and to send him to the Tower. On the 16th of January, 1572, he was brought to trial before his peers in Westminster Hall. The charges on which he was tried were for entering into a treasonable conspiracy to depose and take away the Queen's life; for projecting a marriage with the Queen of Scots, who pretended to be the rightful Queen of England; for assisting the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland with money during their recent rebellion; and, lastly, for proposing to bring a foreign army into England, by the aid of the Pope, the King of Spain, and the Duke of Alva, with the object of setting the Queen of Scots at liberty, and restoring the Popish religion in England. At the conclusion of the proceedings, being asked by the Lord High Steward if he had anything to say in his defence, his simple reply was—"I confide in the equity of the laws." The peers having brought in a unanimous verdict of "Guilty" against him, the Lord High Steward proceeded to pronounce sentence of death on him, to which the Duke listened with a calm, unruffled dignity.

From the moment on which sentence was passed on him, the conduct and demeanour of the Duke presented a touching picture of manly fortitude and Christian resignation. From his prison in the Tower, he addressed the most affectionate letters to each of his children, in which he pointed out to them how vain and transitory was human life; at the same time exhorting them that a constant perusal of the Scriptures, and a strict observance of their sacred ordinations, formed the only true road to happiness both in this world and in the next. However, four months were allowed by Elizabeth to elapse before she finally decided on sending Norfolk to the block. Twice, we are told, she signed the warrant for his execution, and twice revoked the fatal sentence. Thus twice did the gallant and high-minded Norfolk taste the bitterness, and pass through the valley, of death; thus twice, after he had composed himself to die, and had bidden farewell to all who were near and dear to him on earth, was he in vain recalled to the remembrance that life had still its sweetness, and that the terrors of the grave might be yet far off.

At length, on the 2nd of June, amidst a vast crowd of spectators, he was led to his execution on Tower Hill. Having ascended the scaffold, which he did with a firm step and a serene countenance, he addressed the bystanders in a set speech, in which, while he acknowledged the justice of the sentence by which he died, he solemnly disclaimed any disloyal intentions against the Queen's person or government. His composure never for a moment deserted him. Having concluded his speech, he affectionately embraced his gallant associate, Sir Henry Leigh, after which he whispered a few words to his spiritual adviser, Dr. Nowel, Dean of St. Paul's, who repeated their purport to the bystanders. "The Duke," he said, "wishes you all to pray to God to have mercy on him; and withal to keep silence, that his mind may not be disturbed." One of the attendants offering a handkerchief to bandage his eyes, he refused it, observing in an unconcerned manner—"I am not in the least afraid of death." He then knelt down to his devotions, and quietly laying his neck on the block, the executioner at one stroke severed his head from his body.

Whatever difference there may have been between the policy and dispositions of Queen Mary and her sister Elizabeth, certain it is that during the reign of the "Virgin Queen" the Tower was seldom less crowded with prisoners than it had been under the rule of her predecessor. Here, for instance, in 1572, was imprisoned, on account of his devotion to the cause of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, the high-minded John Leslie, Bishop of Ross: while, nearly at the same time, several persons were committed, and two hanged, for a conspiracy to rescue the Duke of Norfolk. Again, in 1581, besides numbers of persons incarcerated on account of their religious opinions, here was committed the learned theologian, John Stubbs, who having been found guilty of writing a pamphlet against the Queen's proposed marriage with the Duke of Anjou, was dragged through the streets to the market-place at Westminster, where his right hand was cut off by the executioner. At the same time, William Page, the printer of the work, shared the same fate.

The persons on whom the greatest cruelty was practised during the reign of Elizabeth, were the Jesuits and other missionary Roman Catholic priests, whose whole lives and energies had been devoted to the interests of their church, and who now flocked into England with the enthusiastic hope of either rebuilding the ancient faith, or of obtaining the crown of martyrdom in the event of their failing in the attempt. The barbarities which were practised upon these unfortunate men were such as have left an indelible stain upon the reign of Elizabeth. So inhuman, indeed, were they, that, in order to stifle the almost universal feeling of indignation and abhorrence, the government of Elizabeth were compelled to publish an apologetical circular in defence of their measures.

A prisoner of a different description was Henry Percy, eighth Earl of Northumberland, a zealous Roman Catholic, committed to the Tower in 1585 on a strong suspicion of favouring the cause of the Queen of Scots. Dreading the ruin in which his family, in the event of his attainder, would inevitably become involved, he determined to anticipate by suicide the fate which would doubtless otherwise have awaited him on the scaffold. Alluding to the Queen, he was heard to observe, "The bitch at least shall not have my estate." Accordingly, on the 21st of June, the Earl was found dead in his bed in the Tower, the door of his apartment being locked in the inside, and a pistol lying by his bed. He had shot himself through the heart.

Among other persons of importance who were prisoners in the Tower in this reign, may be cursorily mentioned the unfortunate Earl of Essex, to whose fate we shall presently have to refer; John Somerville, a gentleman of Elstow in Warwickshire, and his father-in-law, Edward Arden, of an ancient family in Leicestershire, who in 1583 were hanged, disembowelled, and quartered at Smithfield, for plotting against the Queen's life; Francis Throgmorton, who, having been found guilty of carrying on a treasonable correspondence with Mary Queen of Scots, underwent the same horrible fate at Tyburn; William Parry, a lawyer of great eminence and learning, who suffered in 1585 in Old Palace Yard, for conspiring against the Queen's life; Secretary Davison, whom his cold-blooded mistress, Elizabeth, condemned to a long and cruel imprisonment, on the unjust accusation that he had hurried on the execution of the Queen of Scots; and lastly, the gallant soldier and accomplished statesman and courtier, Sir John Perrot—presumed to be a natural son of King Henry the Eighth, and consequently half-brother to Queen Elizabeth—who was committed to the Tower in 1592, on charges of high treason, and having been found guilty at his trial, was condemned to death. The prospect of dying a traitor's death, rather than the fear of death itself, would seem to have deeply affected him. "My name and blood," he said, after sentence had been passed upon him, "are corrupted, and woe be to me that am the first of my house and name that ever was attainted or suspected." On being brought back to the Tower, his feelings manifested themselves in a passion of rage. "What!" he exclaimed to the Lieutenant of the Tower with many oaths, "will the Queen suffer her brother to be offered up as a sacrifice to the envy of his strutting adversaries?" Elizabeth, however, seems from the first to have been fully convinced of his innocence, and consequently when pressed to sign his death-warrant, she positively refused her assent. Nevertheless she allowed him to remain a prisoner in the Tower, where, it is said, he died broken-hearted, in September, 1592, a few months after his trial.

Not the least interesting prisoners in the Tower in the reign of Elizabeth, was that accomplished and enthusiastic band of youths—headed by Anthony Babington—who, united by the ties of a tender, if not sublime, friendship, had devoted themselves to the cause of the beautiful Queen of Scots, whom they had sworn either to restore to liberty or to perish in the attempt. Their designs, however, having been discovered by the subtle Walsingham, in 1586 they were arrested and committed to the Tower. The appearance presented by these noble-minded youths at the bar of justice is described in a very interesting paper by the late Mr. D'Israeli in his "Curiosities of Literature." "When this romantic band of friends," he writes, "were called on for their defence, the most pathetic instances of domestic affection appeared. One had engaged in this plot solely to try to save his friend, for he had no hopes of it, nor any wish for its success. He had observed to his friend that the haughty and ambitious mind of Anthony Babington would be the destruction of himself and his friends; nevertheless he was willing to die with them! Another—to withdraw, if possible, one of those noble youths from the conspiracy—although he had broken up housekeeping said—to employ his own language—'I called back my servants again together, and began to keep house again more freshly than ever I did, only because I was weary to see Tom Salisbury's straggling, and willing to keep him about home.' Having attempted to secrete his friend, this gentleman observed—'I am condemned because I suffered Salisbury to escape, when I knew he was one of the conspirators. My case is hard and lamentable; either to betray my friend whom I love as myself, and to discover Thomas Salisbury, the best man in my country, or else to break my allegiance to my sovereign, and to undo myself and my posterity for ever.' Another of the conspirators replied—'For flying away with my friend, I fulfilled the part of a friend.' When the judge observed, that to perform his friendship he had broken his allegiance to his sovereign, he bowed his head and confessed—'Therein I have offended.' Another, when asked why he had fled into the woods, where he was discovered among some of the conspirators, proudly or tenderly replied—'For company.'" The principal promoter of the conspiracy had been the celebrated Jesuit priest, John Ballard, whose crafty and insidious arguments had originally wrought on the enthusiastic mind of Anthony Babington, and who now stood at the bar by the side of the ill-fated youths whom he had entrapped into his net. The judge himself is said to have been greatly affected at the prospect of the terrible fate which awaited them. "Oh, Ballard! Ballard!" were his words to the Jesuit, "what hast thou done? A company of brave youths, otherwise adorned with good gifts, by thy inducement hast thou brought to their utter destruction and confusion." Ballard, to his credit, was overcome with remorse at the sight of the wreck he had made. He wished, he said, that all the blame could rest on him, if, by the shedding of his blood he could save Babington's life.

Of these illustrious youths, fourteen, besides Ballard, suffered the last penalty of the law. Their names were Anthony Babington; Edward Windsor, brother of Lord Windsor; Thomas Salisbury; Charles Tilney; Chidiock

Tichburn; Edward Abington; Robert Gage; John Travers; John Charnock; John Jones; John Savage; R. Barnwell; Henry Dun, and Jerome Bellarmine. "That nothing," writes Mr. D'Israeli, "might be wanting to complete the catastrophe of their sad story, our sympathy must accompany them to their tragical end, and to their last words. Ballard was the first executed, and snatched alive from the gallows to be embowelled. Babington looked on with an undaunted countenance, steadily gazing on that variety of tortures which he himself was in a moment to pass through. The others averted their faces, fervently praying. When the executioner began his tremendous work on Babington, the spirit of this haughty and heroic man cried out amidst the agony—'*Parce mihi, Domine Jesu!*' There were two days of execution. It was on the first that the noblest of these youths suffered; and the pity which such criminals had excited among the spectators evidently weakened the sense of their political crime. The solemnity, not the barbarity, of the punishment, affects the populace with right feelings. Elizabeth, an enlightened politician, commanded that on the second day the odious part of the sentence should not commence till after death."

The following pathetic verses, composed by one of the conspirators, Chidiock Tichburn, in the Tower, the night before his execution in Lincoln's Inn Fields, are probably well known.

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my goods is but vain hope of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

"My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green,

My youth is past, and yet I am but young,
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

"I sought for death, and found it in the womb,
I looked for life, and yet it was a shade,
I trod the ground, and knew it was my tomb,
And now I die, and now I am but made.
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done!"

On the 9th of February, 1601, the Traitors' Gate opened to receive as a prisoner the young and accomplished Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. The story of this ill-fated favourite—of his popularity, his taste for literature, the beauty of his person and his graceful accomplishments—his chivalrous gallantry on the field of Zutphen, beneath the walls of Rouen, and against the Spaniards in the new world—his military failures in Ireland—the indignation of the Queen on his sudden appearance in her bedchamber, spurred, booted and muddy—and further of her fitful returns of passionate affection—her sending him dainties at one moment and signing his death-warrant the next—are too familiar with every one to require repetition.

It was on the 19th of February that Essex, with his friend the Earl of Southampton, was brought from the Tower to Westminster Hall, when, having severally been found guilty of high treason, the Lord High Steward passed on them the solemn sentence of the law. Southampton, in a modest and becoming speech, admitted his crime; adding, that personally he had never harboured a thought against the Queen, and earnestly entreating the peers to intercede with her majesty on his behalf. The speech of Essex was of a different character. His principal consideration seems to have been for his friend, on whose behalf he implored the peers to intercede with the Queen. For himself, he said, he valued not life. All his desire was to quit the world with the conscience of a true Christian and of a loyal subject. He was loth, indeed, that he should be represented to the Queen as one who despised her clemency, but at the same time he believed he should make no cringing submissions for his life. He then begged pardon of certain lords whom he had offended; requesting that he might be allowed to receive the holy sacrament before he suffered, and further praying that a particular clergyman, whom he named, might be allowed to attend him in his last moments.

In the interval which elapsed between the condemnation and death of her favourite, the mind of Elizabeth underwent a severe and bitter conflict. On the one hand she revolted from sacrificing one whom she had so tenderly loved; while, on the other hand, the arguments of his enemies, her natural indignation at his refusing to sue for pardon, and, moreover, his own voluntary observation in the Tower, that she would never know safety while he lived, went far to overcome the softer feelings of her nature. More than once she signed the warrant for his execution; more than once her tenderness returned; and more than once she countermanded his death. Her pride, however, could not long withstand his continued obstinacy; and accordingly the signed warrant for his execution was at last delivered by her into the hands of the Secretary of State, and the 25th of February fixed upon as the fatal day.

By his own wish, Essex was executed in as private a manner as possible within the walls of the Tower. Around the scaffold, which was erected in the open space in front of the chapel, were assembled the Earls of Cumberland and Hertford, Viscount Howard of Bindon, Lord Howard of Walden, Lord Darcy of Chiche, Lord Compton, the Aldermen of London, and several Knights and gentlemen. Essex, when he appeared on the scaffold, was attended by three divines. His dress is described as consisting of a gown of wrought velvet, a black satin suit, a black felt hat, and a small ruff round his neck. Immediately after he had ascended the fatal stage, he took off his hat, and addressed himself to those present. He had been guilty in his youth, he said, of many and great sins, for which, through the merits of his Saviour, he had most ardently prayed for pardon. He acknowledged the justice of the sentence by which he died, but denied that he had ever intended any violence against the Queen's person, for whom he prayed for long life and happiness. He thanked God that he had never been led astray by any papistical or atheistical doctrines, but that he had ever fixed his hopes of salvation solely on the merits of his Redeemer. Lastly, he prayed God to fortify him against the terrors of death, and called upon the bystanders to pray for the welfare of his soul.

The executioner having asked his forgiveness, which he cheerfully granted, Essex took off his gown and ruff, and kneeled down before the block. There, lifting up his eyes to heaven, he prayed fervently for some minutes, repeating the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the first verses of the fifty-first psalm. He then laid his neck upon the block, and, while in the act of giving utterance to some pious ejaculations, the axe of the executioner fell. The first blow deprived him of sense and motion, but it was not till the third stroke had descended that his head was severed from his body.

Among those whom the rash enterprise of Essex involved in his fall, and who, besides the Earl of Southampton, were fellow-prisoners with him in the Tower, were the Earl of Rutland, the Lords Sands, Cromwell, and Monteagle, Sir Henry Bromley, Sir Charles Danvers, Sir Christopher Blunt, Sir Gilley Merrick, and Henry Cuffe. Of these persons, only the four last suffered on the scaffold. Sir Charles Danvers and Sir Christopher Blunt were beheaded on Tower Hill, where they met their fate with great fortitude and composure. Merrick and Cuffe were hanged and quartered at Tyburn, and died no less resolutely than their companions.

Let us conclude our notices of the Tower in the reign of Elizabeth with the description given of it by the German traveller, Paul Hentzner, who visited England in 1598. "Upon entering the Tower of London, we were obliged to leave our swords at the gate, and deliver them to the guard. When we were introduced we were shown above a hundred pieces of arms belonging to the crown, made of gold, silver, and silk; several saddles covered with velvet of different colours, and an immense quantity of bed furniture, such as canopies and the like, some of them richly ornamented with pearl; some royal dresses, so extremely magnificent as to raise any one's admiration at the sums they must have cost. We were next led to the Armoury, in which are these particularities; spears out of which you may shoot; shields that will give fire four times; a great many rich halberds, commonly called partizans, with which the guard defend the royal person in battle; some lances covered with red and green velvet, and the suit of armour of King Henry the Eighth; many very beautiful arms, as well for men as for horse-fights; the lance of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, three spans thick; two pieces of cannon—the one fires three, the other seven balls at a time—two others made of wood, which the English had at the siege of Boulogne in France, and by this stratagem, without which they could not have succeeded, they struck a terror as at the appearance of artillery, and the town surrendered upon articles; nineteen cannons of a thicker make than ordinary; and, in a room apart, thirty-six of a smaller;

other cannons for chain shot, and balls proper to bring down masts of ships; and cross-bows, and bows and arrows, of which to this day the English make use in their exercises. But who can relate all that is to be seen here? Eight or nine men, employed by the year, are scarce sufficient to keep all the arms bright."

James the First, after his arrival from Scotland, kept his court for a short time in the Tower. Hence, too, accompanied by his Queen, and Henry, Prince of Wales, he proceeded in great state to Westminster, preparatory to the opening of his first Parliament. When in after life he occasionally paid visits to the ancient fortress, it seems to have been for no better purpose than that of witnessing the combats of the wild beasts who were kept in the royal menagerie. For instance, in March, 1604, we find the King directing the "lustiest" of the lions to be baited for the amusement of the Queen and the little Prince of Wales, a child of ten years old; three of the "fattest dogs" being sent for from the Bear Garden at Southwark for the occasion. "The two first dogs," writes a contemporary, "died within a few days, but the last dog was well recovered of all his hurts, and the young Prince commanded his servant, E. Alleyn [the celebrated comedian], to bring the dog to him to St. James's, where the Prince charged the said Alleyn to keep him and make much of him, saying he that had fought with the king of beasts should never after fight with any inferior creature."*

In July, 1603, about four months after James's accession, Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham, Thomas Lord Grey of Wilton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others were committed prisoners to the Tower, on charges of attempting to restore the Roman Catholic religion and to place the Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne. George Brooke, a brother of Lord Cobham, and two priests were executed for their share in the conspiracy; while Lords Grey and Cobham were reprieved at the very moment when, after having addressed themselves to the multitude, they were on the point of submitting themselves to the stroke of the executioner. Both, however, were remanded back to the Tower. Lord Cobham some time afterwards obtained his release; but his estates having been confiscated, he lived in extreme poverty during the remainder of his days. Lord Grey, a man of high promise and noble spirit, died a prisoner in 1617.

---

* Nichols's "Progresses of King James the First," vol. i., pp. 320, 321.

The fate of Sir Walter Raleigh—that bright ornament of the age in which he lived—is more familiar to the reader. After having remained a prisoner in the Tower upwards of twelve years, he obtained his release in 1615 on payment of a considerable sum to the celebrated favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. His subsequent unfortunate expedition to Guiana, his re-committal to the Tower, and the infamous manner in which he was condemned to death for a crime of which he had been found guilty fifteen years before, and for which he may be said to have been virtually pardoned — are facts too well known to require repetition. His execution, as has already been mentioned, took place on the 29th of October, 1618, in Old Palace Yard, Westminster. "Sir Walter Raleigh," writes Dr. Townson Dean of Westminster, who attended him in his last moments, "was the most fearless of death that ever was known; and the most resolute and confident, yet with reverence and conscience. After he had received the communion in the morning, he was very cheerful and merry, and hoped, as he said, to persuade the world that he died an innocent man. He was very cheerful that morning he died, eat his breakfast heartily, and took tobacco, making no more of his death than if he had been to take a journey; and he left a great impression on the minds of those who beheld him."

In 1605, the dungeons of the Tower were filled with the conspirators who were engaged in the atrocious Gunpowder Plot. The principal actors in the intended tragedy were Thomas Winter, Guy Fawkes, and Robert Keyes, gentlemen; Thomas Bates, yeoman; Robert Winter, Esq.; John Grant, Esq.; Ambrose Rookwood, Esq.; and the handsome and accomplished courtier, Sir Everard Digby, father of the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby. Their trial took place on the 27th of January, 1606, on the Thursday following which Sir Everard Digby, Robert Winter, Grant and Bates were drawn on hurdles to the west end of St. Paul's churchyard, where they were hanged, and, having been cut down before they were dead, their bowels were taken out and burnt before their eyes, and they were then quartered and beheaded. On the day following the execution of their associates, Thomas Winter, Rookwood, Keyes, and Guy Fawkes suffered the same fate in the Old Palace Yard, Westminster.

Among others committed to the Tower as having been concerned in the Gunpowder Plot, were the stout old philosopher, Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland; Henry Lord Mordaunt; Edward Lord Stourton; and three Jesuit priests, Fathers Garnet, Oldcorn, and Gerrard. Northumberland, besides being fined thirty thousand pounds, was kept a prisoner in the Tower nearly sixteen years; Lords Mordaunt and Stourton were both heavily fined and remanded to the Tower during the King's pleasure; Garnet was dragged on a hurdle to the front of St. Paul's, where he was hanged and quartered, while Father Oldcorn, after having been five times tortured on the rack, shared the same fate at Worcester. Father Gerrard was also subjected to similar excruciating agonies. More fortunate than his comrades, however, he contrived to escape from the Tower, and, after having remained in England for a short time concealed, effected his way to Rome, where he died.

The name of the Lady Arabella Stuart recalls a tale of sorrow which has probably drawn tears from the eyes of thousands. This fair, gentle and accomplished lady was first cousin to James the First, being the daughter of Charles Stuart, fifth Earl of Lennox, brother to Henry Lord Darnley, the King's father. To Queen Elizabeth, her near alliance to the throne had rendered her no less an object of jealousy than she subsequently became to James. In fact, from her childhood she may be regarded as having been merely a prisoner at large. At last, having formed a mutual attachment with the future gallant cavalier, Sir William Seymour, afterwards successively Marquis of Hertford and Duke of Somerset, the lovers boldly set the terrors of the Star Chamber at defiance, and were privately married. The fact, of course, could not always be kept a secret; and accordingly, on its transpiring, Seymour was arrested and sent to the Tower, while Lady Arabella was placed for safe keeping under the roof of Sir Thomas Parry at Lambeth, whence she was afterwards removed to the charge of Sir James Croft at Highgate.

Subsequently, for a short time Fortune seemed to favour the lovers. Not only did Seymour find modes of secretly communicating with the Lady Arabella, but a vessel was provided by his means in the Thames, and a plan of escape arranged between the husband and wife, which appeared to be not only feasible but to promise success. Accordingly, on the appointed day, Seymour, leaving his servant in his bed in order to prevent suspicion, disguised himself in a black wig and a pair of black whiskers, and following a cart that had been directed to bring firewood to his apartment, walked unquestioned out of the western entrance of the Tower. A boat was in waiting for him at the Tower Wharf, in which he was rowed to the part of the river where he expected to meet his bride; but there finding to his disappointment that she had sailed without him, he hired another vessel for forty pounds, in which he arrived in safety at Calais.

In the mean time, having "drawn over her petticoats a pair of large French-fashioned hose, putting on a man's doublet, a peruke which covered her hair, a hat, black cloak, russet boots with red tops, a rapier by her side," the Lady Arabella contrived to elude the vigilance of her keepers, and, under the protection of a Mr. Markham, set out from Highgate on her romantic expedition. "She had proceeded only a mile and a half," writes the late Mr. D'Israeli, "when they stopped at a poor inn where one of her confederates was waiting with horses, yet she was so sick and faint that the hostler who held her stirrup observed, that 'the gentleman could hardly hold out to London.' She recruited her spirits by riding. The blood mantled in her face; and at six o'clock she reached Blackwall, where a boat and servants were waiting. The watermen were at first ordered to Woolwich. There they were desired to push on to Gravesend; then to Tilbury, where, complaining of fatigue, they landed to refresh themselves, but, tempted by their freight, reached Lee. At the break of morn, they discovered a French vessel riding there to receive the lady; but, as Seymour had not yet arrived, Arabella was desirous to lie at anchor for her lord, conscious that he would not fail to keep his appointment. If, indeed, he had been prevented in his escape, she herself cared not to preserve the freedom she now possessed; but her attendants, aware of the danger of being overtaken by a King's ship, overruled her wishes and hoisted sail. Alone and mournful on the seas," adds Mr. D'Israeli, "imploring her attendants to linger for her Seymour, she strained her sight to the point of the horizon for some speck which might give a hope of the approach of the boat freighted with all her love. Alas! never more was Arabella to cast a single look on her lover and her husband!" Unfortunately she had allowed the season for escape to slip by. Having been overtaken by a fast-sailing vessel which had been sent in pursuit of the fugitives, she was re-conducted to London, and forthwith committed to the Tower, where she wore out the short remainder of her miserable existence. In one of her letters she describes herself as "the most sorrowful creature living"—and is even said to have ended her days in madness.

"Where London's towers their turrets show,
  So stately by the Thames's side,
Fair Arabella, child of woe,
  For many a day had sat and sighed.
And as she heard the waves arise,
  And as she heard the bleak winds roar,
As fast did heave her heartfelt sighs,
  And still so fast her tears did pour."

Lady Arabella died in the Tower on the 27th of September, 1615, about four years after her unsuccessful attempt to escape.

Of the many "foul and midnight murders" which have been committed within the Tower, there have been none more foul and atrocious than that of the accomplished courtier and poet, Sir Thomas Overbury. The story of his tragical fate is well known. He had long been the intimate friend and confidant of the celebrated favourite, Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, whom he had been accustomed to direct and assist in all his actions, even to the composing of his despatches to the King and his love letters to his mistresses. Their friendship continued unimpaired till the weak favourite fixed his affections on the beautiful and abandoned Frances Howard, Countess of Essex, whom he determined to make his wife. Foreseeing the misery which such a marriage must entail on his friend, and personally detesting the young Countess, Overbury not only sought to degrade her in the estimation of her lover, but, according to Weldon, went so far as to style her a "strumpet, and her mother and brother bawds." At all events, Somerset, impelled by the Countess's implacable hatred of Overbury, not only entered into her atrocious project of poisoning his friend, but with this object deliberately procured his committal to the Tower, as well as the appointment of one of his own creatures, Sir Jervis Elways, to be Lieutenant of the Tower. The inferior agents in this horrible transaction were Sir Thomas Monson; two men of the names of Weston and Franklin; and the well-known Mrs. Turner, who provided the poisons. By Monson and Franklin the poisons were inserted in every article of food which was placed on Overbury's table; the dishes being sometimes sent in apparent kindness by Somerset himself. His death is said to have been finally accomplished by a poisoned clyster, though, according to other accounts, the ruffians, perceiving an irruption breaking out over his body, and fearing lest the symptoms might lead to detection, released him from his sufferings by smothering him in his bed. The same afternoon, the 15th of September, 1613, Overbury's body, wrapt in a sheet, unattended by either relative or friend, was lowered into the ground in the Tower Chapel. The fate of the principal persons engaged in this fearful tragedy has been recorded elsewhere in these pages.

Among other persons of rank who were prisoners in the

Tower in the reign of James the First may be mentioned Gervase, Lord Clifton, committed on the 17th of December, 1617, for threatening the life of the Lord Keeper; Sir Thomas Lake and his lady, imprisoned in February, 1619, for accusing the Countess of Exeter of witchcraft and incest; the Earl and Countess of Suffolk, committed the same year for bribery and corruption; the great Lord Bacon, and the scarcely less celebrated Sir Edward Coke. Another prisoner of note was Thomas, twentieth Earl of Arundel, described by Clarendon as affecting the character of a man of learning though extremely illiterate, and as thinking "no part of history so considerable as what related to his own family." His committal to the Tower arose out of a debate in the House of Lords, in the course of which Lord Spencer happened to refer to some transactions in which their ancestors had been mutually engaged. "My Lord," interrupted Arundel contemptuously, "when these things were doing, your ancestors were keeping sheep."—"When my ancestors were keeping sheep," retorted Lord Spencer, "your ancestors, my lord, were plotting treason." The altercation now became so violent as to call for the interference of the House, and as Arundel refused to apologise, the Lords committed him to the Tower.

That the unfortunate Charles the First was ever a resident in the Tower appears to be highly improbable. At the accession of his father, the ancient custom of the Kings of England passing the night in the Tower previous to their coronation had been prevented by the violence with which the plague was raging in London; and again, at the accession of Charles, it was dispensed with for the same melancholy reason.

Although but little blood was shed on the scaffold during the reign of Charles, the political troubles of that disastrous period led to numerous arrests and committals to the Tower. Among the persons of the greatest note thus committed may be mentioned the celebrated patriots, Selden, Hollis, and Sir John Eliot; John Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham; the infamous Mervin, Earl of Castlehaven, better known as Lord Audley, who was executed on Tower Hill, on the 14th of May, 1631; the famous puritan, William Prynne; Thomas Wentworth, the great Earl of Strafford; Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury; and the "memorable simpleton," Philip, Earl of Pembroke.

Not the least remarkable of these individuals was the fanatical assassin, John Felton. The circumstances which—

"Gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife"

are well known. Felton, having purchased a common knife at a cutler's shop on Tower Hill, proceeded to Portsmouth, where Buckingham was then preparing for his second expedition to Rochelle. Here he contrived to obtain entrance to the Duke's temporary residence—a house still standing in the High Street at Portsmouth—where he posted himself in a passage adjoining the room in which his victim was at breakfast with his suite, and at the moment when the Duke was passing under some hangings leading in to the passage, stabbed him to the heart. It was afterwards remarked by Felton to those about him, that when he struck the blow, he felt as if he had the "force of forty men" in him; Felton adding the further curious fact, that as his arm descended on the Duke's breast he solemnly repeated the words—"God have mercy on thy soul." He was immediately arrested, and conveyed under a strong guard to the Tower, where he remained till his execution at Tyburn.

At his trial he not only expressed great contrition for his crime, but when the knife with which he had stabbed the

Duke was produced in court he shed tears. When asked why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he held up the hand which had committed the deed, requesting that it might first be cut off, and that he might then suffer death in any manner the court might think fit. He further expressed a desire that on the scaffold he might be clothed in sackcloth, with ashes on his head and a halter round his neck, as tokens of his unworthiness and sincere penitence. Yet, notwithstanding these signs of weakness—if such they may be properly called—Felton's constitutional courage never forsook him. According to Philip, Earl of Pembroke, who attended his examinations, he had never seen valour and piety "more temperately mixed" in the same person. From Tyburn Felton's body was carried to Portsmouth, where it remained suspended for a considerable time in chains.

On the 12th of May, 1641, Thomas Wentworth, the great Earl of Strafford, was led forth from the Tower to his execution on Tower Hill. His old and revered friend, Archbishop Laud, being at this period a fellow-prisoner with him in the Tower, Strafford had expressed a strong desire to the authorities to be allowed a last interview with the venerable prelate. The request, however, being deemed inadmissible, Strafford sent a message to the Archbishop, desiring him to remember him in his prayers, at the same time preferring a mournful request that on the following morning Laud would present himself at the grated window of his apartment, in order that, as the Earl passed by to the scaffold, they might have the melancholy satisfaction of bidding each other a final farewell. Accordingly, the next day, the Archbishop, so soon as he was informed that Strafford was approaching, caused himself to be supported to the window, at which, lifting up his trembling hands to heaven, he solemnly blessed and prayed for his friend. A moment afterwards, borne down by age and ill-health, he sank to the ground. On recovering himself, he expressed much concern lest his weakness should be attributed to dread of his own impending death. "I hope," he said, "by God's assistance, and through mine own innocency, that when I come to my own execution, I shall show the world how much more sensible I am of my Lord Strafford's loss than I am of my own."

In the mean time Strafford had passed from the Tower to the adjoining hill, less with the air of a condemned criminal than that of a general at the head of his army. It had been in vain that the Lieutenant of the Tower recommended him to make use of a coach lest he should be torn in pieces by the people, "No, Mr. Lieutenant," he said, "I dare look death in the face, and, I trust, the people too." In a brief speech which he delivered on the scaffold, he asserted that never at any moment had he entertained a thought opposed to the welfare either of the King or people; that he bore malice against no man; that he sincerely forgave his enemies, and he died firm in the true faith of the Church of England. Then, having shaken hands affectionately with the Archbishop of Armagh, the Earl of Cleveland, and with his brother, Sir George Wentworth, and others who attended him, he knelt down by the side of his chaplain, with whom he remained praying for about half an hour. Rising up once more, he beckoned his brother towards him, and charged him with some tender touching messages to his wife and young children. "One stroke more," he said, "will make my wife husbandless, my dear children fatherless, my poor servants masterless, and will separate me from my dear brothers and all my friends; but let God be to you and to them all in all." The Earl then took off his doublet. "I thank God," he said, "that I am no more afraid of death, but as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed." Having put on a white cap, and thrust his hair underneath it with his own hands, he knelt down by the block; the Archbishop kneeling on one side of him, and another clergyman on the other; the latter clasping the Earl's hands in his while they prayed. He should first of all, he told the executioner, make a trial of the block by laying his head upon it; desiring him not to strike till he should give him the signal by stretching out his hands. Shortly afterwards, having placed his head a second time upon the block, he gave the appointed signal, when at one blow his head was severed from his body.

It was more than four years afterwards, on the 10th of January, 1645, that the venerable Laud, amidst the brutal revilings of the populace, was led forth from the Tower to suffer upon the same spot which had witnessed the execution of his friend. His end was marked by exemplary piety and fortitude. When apprised of the day on which he was to suffer—"No one," he said, "can be more ready to send me out of life than I am to go." Not only was the night previous to his death passed by him in a sound sleep, but when he was awakened by the Lieutenant of the Tower on the following morning, it was remarked that his countenance exhibited the same freshness of colour which it had ever worn. Ascending the scaffold with a serene and even cheerful countenance, he proceeded to deliver a brief speech to the bystanders, at the conclusion of which he turned calmly to the executioner, and, presenting him with some money, desired him to do his work quickly. Then, kneeling down, he repeated a short prayer, after which he laid his head on the block and gave the appointed signal to the executioner by repeating the words, "Lord, receive my soul," when the axe fell and severed his head from his body.

During the Commonwealth the apartments and dungeons of the Tower were constantly filled with the devoted adherents of Charles the First and the House of Stuart. Among the most distinguished we find Sir John Hotham and his gallant son, Captain Hotham; Sir Alexander Carew; the venerable Lord Montague of Boughton; the Earl of Berkshire; Sir William Morton, the gallant defender of Sudeley Castle; Colonel Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle; the Marquis of Winchester, captured at the surrender of Basing House; the Earl of Cleveland; Sir Lewis Dives; James Duke of Hamilton; the gay and gallant Earl of Holland; the profligate George Goring, Earl of Norwich; the high-minded Lord Capel; Sir Richard Gurney, Sir John Gayne, and Sir Abraham Reynardson, successively Lord Mayors of London; Lords Beauchamp, Bellasyse, and Chandos; Edward Lord Howard of Esrick; the Earls of Crawford, Lauderdale, Kelly, and Rothes, taken prisoners at the battle of Worcester; the famous Scottish general, General Lesley, and the celebrated Edward Marquis of Worcester. Of the fate of the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and Lord Capel we have already given an account. Of the others, Sir John Hotham, and his son, Captain Hotham, who had been convicted of a design to deliver up the town of Hull to the King, were severally beheaded on Tower Hill in 1644, while about the same time with them Sir Alexander Carew, Governor of St. Nicholas Island near Plymouth, suffered a like fate on the same spot.

Of the very few state prisoners who from time to time are recorded to have made their escape from the fortress, may be mentioned two of the leaders of the suppressed Irish rebellion, Lord Macquire and Colonel M'Mahon. Having contrived to cut through the door of their apartment, they descended into the Tower ditch, which they easily swam, and for some time remained concealed in the house of the agent of the French government. Their retreat, however, having been subsequently discovered, they were hanged and quartered at Tyburn conformably with the terms of their sentence.

A more romantic attempt to escape from the Tower was that of Lord Capel, as described in the graphic pages of Lord Clarendon. "Having a cord and all things conveyed necessary to him, he let himself down out of the window of his chamber in the night over the wall of the Tower, having been directed through what part of the ditch he might be best able to wade. Whether he found the right place, or whether there was no safer place, he found the water and the mud so deep, that if he had not been by the head taller than other men he must have perished, since the water came up to his chin. But it pleased God that he got at last to the other side, where his friends expected him, and carried him to a chamber in the Temple. After two or three days, a friend whom he trusted much, and who deserved to be trusted, conceiving that he might be more secure in a place to which there was less resort, had provided a lodging for him in a private house in Lambeth Marsh; and calling upon him in an evening when it was dark to go thither, they chose rather to take any boat they found ready at the Temple Stairs, than to trust one of that people with the secret; and it was so late that there was only one boat left there. In that the Lord Capel (as well disguised as he thought necessary) and his friend put themselves, and bid the waterman to row them to Lambeth. Whether in their passage thither the other gentleman called him 'My Lord,' as was confidently reported, or the waterman had any jealousy by observing what he thought was a disguise, when they were landed the wicked waterman, undiscerned, followed them, till he saw into what house they went, and then went to an officer and demanded 'what he would give him to bring him to the place where the Lord Capel lay?' and the officer promising to give him ten pounds, he led him presently to the house, where that excellent person was seized upon, and the next day carried to the Tower."

During the administration of Oliver Cromwell, the intrigues of the Fifth-monarchists and the frequent attempts against the life and government of the Protector kept the Tower constantly tenanted with prisoners. Hence, in 1654, the young fanatic, Sir John Gerrard, and the famous schoolmaster, Vowel, were led forth—the one to be beheaded on Tower Hill, and the other to be hanged at Tyburn. Here, too, it was that the daring assassin, Miles Syndercombe, was found so mysteriously dead in his bed, and hence the amiable divine, Dr. Hewett, and the gallant cavalier, Sir Henry Slingsby, were dragged mercilessly to their execution. Here, during the Protectorate, the witty and profligate George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham,—

> "That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim"—

was confined; and lastly, here was imprisoned, on suspicion of her being a secret agent of her royal lover, Charles the Second, the famous Lucy Walters, mother of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, one of the earliest, and perhaps the most beautiful, of the mistresses of the "merry monarch."

Charles the Second appears to have been the last of our sovereigns who have slept beneath the roof of the Tower. Following the ancient usage we have referred to, he passed here the night which preceded his coronation, and hence the next morning proceeded with the customary state and magnificence to Westminster.

At the Restoration, the Tower, as might naturally be expected, was crowded with a host of regicides, Fifth-monarchy men, and other political and religious enthusiasts. Here were imprisoned the crafty visionary, Sir Henry Vane; the sturdy enthusiast, General Harrison; the witty and impious Henry Marten; Edmund Ludlow; the brutal Solicitor-General, John Cook, who conducted the prosecution against Charles the First; Colonel Daniel Axtell, who commanded the guard on the occasion; Colonel Francis Hacker, who commanded the guard on the scaffold; Captain William Hewlet, accused, though erroneously, of having been the masked executioner; and lastly, the heartless, fanatical preacher, Hugh Peters. Sir Henry Vane was beheaded on Tower Hill; Harrison, Cook, Axtell, Hacker, and Hugh Peters were hanged, drawn, and quartered; Henry Marten died in Chepstow Castle, after an imprisonment of twenty years; and Edmund Ludlow in exile in Switzerland, nearly half a century after he had put his pen to the death-warrant of his sovereign. Of the other regicides, Colonel Adrian Scrope, Colonel John Jones, Colonel John Okey, Colonel John Barkstead, Gregory Clement, Miles Corbet, and Thomas Corbet were hanged, drawn, and quartered in pursuance of the terms of their sentence.

Unquestionably the two most interesting prisoners in the Tower during the reign of Charles the Second, were the high-minded friends, William Lord Russell, and Algernon Sidney. The circumstances which led them to the block are familiar to every one. Lord Russell was the first who suffered. In vain did his afflicted wife throw herself at the King's feet; in vain plead the services and merits of her father, the good Earl of Southampton, as some atonement for the errors of her husband. The noble patriot's last parting with this high-minded woman was perhaps the severest trial of his life. Happily, however, her behaviour, instead of unmanning, served to strengthen the resolution of her unfortunate lord. On her quitting him—"Now," he said, "the bitterness of death is past." Again, when the Duke of Monmouth offered to surrender himself, in hopes that by this means he might save his friend's life—"No," he said, "it will be of no advantage to me to have my friends die with me." To the last he maintained an equanimity becoming his high character for piety and virtue. The day before his execution, being seized with a bleeding at the nose, he cheerfully observed to Bishop Burnet—"I shall not let blood to divert this distemper; that will be done to-morrow." Shortly before the sheriffs came to conduct him to the scaffold, he wound up his watch,—"Now," he said, "I have done with time, and must think henceforth of eternity." His execution, as has been already mentioned, took place on the 21st of July, 1683, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. A vast crowd of people witnessed and deeply commiserated his fate. Having concluded his devotions, he undressed himself, and without the least change of countenance placed his neck upon the block, when, at two strokes, the executioner severed his head from his body.

On the 7th of December the same year was beheaded on Tower Hill the virtuous and unbending republican Algernon Sidney. Declining the attendance even of a single friend, and followed, merely "for decency," by two footmen of his brother the Earl of Leicester, he passed on foot from the Tower to the scaffold. Ascending it with a firm step, a haughty look, and an erect posture, his appearance was that of a person who came to command rather than to suffer. "Englishmen wept not for him as they had done for Lord Russell," writes Dalrymple; "their pulses beat high, their hearts swelled, they felt an unusual grandeur and elevation of mind whilst they looked upon him." When asked by one of the sheriffs whether it was his intention to harangue the people, he answered in the negative. "I have made my peace with God," he said, "and have nothing to say to man." A moment afterwards, he added—"I am ready to die, and will give you no further trouble." His last prayer was for the "good old cause." Instead of endeavouring to prolong existence by protracted prayers and lingering farewells, he hurried through the melancholy preparations, and hastening towards the block as if impatient to die, submitted himself to the stroke of the executioner.

Not the least remarkable event connected with the history of the Tower in the reign of Charles the Second, was the mysterious and tragical end of Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, after his committal on the charge of having been engaged in the famous Rye House Plot. Lord Russell's trial was proceeding in Hicks's Hall, when, in the course of the day, intelligence was received in court that the Earl had been discovered with his throat cut by a razor. A strong suspicion that he had been murdered with the connivance of the court existed at the time, but taking the different circumstances into consideration, it seems a much more reasonable supposition that the Earl was the author of his own death. Charles, indeed, is said to have been deeply affected when the tragical story was communicated to him. Alluding to the execution of the Earl's father, the good and brave Lord Capel—"My Lord Essex," he said, "need not have despaired of mercy, for I owed him a life."

Probably no person ever paid so many penal visits to the Tower as a prisoner, as the profligate and versatile George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, We have already seen him imprisoned there during the administration of Cromwell, in addition to which he was committed to the Tower no fewer than four different times during the reign of Charles the Second. The first occasion was in 1666, on account of insults offered by him in the House of Lords to Thomas Earl of Ossory, eldest son of the Duke of Ormond. The next occasion occurred a short time afterwards, during a conference which took place between the Houses of Lords and Commons, when the Duke not only involved himself in a disgraceful squabble with the Marquis of Dorchester, but went so far as to knock off the Marquis's hat, and pull aside his periwig. The third occasion was in 1667, when he was imprisoned in the Tower for "treasonable and seditious practices;" and, lastly, here he was committed the same year for using unconstitutional language during a debate of great importance in the House of Lords. On the latter occasion was also committed to the Tower the turbulent incendiary, Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, whom Dryden, in his "Absalom and Achitophel," has "damned to everlasting fame." Buckingham, on making a proper submission, was released after a short confinement; but Shaftesbury, desirous of being regarded as a political martyr, chose to continue refractory, and consequently remained a prisoner for nearly a year. As the gay Duke on quitting the Tower was passing under the windows of Shaftesbury's apartments in the Tower, the stubborn Earl looked out wistfully—"What," he said, "are you going to leave us?" "Why, yes," replied Buckingham, "such giddy-headed fellows as I am can never stay long in one place."

The name of George Villiers recalls that of another prisoner as gay, as witty, and as unprincipled, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who was committed to the Tower about the year 1669 for the forcible abduction of Elizabeth Mallett, *la triste héritière* of De Grammont, whom he afterwards married, and who became the mother of his children.

During the brief reign of James the Second the prisoners in the Tower of the greatest note were James Duke of Monmouth; the seven Bishops; and, lastly, the brutal Chancellor, George Lord Jeffreys. After the fatal battle of Sedgmoor, the unfortunate Monmouth had wandered about the country, disguised in peasant's clothes, during two miserable days and nights, when he was at last discovered in a dry ditch in Dorsetshire, near the New Forest, with some peas, his whole stock of provisions, in one pocket, and the George and Garter in another. From the spot where he was recognized he was conducted by a strong guard of militia to Vauxhall, where he was received by Lord Oxford's regiment of horse, who brought him by water to Whitehall, whence, the same evening, he was carried to the Tower. For some days after his arrest his fears are described as distressing in the extreme. As his end drew near, however, he roused himself from his despondency, and prepared for the last stroke with a fortitude becoming his natural character. On the day before his execution, his wronged and amiable Duchess was, by her own earnest desire, admitted to a last interview with him in the Tower. According to an eye-witness, the Duke, in the course of their mournful meeting, "gave her the kindest character that could be; begged her pardon for his many failings and offences to her, and prayed her to continue her kindness and care to her poor children; at which expression she fell down on her knees, with her eyes full of tears, and begged him to pardon her if ever she had done anything to offend and displease him; and, embracing his knees, fell into a swoon, out of which they had much ado to raise her up in a good while after. A little before, his children were brought to him, all crying about him; but he acquitted himself of these last adieus with much composure, showing nothing of weakness or unmanliness."

On the night before his execution, Monmouth was attended by the Bishops of Ely, and Bath and Wells, who prayed with him, and watched by him while he slept. On the following morning he was visited by a third prelate, the pious Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who has left us an interesting account of their interview. About ten o'clock, accompanied by the two Bishops, Monmouth was conducted through an avenue of soldiers to Tower Hill. Mounting the scaffold without the least apparent fear, he addressed a brief farewell to the populace, of whom he was the idol. After an avowal that he died in the faith of the Church of England, he turned to the subject nearest his heart, and spoke of his paramour, Lady Henrietta Wentworth, whom he had always affected to regard as his wife in the eyes of God; pleading as his excuse his almost infantine marriage with his Duchess, in which he had had no choice. She was a person, he said, of great honour and virtue; "a religious godly lady." The Bishops reminded him of the sin of adultery. "No," he replied; "for these two years last past, I have lived in no sin that I know of. I have wronged no person, and I am sure when I die I shall go to God; therefore I do not fear death, which you may see in my face." The Bishops then commenced praying for him as they kneeled beside him; concluding with a short prayer for the King, at which he hesitated a moment, but at length he said "Amen." To the executioner he then presented six guineas; intrusting four more to a bystander, with injunctions to deliver them to the headsman in the event of his performing his task with adroitness. While he was undressing himself, the Bishops continued to exhort him with pious ejaculations. "God," they said, "accept your repentance; God accept your imperfect repentance; God accept your general repentance!" Then, refusing to have his eyes band-aged, he knelt down, and laying his head upon the block, gave the appointed signal. Unhappily the executioner, whether from dismay or pity, struck so feeble a blow that Monmouth, to the horror of the spectators, raised his head from the block, and looked him, as if reproachfully, in the face. It was not, indeed, till the fifth blow that the executioner completed his bloody work. The Duke's remains, having been placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, were conveyed in a hearse to the Tower Chapel.

It may be mentioned that on the day on which the news of Monmouth's defeat was received in London, his Duchess, with her two young sons, was committed to the Tower. Her imprisonment, however, would seem to have been of no long duration, inasmuch as we find the King inviting himself to breakfast with her on the morning of her husband's execution, which he could scarcely have done had she been a prisoner in the Tower.

> "She had known adversity,
> Though born in such a high degree;
> In pride of power, and beauty's bloom,
> Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb."
>
> *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

On the occasion of the committal of the Seven Bishops, on the 8th of June, 1688, the landing-place at the Tower presented a remarkable scene. During their passage down the river they had at every point been greeted with blessings and acclamations by the large multitudes which crowded its banks; the Bishops, in their turn, with a lowly and submissive deportment, exhorting the people to remain true to their loyalty, to fear God, and honour the King. As they neared the Tower, many people waded into the water to obtain a share of their benedictions, while, on landing, even the soldiers, partaking of the universal enthusiasm, flung themselves on their knees before the fathers of their Church, and craved the blessing of the prisoners whom they were appointed to guard. On entering the Tower, the Bishops immediately proceeded to attend evening service in the Chapel, when it was remarked how apposite was a passage in the second lesson to their peculiar position. (2 Cor. vi.) "Giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed: but in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in distresses, in imprisonments," &c. On the 15th of June, the Bishops were brought from the Tower to the bar of the Court of King's Bench, where they were admitted to bail.

On the 12th of December following was committed to the Tower the inhuman Lord Chancellor Jeffreys. About the time that King James fled from Whitehall, the Chancellor, disguised in the habit of a common sailor, took up his abode in a small house at Wapping, from one of the windows of which he was looking into the street, when he was recognised by a clerk in Chancery, who immediately gave such information as led to his arrest. On his way to be examined before the Lord Mayor, it was with the greatest difficulty that the mob could be prevented from tearing him to pieces. The effect which his presence produced on the Lord Mayor was very different. So great was his consternation at having to sit in judgment upon one so ruthless and dreaded as the inhuman Chancellor, that during the examination he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, of which he shortly afterwards died. Jeffreys, while a prisoner in the Tower, is said to have indulged more than ever in the habit of intemperate drinking to which he had for some time been addicted, which indulgence, combined with the treatment he had received from the mob, shortly afterwards threw him into a fever, of which he died. The warrant for his burial in the Tower

Chapel is endorsed "George Lord Jeffreys, died 19th April, 1689, 35 minutes past four in the morning."

The principal prisoners in the Tower in the reign of William the Third were the well-known Arthur Herbert, Earl of Torrington, committed in 1690 for his conduct in the action with the French fleet off Beechy Head; Richard Viscount Preston, condemned to death for high treason, but subsequently pardoned; John, afterwards the celebrated Duke of Marlborough; Charles Lord Mohun, twice during this reign committed for murder; and, lastly, the gallant and lamented Sir John Fenwick, who, having been found guilty of high treason, was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 28th of January, 1697.

During the reign of Queen Anne the Tower presents but slight features of interest. Comparatively few persons were imprisoned here during her reign, and of these, Sir Robert Walpole—committed in 1712 "for high breach of trust and notorious corruption"—is the only individual whose name is famous in history. Confidence in his own innocence, as well as the esteem and admiration with which his own party continued to regard him, must have gone far to soften the rigour of imprisonment. So crowded was his apartment in the Tower by persons of the first rank and distinction, as to have far more resembled a splendid levee than the prison of a proscribed man. Among his constant visitors were the great Duke of Marlborough and his beautiful Duchess; the celebrated ministers, Lords Godolphin, Somers, and Sunderland; and the famous Pulteney, then his most intimate friend, but afterwards his bitterest enemy. The apartment occupied by Walpole in the Tower was subsequently inhabited by the once well-known poet, George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, when in 1715 that nobleman suffered imprisonment for his attachment to the House of Stuart. Walpole had written his name on the window, which having been pointed out to Lord Lansdowne, he inscribed beneath it the following lines:—

"Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene;
Some, raised aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again."

In June, 1715, shortly after the accession of George the First, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, was arrested for high treason and committed to the Tower, whither he was followed by large crowds of people, who plainly showed their sympathy with the altered fortunes of the once powerful statesman. Here he remained a prisoner about two years, when, on his own petition, he was brought to trial before the House of Peers, by which tribunal he was unanimously acquitted. A fellow-prisoner with the Earl of Oxford in the Tower, was the eloquent and accomplished statesman, Sir William Wyndham, committed, in August, 1715, for his supposed intrigues on behalf of the House of Stuart. Sir William, after a short imprisonment, obtained his release without having had to undergo the ordeal of a trial.

The suppression of the Scottish insurrection in 1715 crowded the Tower with several gallant and unfortunate prisoners. Among these were James Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater; William Maxwell, Earl of Nithisdale; Robert Dalziel, Earl of Carnwath; George Seton, Earl of Wintoun; William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure; William Widdrington, Lord Widdrington; and William Murray, Lord Nairn. Of these devoted adherents to the House of Stuart, two only, the Earl of Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure, suffered on the scaffold. The Earl of Nithisdale contrived to escape from the Tower in female attire, and Lord Wintoun, by sawing through the bars of his prison and inducing his keepers to connive in his flight. Lord Nairn was respited and subsequently pardoned, and, lastly, the Earl of Carnwath and Lord Widdrington were released by the Act of Grace in 1717.

The Earl of Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure were executed on the same scaffold, on the 24th of February, 1716. The gallant Derwentwater was the first who suffered. About ten o'clock in the morning he was brought in a coach from the Tower to the Transport Office on Tower Hill, where he remained a short time, and was then led through an avenue of soldiers to the scaffold, which was erected directly opposite, and was entirely covered with black. As he ascended the fatal steps, his countenance was observed to turn pale; yet his voice remained firm, and he preserved his natural composure. Having passed about a quarter of an hour in prayer, he read aloud a paper to the bystanders, in which he professed the most unshaken loyalty to the chevalier St. George, whom alone he acknowledged as his lawful sovereign. He then closely examined the block, and finding a rough place on it, desired the executioner to chip it off with his axe. This being done, he took off his coat and waistcoat, telling the executioner, who knelt down to receive his forgiveness, that he would find something in the pockets to reward him for his trouble. Having knelt down, he repeated a short prayer, after which he intimated to the executioner that the sign for him to strike would be his third repetition of the words—"Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" and the stretching forth of his arms. He then fitted his neck to the block, and having given the appointed signal, the executioner performed his office at a single blow.

The virtuous and amiable Lord Kenmure was then brought on the scaffold, attended by his son, a few friends, and two clergymen of the Church of England. Having mounted the steps with great firmness, he advanced to one side of the scaffold, where he passed some time at his devotions, in the course of which he was heard to pray audibly for the exiled Prince in whose cause he was about to suffer. Having concluded his devotions, he presented the executioner with some money, telling him he should give him no sign, but that, when he had lain down, he was to strike whenever he thought fit. He then knelt down, and having passed a few moments in inward devotion, placed his neck upon the block with his arms clasped tightly round it, when the executioner, seizing his opportunity, raised his axe, and at two blows severed his head from his body.

On the 24th of August, 1722, was committed to the Tower the celebrated Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. During his confinement within its walls, he was subjected to a series of privations and oppressions which were disgraceful to the ministry which authorized them, but which he endured with the piety of a Christian, and the dignity of a philosopher.

> "How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour;
> How shines his soul unconquered in the Tower!"

Here he remained a prisoner till the 18th of June, 1723, on which day he was conducted on board the "Aldborough" man-of-war, where he bade farewell for ever to his native country. The Bishop died in exile in Paris on the 15th of February, 1731.

The fate of the "Rebel Lords" who were committed to the Tower after the fatal battle of Culloden, is too familiar to most of us to require recapitulation in these pages. Here, a few months after his committal, died the old Marquis of Tullibardine—

> "High-minded Moray, the exiled, the dear;"

and on the 18th of August, 1746, were beheaded on Tower Hill Lord Kilmarnock and the intrepid Lord Balmerino.

On the same spot, on the 8th of December following, was decapitated Charles Radcliffe, brother of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater; and lastly, the hoary traitor, Lord Lovat—after a hearty meal, and with a jest on his lips—laid down his life on the scaffold on Tower Hill, on the 7th of April, 1747. The only other prisoner of note in the reign of George the Second, was Laurence, fourth Earl Ferrers, who was hanged at Tyburn on the 5th of May, 1760, for killing his steward, Mr. Johnson.

As we approach nearer to more humane and civilized times, the annals of the Tower naturally present fewer incidents of stirring or romantic interest. Nevertheless, during the reigns of George the Third and Fourth we find the Tower containing more than one prisoner whose name has been rendered familiar to us. Among these may be enumerated the celebrated John Wilkes, committed in 1762 for his libel on the King in the forty-fifth number of the "North Briton;" Lord George Gordon, sent to the Tower in 1780 as the principal author of the Protestant riots; Horne Tooke, and his seditious associates, in 1794; Arthur O'Connor, and others, for high treason, in 1798; Sir Francis Burdett, for the same offence, in 1810; and lastly, here were confined, in 1820, Arthur Thistlewood and the other actors in the notorious Cato Street conspiracy.

TOWER HILL, ALLHALLOWS BARKING, CRUTCHED FRIARS, EAST SMITHFIELD, WAPPING.

ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES EXECUTED ON TOWER HILL.—MELANCHOLY DEATH OF OTWAY.—ANECDOTE OF ROCHESTER.—PETER THE GREAT.—CHURCH OF ALLHALLOWS BARKING.—SEETHING LANE.—THE MINORIES.—MISERABLE DEATH OF LORD COBHAM.—GOODMAN'S FIELDS THEATRE.—ST. KATHERINE'S CHURCH.—RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY.—MURDERS OF THE MARRS AND WILLIAMSONS.—EXECUTION DOCK.—JUDGE JEFFERYS.—STEPNEY.

WHO is there whose heart is so dead to every generous impulse as to have stood without feelings of deep emotion upon that famous Hill, where so many of the gallant and the powerful have perished by a bloody and untimely death? Here fell the wise and witty Sir Thomas More; the great Protector Duke of Somerset; and the young and accomplished Earl of Surrey! Here died the lofty Strafford, and the venerable Laud; the unbending patriot, Algernon Sidney, and the gay and graceful Duke of Monmouth! Who is there who has not sought to fix in his mind's eye the identical spot where they fell,—the exact site of the fatal stage and of its terrible paraphernalia? Who is there who has not endeavoured to identify the old edifice* from which the gallant Derwentwater and the virtuous Kenmure were led through avenues of soldiers to the block? or who has not sought for the house "adjoining the scaffold" where the gentle Kilmarnock breathed his last sigh, and where the intrepid Balmerino grasped affectionately, and for the last time, the hand of the friend who had so often dashed with him through the ranks of the foe on the field of battle?

---

* The old Transport Office.

Among a host of scarcely less illustrious personages who perished by the hand of the executioner on Tower Hill, may be mentioned Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, son of the false and perjured Clarence; the handsome and accomplished adventurer, Perkin Warbeck; the gallant Sir William Stanley, who placed the crown on the head of Henry the Seventh on the field of Bosworth; the powerful Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham; Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the successor of Wolsey in the favour of Henry the Eighth; George Lord Rochford, brother of Anne Boleyn; Margaret Countess of Salisbury, mother of Cardinal Pole; the ambitious Lord Seymour of Sudeley, uncle to Edward the Sixth, and brother to the Protector Somerset; the turbulent John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland; Sir Thomas Wyatt; Lord Guildford Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane Grey; her father, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk; Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, the ambitious lover of Mary Queen of Scots; the crafty visionary, Sir Henry Vane; William Howard, Earl of Stafford, condemned on the false evidence of Titus Oates; Sir John Fenwick; the gallant Charles Radcliffe, brother of the Earl of Derwentwater; and lastly, the infamous Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat.

But it is not entirely from the illustrious blood with which it has been drenched, that Tower Hill derives its interest. Here, at a cutler's stall, the assassin Felton purchased the knife which cut short the life of the mighty Buckingham; and here, at the sign of "the Bull," died, in extreme poverty, the unfortunate dramatic poet, Thomas Otway!

Dennis tells us that his death took place at an "alehouse;" but, according to Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine, it was in a sponging-house. "He died," says Dr. Johnson, "in a manner which I am unwilling to mention. Having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted, as is supposed, by the terriers of the law, he retired to a public-house on Tower Hill, where he is said to have died of want; or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. He went out, as is reported, almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and finding a gentleman in a neighbouring coffee-house, asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea; and Otway going away bought a roll, and was choked with the first mouthful." Such, at the age of thirty-three, is said to have been the fate of "poor Tom Otway," to whose imaginative genius we owe "The Orphan," and "Venice Preserved."

Tower Hill is associated with a name scarcely less celebrated than that of Otway, that of a man of widely different character and fortunes. We allude to William Penn, the founder and legislator of Pennsylvania, who was born here on the 14th of October, 1644.

During a part of the time her husband was a prisoner in the Tower, we find Lady Raleigh fixing her residence on Tower Hill.

To the north-west of Tower Hill is Great Tower Street, where the witty and profligate Earl of Rochester practised on a raised stage his memorable pranks as an Italian physician and fortune-teller. His lodgings were at a goldsmith's, next door to the "Black Swan;" and here he was to be seen and consulted between the hours of three o'clock in the afternoon and eight at night. Burnet informs us that his disguise was admirable, and that he practised physic "not without success," for some weeks. His fame, which at first was merely local, at last reached the ears of the Court. Rochester was of course equally well acquainted with the scandal of the day as with the persons and characters of those who figured in it; and accordingly, having recognised the female attendants of some of the ladies of the Court, he sent them back to Whitehall sufficiently amazed at his supernatural powers to excite the curiosity of their mistresses. In a masquerading, and still more in a superstitious age, it was not unnatural that many a fair lady, under the convenient guise of the then fashionable mask, should have sought to dive into futurity by means of the Italian fortune-teller; or that she should have been startled by the disagreeable truths which he communicated to her.*

On the south side of Great Tower Street may be seen the Czar's Head public-house, so named from a tavern which was the frequent resort of Peter the Great; who, after his favourite boating expeditions on the river, used to pass his evenings here, imbibing almost incredible draughts of brandy and beer.† His prowess in drinking appears to have been a matter of astonishment to all who approached him; indeed, we are assured that at their social meetings the usual drink of the Czar and of his *cicerone*, the Marquis of Carmarthen, was "hot pepper and brandy." On one particular day he is said to have drunk no less than a pint of brandy, a bottle of sherry, and eight bottles of sack, and yet he was able to attend the theatre in the evening.

In Little Tower Street, Thomson was residing in 1726; and here he composed his "Summer," published in 1728.

---

* Rochester's address to the public, in which he signs himself "Alexander Bendo," and professes to cure all disorders, to restore beauty, and a hundred other absurdities, will be found in the different editions of his works.

† The house has been rebuilt since the time of Peter the Great.

West of Tower Hill is the ancient and interesting church of Allhallows Barking. Hither were conveyed the headless remains of more than one illustrious person after their decapitation on the neighbouring Hill. Here rested the body of the Earl of Surrey till its removal, in 1614, to Framlingham, in Suffolk; and here also rested the remains of the pious and ill-fated John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, till they were transferred to the Tower Chapel, to mingle with the dust of his illustrious friend, Sir Thomas More. In the chancel was interred Archbishop Laud, who was beheaded in 1645, and whose remains continued here till the month of July, 1663, when they were removed to St. John's College, Oxford, of which society he had been president. In the same grave which had been tenanted by Laud, was afterwards buried the learned and pious Dr. John Kettlewell, who, as his monument at the east end of the church informs us,—"*Animam Deo reddidit; Ap.* 12, 1695. *Ætat.* 42.

The church of Allhallows Barking derives its name from "all Hallows," or all Saints, and from the manor of Barking, in Essex; the vicarage having originally belonged to the abbess and convent of that place. The date of its foundation is not known. We learn, however, from Stow, that a chapel was originally founded on the spot by Richard Cœur de Lion; and it has been said that the heart of that chivalrous monarch was long preserved within its walls, though, according to other accounts, he himself bequeathed his heart to the citizens of Rouen, in gratitude for their loyalty and attachment. But, whatever may have been the motive, there can be no doubt that our early sovereigns took an especial interest in the prosperity of this religious foundation, and that it was munificently endowed by successive princes. At this spot the warlike Edward the First frequently came to offer up his devotions. When he was Prince of Wales, it is said that he had been assured by a vision that he should be victorious over all nations, and more especially over Scotland and Wales, on condition that he should erect an image to the Holy Virgin, in King Richard's Chapel, and should pay his adorations to her there five times in each year. Edward religiously followed the injunctions of the vision, and when, subsequently, one military success followed another, "our Lady of Barking" grew into such repute, that pilgrims flowed to her shrine with rich presents from all parts of England. King Edward the Fourth subsequently endowed the chapel with a brotherhood, consisting of a master and brethren, under the name of the King's Chapel, or *Capella Beatæ Mariæ de Barking;* and lastly, King Richard the Third rebuilt the Chapel and founded there a college, consisting of a dean and six canons. This college was suppressed in 1548. Stow informs us that in the successive reigns of Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, the ground on which it stood was used as a garden. There is no doubt, however, that a considerable part of the ancient structure was allowed to remain, and that it is incorporated with the present church. The general aspect, indeed, is of the Tudor age, but the pillars on each side of the nave, towards the western extremity, are evidently Norman, and these, as well as its ancient monuments and funeral brasses—the latter among the best in the metropolis—prove that its construction is of no recent period. We learn from Pepys that the church had a very narrow escape during the great fire, in 1666; the dial and porch having been both burnt.

At the west end of the church is Seething Lane, anciently called Sidon Lane. Here formerly stood a spacious mansion, the residence of Sir John Allen, who was a Privy Councillor and Lord Mayor of London in the reign of

Henry the Eighth. It was afterwards inhabited by the celebrated courtier and statesman, Sir Francis Walsingham, who died here on the 6th of April, 1590, and from him descended to his grandson, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary general during the Civil troubles. Pepys was for many years a resident in Seething Lane.

Seething Lane leads us into Crutched Friars, so called from the Crossed Friars, or *Fratres Sanctæ Crucis*, who had a house here, founded by two citizens of London, Ralph Hosier and William Sabernes, about the year 1298. The brothers of this Order originally carried an iron cross in their hands, and wore a garment distinguished by a red cross; but the former was afterwards exchanged for one of silver, and the colour of the cross on the garment altered to blue. At the dissolution of the monasteries, the house of the Crossed Friars was granted by Henry the Eighth to the graceful poet, Sir Thomas Wyatt; and at a subsequent period came into the possession of John de Lumley, fifth Baron Lumley, a distinguished warrior in the sixteenth century. In 1557, we find the Friars Hall converted into an establishment for manufacturing drinking-glasses, the first of the kind known in England. In Crutched Friars resided, at the close of his life, William Turner, the eminent naturalist of the 16th century. He probably died here, for his remains were interred in the chancel of the neighbouring church of St. Olave's, Hart Street.

The *old* Navy Office, of which we find so many interesting notices in Pepys's Diary, stood on the site of the old chapel and college attached to Allhallows Church, Barking. There was one entrance into Seething Lane; but the "chief gate for entrance" was in Crutched Friars. Here it was, as we learn from Anthony Wood, that the well-known admiral and poet, Sir John Mennes, breathed his last.

When the kings of England held their court in the Tower, it was natural that the presence of royalty should attract many of the nobility to reside in the then fashionable vicinity of the royal fortress. Accordingly, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, we find Henry Earl of Arundel residing in Mark Lane, in a magnificent house formerly belonging to Sir William Sharrington; while, close to the Crutched Friars, stood the mansion of the Percys, Earls of Northumberland. Here resided Henry the second Earl, who fought in the battle of Agincourt and at Chevy Chase, and who afterwards fell at the battle of St. Albans; and here also lived his son, Henry the third Earl, who was killed leading the vanguard at the battle of Towton:—

> " ——— Northumberland; a braver man
> Ne'er spurred his courser to the trumpet's sound."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

Stow informs us that, on being deserted by the Percys, the garden was converted into bowling-alleys, and other parts into dicing-houses. In Mark, or Mart Lane, as it was anciently called, Milton's friend, Cyriac Skinner, carried on the occupation of a merchant.*

> " Cyriac, whose grandsire on the royal bench
> Of British Themis with no mean applause
> Pronounced, and in his volumes taught our laws."

To the east of Mark Lane and Crutched Friars is the street called the Minories, which takes its name from the Minoresses, or Nuns of the Order of St. Clair, for whose maintenance Edmond Earl of Lancaster founded a convent here in 1293. In 1539 it was surrendered to Henry the Eighth by Dame Elizabeth Savage, its last abbess. Some time after its suppression it became the residence of the Bishops of Bath and Wells, and was afterwards granted by Edward the Sixth to Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, who was beheaded on Tower Hill, in 1554, for his attempt to raise his daughter, Lady Jane Grey, to the throne. On the attainder of the Duke it reverted to the Crown, and shortly after the Restoration was granted by Charles the Second to Colonel William Legge, so celebrated for his loyalty and gallantry during the civil wars. At the battle of Worcester he was wounded and taken prisoner, and would have been executed had not his wife enabled him to effect his escape from Coventry gaol in her own clothes. He died here in 1672, and was followed to the grave in the adjoining Trinity Church, Minories, by Prince Rupert, the Dukes of Buckingham, Richmond, Monmouth, Newcastle, and Ormond, and many others of the principal nobility. Since that time his descendants, the Earls of Dartmouth, have continued to make Trinity Church their family burial-place. Among these may be mentioned George, first Baron Dartmouth, whose name figures so conspicuously in the annals of the Revolution of 1688, and who died of apoplexy in the Tower in 1691. Before the high altar of the old church in the Minories was buried the priest who married Edward the Fourth to Elizabeth Woodville.* The present church was rebuilt in 1706.

---

* "Fasti Oxonienses," 266.

Stow informs us that on a portion of the property, formerly belonging to the nuns, arose "divers fair and large storehouses for armour and habiliments of war, with divers workhouses serving to the same purpose." In the time of Dryden the Minories was still colonized by gunsmiths; and Congreve writes,—

> "The Mulcibers, who in the Minories sweat,
> And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
> Deformed themselves, yet forge those stays of steel
> Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill."

---

* Strickland's "Queens of England," vol ii., p. 325.

It was in a wretched hovel in the Minories that Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham—once the possessor of a princely fortune, and the last descendant of an illustrious race—closed his life in poverty and filth. Having been sentenced to death with Lord Grey of Wilton, for their participation in the alleged conspiracy of Sir Walter Raleigh, they were led to the scaffold without any apparent prospect of a reprieve. Almost at the moment, however, when they were about to lay their heads upon the block, it was intimated to them that their lives had been spared; when such was the effect produced on their nervous system, that, according to Sir Dudley Carleton, "they looked strange on one another, like men beheaded and met again in the other world." Lord Grey died in prison; but after a time Lord Cobham obtained his release, to perish in the miserable manner we have mentioned. His wife, Lady Cobham, though living herself in affluence, is said to have refused him the means of procuring a crust of bread and a clean shirt. Osborne informs us, on the authority of William Earl of Pembroke, that Lord Cobham died, "rather of hunger than any more natural disease," in a room ascended by a ladder, at the house of a poor woman in the Minories, who had formerly been his laundress.

Passing to the eastward from the Minories through Haydon Square, we find ourselves in Goodman's Fields—the site of a Roman burial-place—which derives its name from one Goodman, who had a farm here in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Stow, who was born as late as 1525, remembered this now densely populated district while it was still open country, and when some of the principal nobility had villas in the neighbourhood. Speaking of the nunnery in the Minories, he says: "On the south side thereof was sometime a farm belonging to the said nunnery, at the which farm I myself, in my youth, have fetched many a halfpennyworth of milk, and never had less than three ale-pints for a halfpenny in the summer, nor less than one ale-quart for a halfpenny in the winter; always hot from the kine as the same was milked and strained. One Trolop, and afterwards Goodman, were the farmers there, and had thirty or forty kine to the pail."

To the lovers of the stage, Goodman's Fields will always be interesting as having been the site of the celebrated Goodman's Fields Theatre. It was founded in 1729, by one Thomas Odell, in spite of declamations from the pulpit and the opposition of many grave and respectable citizens, who dreaded that their daughters and servants might be contaminated by its close vicinity. Neither would they seem to have been very wrong in their apprehensions, inasmuch as Sir John Hawkins informs us that the new theatre was soon surrounded by a "halo of brothels."* The clamour of the citizens for a time closed the theatre in Goodman's Fields, but on the 20th of October, 1732, it was re-opened by one Henry Giffard, an actor. It was here, on the 19th of October, 1741, that the great actor, David Garrick—having been previously slighted by the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden—made his first appearance on the stage in the character of *Richard the Third.* Such was his success, and with such rapidity did his fame spread, that, notwithstanding the distance of Goodman's Fields from the *fashionable* part of London, the long space between Temple Bar and Goodman's Fields is said to have been nightly blocked up by the carriages of the "nobility and gentry." "All the run," writes Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, on the 26th of May, 1742, "is now after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman's Fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not say it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it; but it is heresy to say so: the Duke of Argyll says he is superior to Betterton." Gray, the poet, at the dawn of Garrick's memorable career, entertained the same disparaging opinion of his genius. In a letter to Shute he writes—"Did I tell you about Mr. Garrick, that the town are horn-mad after; there are a dozen dukes of a night at Goodman's Fields sometimes; and yet I am stiff in the opposition." Garrick remained at Goodman's Fields but one season, when he removed to Drury Lane, of which theatre he became joint patentee with Lacy in 1747. The theatre in Goodman's Fields appears to have been pulled down shortly after Garrick quitted it. Another theatre subsequently rose on its site, which was destroyed by fire in June, 1802.

---

* Life of Dr. Johnson.

In Rosemary Lane, now Royal Mint Street, close to Goodman's Fields, died Richard Brandon, the public executioner who is said to have beheaded Charles the First. The following entry appears in the burial register of St. Mary's, Whitechapel:—"1649, June 21st. Rich. Brandon, a man out of Rosemary Lane." To which is added,—"This R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles the First."* Elsewhere we find—"He (Brandon) likewise confessed that he had thirty pounds for his pains, all paid him in half-crowns within an hour after the blow was given; and that he had an orange stuck full of cloves, and a hankercher, out of the King's pocket, so soon as he was carried off from the scaffold, for which orange he was proffered twenty shillings by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refused the same, and afterwards sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary Lane."†

---

* Cunningham's "Handbook for London," Art. Rosemary Lane.

† "The Confession of Richard Brandon, the Hangman," 4to, 1649. See also Ellis's Original Letters, second series, vol. iii., p. 342, and Wraxall's

Crossing Rosemary Lane, we pass into East Smithfield. Here it was that Edmund Spenser, the poet, first saw the light. Towards the east, formerly stood a Cistercian Abbey, founded by Edward the Third, called the Abbey of the Graces, subject to the monastery of Beaulieu. To the south stood, till within a few years, the famous hospital and collegiate church of St. Katherine, founded in 1148 by Matilda of Boulogne, wife of King Stephen, for the repose of the soul of her son Baldwin and her daughter Matilda. It was afterwards refounded by Eleanor of Castile, widow of Edward the First, with the establishment of a master, three brethren, three sisters, ten poor women, and six poor clerks. Queen Philippa, wife of Edward the Third, was another benefactress of the Hospital of St. Katherine's; and it is remarkable, that, notwithstanding the many revolutions which have taken place in religion and politics, the patronage for more than seven hundred years has continued to be vested in the Queens of England. The late Queen Adelaide, by whom the appointment of Master was last conferred, was the thirty-first patroness.

In the old church of St. Katherine were some ancient and interesting monuments. Under a stately tomb rested John Holland, Duke of Exeter, so distinguished for his gallantry in the French wars in the reigns of Henry the Fifth and Sixth. He died on the 5th of August, 1447. By his side lay buried his two wives, Anne, daughter of Edmund, fifth Earl of Stafford, and Lady Anne Montacute, daughter of John Earl of Salisbury. Here also lay buried Lady Constance, the Duke's sister, who married, first, Thomas Lord

---

Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 188. The unenviable distinction of having beheaded King Charles has been attributed to more than one individual, but, from such evidence as we have been able to collect, we have little doubt that Brandon was the person.

Mowbray—beheaded at York, in 1405, for conspiring against Henry the Fourth,—and secondly, Sir John Grey (eldest son of Lord Grey de Ruthyn), who was a Knight of the Garter, and fought on the field of Agincourt. The old church of St. Katherine, together with no fewer than twelve hundred and fifty houses, was taken down in 1826, in order to make room for the present St. Katherine's Docks. The hospital and Master's residence have been rebuilt in the Regent's Park, to the chapel of which has been transferred the stately monument of the Duke of Exeter, together with an elaborately carved old pulpit.

From East Smithfield we pass into the ancient village of Ratcliffe Highway, described by Camden, in his day as being "a little town wherein lived many sailors," and deriving its name from a *red cliff* which was formerly visible here. "From hence," says Pennant, "the gallant Sir Hugh Willoughby took his departure, in 1553, on his fatal voyage for discovering the north-east passage to China. He sailed with great pomp by Greenwich, where the Court then lay. Mutual honours were paid on both sides. The council and courtiers appeared at the windows, and the people covered the shores. The young king, Edward the Sixth, alone lost the noble and novel sight, for he then lay on his death-bed, so that the principal object of the parade was disappointed." Pennant omits to mention that the gallant adventurer was frozen to death in the northern seas.

In Ratcliffe Highway occurred, in 1811, those fearful massacres of the Marr and Williamson families, which, at the time, spread a consternation throughout the metropolis, never surpassed perhaps by any similar atrocities. Terror was written on every face. Every householder provided himself with a blunderbuss; and one shopkeeper alone is said to have sold no fewer than three hundred watchmen's rattles in ten hours. The first of these tragedies took place on the 7th of December, 1811, at No. 29, Ratcliffe Highway, a house occupied by an opulent laceman of the name of Marr. His family consisted of Marr himself, his wife, their infant child, a shop-boy, and a female servant. About twelve o'clock at night, the latter was sent out to purchase some supper, and on her return in a quarter of an hour, repeatedly rang the bell, but to no purpose, for admittance. Subsequently the house was broken open, when, to the horror of those who entered it, they discovered that the whole of the inmates, including even the infant in its cradle, had been barbarously murdered. The second tragedy took place twelve days afterwards, on the 19th of December, about the same hour of the night, at the King's Arms public-house in Old Gravel Lane, Ratcliffe Highway. The victims on this occasion were the landlord Williamson, his wife, and a female servant. The perpetrator, or perpetrators, of these horrors, were never discovered. Suspicion attached itself to one Williams, and the world anxiously anticipated the result of his trial. He found means, however, to hang himself in prison, and his secret, if he had any to divulge, died with him.

Ratcliffe Highway, now St. George Street, which Stow describes as, in his memory, a large highway "with fair elms on both the sides," leads us into what was once the hamlet of Shadwell, extending to the banks of the Thames. It is said to have derived its name from a fine spring (probably called *shady well*), near the south wall of the churchyard. In the time of Charles the Second, this now populous district was still open country, and was consequently fixed upon as one of the principal burial-places for the victims of the great plague in 1665. The frightful plague-pit was situated where the modern church of St. Paul's, Shadwell, now stands.*

Wapping, also formerly a hamlet, stretches along the river's side from Lower Shadwell to St. Katherine's. As late as the year 1629, we find King Charles the First, who had been hunting at Wanstead, in Essex, killing a stag in Nightingale Lane, Wapping. The name and site are still preserved in Nightingale Lane, being the street which divides the London Docks from St. Katherine's Docks. The spot where the church of St. John, Wapping, now stands, was another of the principal burial-places in the great plague.† Here was the famous Execution Dock, where pirates, and others, condemned for offences on the high seas, were formerly executed. They were hanged on a temporary gibbet at low water-mark, the body being allowed to remain there till it had been three times overflowed by the tide. Maitland mentions a remarkable anecdote of one of these piratical criminals having been rescued from death at the eleventh hour. This was one James Buchanan, who was condemned to death in December, 1738, for the murder of the fourth mate of the "Royal Guardian" Indiaman, in the Canton river. He was brought from Newgate to Execution Dock, in pursuance of his sentence, and had actually been suspended five minutes, when he was cut down by a gang of sailors, who conveyed him to their vessel, and carried him in triumph down the river. He afterwards, it is said, succeeded in escaping in safety to France.

It was in a mean public-house in Wapping, called the Red Cow, in Anchor and Hope Alley, that the inhuman Judge Jeffreys was discovered looking out of a window in a sailor's dress. It was not without difficulty that the crowd which soon assembled was prevented from tearing him to pieces. He was conducted to the Tower, where, shortly afterwards, he died, partly from the effect produced on his constitution by strong liquors, and partly from the injuries which he had received from the infuriated mob.

---

* Defoe's "History of the Plague," p. 287.

† Ibid.

To the north-east of Wapping is the crowded district of Stepney, which derives its name from the Saxon manor of Stebenhythe, or Stebunhethe. Stepney was a village, and had its church, as far back as the days of the Saxons, and in the time of Elizabeth was the most eastern part of London. In the reign of William the Conqueror, and even previous to that period, Stepney church was known as *Ecclesia omnium Sanctorum*, or All Saints, but was subsequently dedicated to St. Dunstan, whose name it at present bears. The church itself possesses but little interest. Here, however, were buried Sir Thomas Spert, founder of the Trinity House and Comptroller of the Navy in the reign of Henry the Eighth,*—the learned Richard Pace, the friend of Erasmus, who died Vicar of Stepney in 1532,—the father of John Strype, the historian,—and the father of John Entick, the lexicographer, who kept a school in the neighbourhood. Here also is to be traced the curious epitaph to which the "Spectator" has given celebrity:—

> "Here Thomas Sapper lyes interred. Ah, why?
> Born in New England, did in London dye;
> Was the third son of eight, begot upon
> His mother Martha by his father John.
> Much favour'd by his Prince he 'gan to be,
> But nipt by Death at th' age of Twenty-three.
> Fatal to him was that we small-pox name,
> By which his mother and two brethren came

---

* He died on the 8th September, 1541, and the monument to his memory was erected by the master and elder brethren of the Trinity House in 1622, eighty-one years after his death.

Also to breathe their last nine years before,
And now have left their father to deplore
The loss of all his children, with his wife,
Who was the joy and comfort of his life.
Deceased, June 18, 1687."

Other monumental inscriptions may be found in St. Dunstan's Church, scarcely less curious than the foregoing.

In modern maps of London may still be traced a small site designated as "King John's Palace." According to tradition, King John had a palace here, and as there is no doubt that Edward the First held a parliament at Stepney in 1292, it is not impossible that his predecessors may have erected a suburban palace in this vicinity. Here also stood Worcester House, which, in the reigns of Charles the First and Second, was successively the residence of Henry and Edward, first and second Marquises of Worcester, alike distinguished for their chivalrous attachment to Charles the First. Worcester House, it may be remarked, formed but a small part of what had been formerly distinguished as "the great place," namely, the princely palace of Sir Henry Colet, Lord Mayor of London.

The inhabitants of the parish of Stepney appear to have suffered frightfully during the raging of the great plague in 1665. "Stepney parish," says Defoe, "had a piece of ground taken in to bury their dead, close to the churchyard, and which, for that very reason, was left open, and is since, I suppose, taken into the same churchyard." We learn from the same authority, that within one year Stepney had no fewer than one hundred and sixteen sextons, grave-diggers, and their assistants; the latter consisting of bearers, bellmen, and the drivers of the carts which were employed in removing the dead.

BILLINGSGATE, COLE HARBOUR, STEELYARD, THE VINTRY, &c.

ETYMOLOGY OF BILLINGSGATE. — PRINCIPAL PORTS OF LONDON. — FISHMONGERS' COMPANY.—SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH.—SEMINARY FOR PICKPOCKETS.—GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.—HUBERT'S CONFESSION.—REMARKABLE EDIFICES IN AND NEAR THAMES STREET.

LET us return to Tower Hill, and skirting Thames Street from Billingsgate to Blackfriars Bridge, point out in our route the principal objects worthy of notice.

Billingsgate, one of the ancient water-gates, or ports, of the city of London, is situated close to the Custom House, between the Tower and London Bridge. Antiquaries have ingeniously derived its name from Belin, King of the Britons, who reigned about four hundred and sixty years before the Christian era, and whose bones, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, having been burned to ashes, were placed in a vessel of brass, and set on a high pinnacle over the gate. Stow, however, considers that it took its name from one Beling or Billing, "as Somer's Key, Smart's Key, Frost Wharf, and others thereby, took their names of their owners."

At all events, Billingsgate was unquestionably the principal port or landing-place in London as early as the time of Ethelred the Second, whose reign commenced in the tenth century. At a council held at Wantage, in Berkshire, in this reign, the toll, or custom, to be levied on merchant-vessels discharging their goods at Billingsgate was fixed at proportionate rates. It was ordered that every small boat should pay a halfpenny; a large boat with sails, one penny; ships, four pennies; vessels laden with wood, one piece of timber; and vessels laden with fish, one halfpenny or one penny, according to their size. The two other principal ports of London in the days of our Norman sovereigns, were Down-gate, the present Dowgate, and the Queen's Hythe, still known as Queenhithe. As late as the fifteenth century we find an enactment, that if *one* vessel only should come up the river to London, it should discharge its cargo at the Queen's Hythe; if *two* should come up at the same time, that *one* should discharge at Billingsgate; if *three*, two were to proceed to the Queen's Hythe, or harbour, and the third to Billingsgate: but "always the more" to Queenhithe. The reason for the preference is evident; the customs, or tolls, received at Queenhithe having been the perquisites of the Queen of England.

Billingsgate continued to be a flourishing port long after Dowgate had ceased to be a landing-place for merchandise, and also after the harbour-dues of Queenhithe had so fallen off that they realised no more than fifteen pounds a year. In the days of Stow it stood alone, for size, convenience, and superiority of every kind. "It is at this present," writes the old antiquary, "a large water-gate, port, or harbour, for ships and boats, commonly arriving there with fish, both fresh and salt, shell-fishes, salt, onions, oranges, and other fruits and roots, wheat, rye, and grain of diverse sorts, for the service of the city and the parts of this realm adjoining." The great advantage possessed by Billingsgate consisted in its being on the east, or near, side of the bridge; thus precluding the necessity and risk of vessels passing under it; the fall of water between the arches having been as late as our own time an obstacle to traffic, as well as dangerous to smaller vessels.

Although, singularly enough, Billingsgate was not constituted "a free market for the sale of fish" till the reign of William the Third, it was unquestionably the great landing-place for fish from the earliest times; indeed, the very preamble to the Act of Parliament speaks of it as having been, "time out of mind, a free market in all manner of floating and salt fish, as also for all manner of floating and shell-fish." The very names of the streets in the vicinity of Billingsgate show how closely associated was the trade of this locality with the fish-market of Billingsgate. Fish Street Hill, Fish Yard, near Eastcheap, and Fishmongers' Hall, are all in this immediate neighbourhood, reminding us of the olden time, when "no number of knights or strangers could enter the city at any hour of the day or night," without being able to supply themselves with the choicest fish in season. Stow, speaking of a row of houses in Old Fish Street, observes, "These houses, now possessed by fishmongers, were at the first but moveable boards, or stalls, set out on market-days, to show their fish there to be sold; but, procuring licence to set up sheds, they grew to shops, and by little and little to tall houses, of three or four stories in height, and now are called Fish Street. Walter Tuck, Fishmonger and Mayor, 1349, had two shops in Old Fish Street, over against St. Nicholas Church, the one rented five shillings the year, the other four shillings." According to Stow, Friday Street derives its name from its having been inhabited by fishmongers, who attended Friday's market; Friday, in Roman Catholic times, having been the great day for the sale of fish.

Anciently the fishmongers were divided into two companies,—the Salt-fishmongers, incorporated in 1433, and the

Stock-fishmongers, in 1509,—nor was it till 1536 that the two companies were united by Henry the Eighth. Till within the last few years the Hall of the Fishmongers, built by Sir Christopher Wren, was situated in Thames Street; but the Company now occupy a fine modern building, erected in 1831, close to the north approach of London Bridge. The famous Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Walworth, who killed Wat Tyler at Smithfield, was a member of this company, his statue being still a conspicuous object in Fishmongers' Hall. He is represented in the act of striking the insolent rebel with a real dagger, which is affirmed to be the identical weapon used by him on the memorable occasion. On the pedestal is the following inscription:—

"Brave Walworth, knight, Lord Mayor, yt slew
Rebellious Tyler in his alarmes;
The King, therefor, did give in lieu
The dagger to the city's armes;
In the 4th year of Richard II., Anno Domini 1381."

Unfortunately for the veracity of this inscription, the dagger formed the first quarter of the City arms long before the days of Sir William Walworth. It was, indeed, intended to represent the sword of St. Peter, the patron saint of the Corporation.

Adjoining Billingsgate, on the east side, stood Smart's Quay, or wharf, which we find noticed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth as containing an ingenious seminary for the instruction of young thieves. The following extract of a letter, addressed to Lord Burghleigh, in July, 1585, by Fleetwood, the Recorder of London, evinces that the "art and mystery" of picking pockets was brought to considerable perfection in the sixteenth century:—

"Amongst our travels this one matter tumbled out by the way. One Wotton, a gentleman born, and sometime a merchant of good credit, having fallen by time into decay, kept an ale-house at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate; and after, for some misdemeanour, being put down, he reared up a new trade of life, and in the same house he procured all the cut-purses about this city to repair to his said house. There was a school-house set up to learn young boys to cut purses; there were hung up two devices: the one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawk's bells, and over the top did hang a little scaring-bell; and he that could take out a counter without any noise, was allowed to be a *public hoyster;* and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without the noise of any of the bells, he was adjudged *a judicial nipper.* N.B.—That a *hoyster* is a pickpocket, and a *nipper* is termed a pick-purse, or a cut-purse."

Opposite to Billingsgate, on the north side of Thames Street, is St. Mary-at-Hill, on the west side of which is a church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Of the date of its foundation nothing certain is known, except that Rose de Wyrtell founded a chauntry on the spot about the year 1336. It suffered severely from the Fire of London, in consequence of which the interior and the east end were rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren between the years 1672 and 1677. Since Wren's time considerable portions of the building have been taken down and rebuilt; the old portions, namely, the tower and the west end, having been restored with brick. Little, indeed, of Wren's work now remains, nor does that little add much to his reputation as an architect. In this church, on the 27th of May, 1731, Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," was married to Lady Elizabeth Lee, widow of Colonel Lee, and daughter of Edward, first Earl of Litchfield. The chancel contains the remains of the Rev. John Brand, the antiquary, who was for many years rector of the parish. He died at his apartments in Somerset House in 1806.

Running parallel with St. Mary-at-Hill are Botolph Lane and Pudding Lane, the former containing the parochial church, dedicated to St. George and St. Botolph. This is another of Wren's churches, erected after the Fire of London, and boasts neither historical interest nor architectural merit. In Botolph Lane stood the residence of that ancient and illustrious race, the Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel. Henry, the eighteenth and last Earl in the male line, who is known to have aspired to the hand of Queen Elizabeth, was residing here at the time of his death in 1579.

Pudding Lane is famous as the spot where the great fire first broke out, on the 2nd of September, 1666. In the middle of the last century the following inscription was to be seen on the site of the house where it commenced; but in consequence of the inconvenience caused by the number of passers-by, who stopped to read it, it was removed:—

"Here, by the permission of Heaven, Hell broke loose upon this Protestant city, from the malicious hearts of barbarous Papists, by the hand of their agent, Hubert, who confessed, and on the ruins of this place declared the fact, for which he was hanged, viz.—That here began that dreadful fire which is described, and perpetuated on, by the neighbouring pillar, erected anno 1680, in the Mayoralty of Sir Patience Ward, Knight."

Hubert, the person here referred to, was hanged on his own confession that his hand had lighted the flame which laid London in ashes. His statement was, that he had placed a fireball at the end of a poll, and after having lighted it had thrust it into the window of the house in which the fire subsequently broke out. There can be little doubt, however, that Hubert was a mere monomaniac, in whose mind the awful conflagration had raised the delusion that he was the author of the calamity; indeed, the captain of the vessel which brought him to England—a perfectly disinterested person—swore positively that he did not land till two days after the fire. All, indeed, that is known of the origin of the conflagration may be summed up in the concise words of Lord Clarendon. "There was never any probable evidence that there was any other cause of that woeful fire than the displeasure of God Almighty."* No. 25, Pudding Lane, is said to be the site of the house in which the fire broke out. It was then occupied by one Farryner, baker to Charles the Second.

Still proceeding westward, along Thames Street, on the right is St. Michael's, or Miles Lane, leading to what remains of Crooked Lane, in which stood the church of St. Michael, another of Wren's churches, erected after the destruction of the ancient edifice by the fire of London. It was pulled down, together with a portion of Crooked Lane, in 1831, to make room for the approaches to New London Bridge. A church existed on this spot at least as early as the end of the thirteenth century, at which period John de Borham is mentioned as Rector. In 1366, it was rebuilt by John de Louken, "stock-fishmonger," and four times Lord Mayor of London, to whom the celebrated Sir William Walworth was at one time apprentice. Both master and man were buried in this church. De Louken is said to have been interred under "a fair marble tomb," which was probably destroyed in the great fire, as was that of the stalwart Sir William Walworth, on whose tomb, as Weever informs us, were inscribed the following lines:—

---

* Continuation of the "Life of Lord Clarendon, by Himself."

"Here under lieth a man of fame,
William Walworth called by name;
Fishmonger he was in lifetime here,
And twice Lord Mayor, as in book appear;
Who, with courage stout and manly might,
Slew Wat Tyler in King Richard's sight;
For which act done, and true intent,
The king made him knight incontinent;
And gave him arms, as here you see,
To declare his feat and chivalry;
He left his life, the year of our Lord
Thirteen hundred fourscore three and odd."

Sir William resided in a house adjoining St. Michael's Church. This house he bequeathed, together with other property, for the purpose of founding a college, consisting of a master and nine priests who were attached to the church.

The following brief and quaint epitaph was copied by Weever from a monument in the old church:—

"Here lyeth, wrapt in clay,
The body of William Wray;
I have no more to say."

A little beyond Miles Lane, on the south side of Thames Street, is Old Swan Lane, leading to the Old Swan Stairs, close to London Bridge, at which spot the river steamers embark their passengers. As far back as the reign of Henry the Sixth, these stairs bore their present appellation of the *Old* Swan Stairs; indeed the greater number of the stairs and landing-places on the banks of the river still retain the same names by which they were distinguished in the days of the Tudors and Plantagenets. Boswell mentions his landing with Dr. Johnson at the Old Swan Stairs, whence they walked to Billingsgate, where they "took oars" for Greenwich. Their object in adopting this short circuitous route, which was a common practice at the period, was evidently to avoid the danger of "shooting" Old London Bridge.

To the west of the Old Swan Stairs was Cold Harborough, or Cold Inn, corrupted into Cole Harbour. Here, in the reign of Edward the Third, stood Poultney Inn, the magnificent mansion of Sir John Poultney, four times Lord Mayor of London. At the close of the fourteenth century it was the residence of the ill-fated John Holland, Duke of Exeter, third son of Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, by the celebrated heiress, Joan Plantagenet, "the Fair Maid of Kent." He was half-brother of King Richard the Second, whom he entertained here on one occasion with great magnificence. He was succeeded in the occupation of Poultney Inn by Edmund of Langley, Earl of Cambridge, fifth son of Edward the Third; and subsequently by Henry Holland, second Duke of Exeter, the gallant and devoted adherent of the unfortunate Henry the Sixth. In 1485, Poultney Inn was granted by Richard the Third for the use of the heralds, who, however, could have occupied it but a short time, when it became the residence of the celebrated Margaret Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry the Seventh. Here, in 1497, we find her giving a splendid entertainment to the nobles and prelates who accompanied Catherine of Aragon from Spain previously to her marriage with Arthur Prince of Wales.* Not long after this time it was conferred by Henry on George Talbot, fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, one of his ablest and bravest subjects. In the following reign we find it the temporary palace of Tunstal, Bishop of Durham. Edward the Sixth granted it to Francis, fifth Earl of Shrewsbury, from which time it took the name of Shrewsbury House. It was subsequently pulled down by George, the sixth Earl, who erected several small tenements on its site. Not many years afterwards, we find Cole Harbour referred to by Ben Jonson, Bishop Hall, and by other writers of the

---

* "Antiquarian Repertory," vol. ii., p. 293.

Elizabethan age, as among the most squalid and indifferent localities in London.* The site is now principally occupied by Calvert's brewery.

Close to Cole Harbour was the Steel-yard, the origin of the name of which has occasioned some discussion among antiquaries. Whether it derives its appellation from the German word "Staal-hoff," signifying a place of trade, from the quantity of steel which is said to have been anciently sold there, or from the king's "Steel-yard," or beam, which was used for ascertaining the amount of tonnage of imported goods, will probably ever remain a disputed question. Here, before the Norman Conquest, is said to have been situated the quay where the Hanse merchants, by whom the English were first taught the arts of commerce, landed their merchandise, as well as wheat, rye, and other grain. For centuries they continued to be the principal importers into the kingdom, in consequence of which they were allowed extraordinary privileges, having a Guildhall and an Alderman of their own. In return for these favours they were required to keep one of the City gates, Bishop's-gate, in perfect repair, and to assist with money and men in defending it in time of need. Consequently, in 1479, we find it entirely rebuilt at their expense. The company fell gradually into decay, and in 1597–8 was finally dissolved by proclamation; the merchants being commanded to quit the kingdom by the 28th of February in that year.

On the south side of Thames Street, close to where the Steel-yard formerly stood, is the church of Allhallows the Great, anciently called Allhallows the More, and sometimes Allhallows in the Ropery, from its being situated in the district chiefly inhabited by rope-makers. It was founded in 1361, by the Despencer family, from whom the presentation passed by marriage to the Beauchamps, Earls of Warwick, and subsequently to the Crown. The present uninteresting church was built by Sir Christopher Wren, shortly after the destruction of the old edifice by fire, in 1666. Stow informs us that there was a statue of Queen Elizabeth in the old church, to which the following verses were attached:—

---

* See Cunningham's "Handbook of London." *Art. Cold Harbour.*

> "If royal virtue ever crowned a crown;
> If ever mildness shined in majesty;
> If ever honour honoured true renown;
> If ever courage dwelt with clemency;
>
> "If ever Princess put all Princes down,
> For temperance, prowess, prudence, equity;
> This, this was she, that in despite of death
> Lives still admired,—adored Elizabeth!"

The only object of any interest in the interior of the church is a handsome oak screen—said to have been manufactured in Hamburg—which was presented to the church by the Hanse merchants, in grateful memory of their connection with the parish.

On the south side of Thames Street, between the Steelyard and Dowgate, stood that magnificent mansion of the olden time, the Erber—so intimately associated with the stirring times of chivalry, and with more than one illustrious name. It was granted by Edward the Third to the gallant and learned Sir Geoffrey Le Scrope. Its next illustrious occupant was John Lord Neville of Raby, the heroic companion-in-arms of Edward the Third, from whom it descended to his son, Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland. This was that powerful lord who was so instrumental in raising Henry Duke of Lancaster to the throne as Henry the Fourth, and who afterwards so distinguished himself in that Border warfare, and in those successful operations against the Percies, which led to the battle of Shrewsbury, and to the untimely end of the impetuous Harry Hotspur.

From the Earl of Westmoreland the Erber passed into the possession of another branch of the Nevilles, the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick. But the principal interest attached to the spot is from its having been occupied by the residence of the great "King-maker," Richard Earl of Warwick. Some idea may be formed of his princely hospitality, from the fact that, at his house in London, no fewer than six oxen were daily consumed by his retainers at breakfast; any person, moreover, who happened to have access to his establishment, being permitted to take away with him "as much sodden and roast meat as he might carry upon a long dagger." After the death of the Earl, the ragged staff and white cross disappeared from over the portals of the Erber: and not long afterwards we find it occupied by the ill-fated George Duke of Clarence, "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," who obtained a grant of it from Parliament in right of his wife, Isabel, daughter of the King-maker. After the death of Clarence the Erber became the residence of his younger brother, Richard Duke of Gloucester, on whose usurpation, as Richard the Third, we find it styled the King's Palace, and undergoing considerable repairs. During the brief reign of Richard it was occupied for him by one Ralph Darnel, a yeoman of the crown; but, on the death of the usurper, was restored to Edward, son of the Duke of Clarence, in whose possession it remained till his attainder in August, 1500. It was rebuilt in 1584, by Sir Thomas Pullison, Lord Mayor of London, and not long afterwards became, according to Stow, the residence of the great navigator and hero, Sir Francis Drake.

Pursuing our route in a westwardly direction along Thames Street, on the right hand is the street called Dowgate Hill, and immediately opposite it, on the left, is a small passage leading to the Thames. This passage leads us to the site of the ancient wharf, or port, of the Saxons, called Dowgate, to which we have already referred. But the ground is rendered still more interesting, from its being the site of the *trajectus*, or ferry—the identical spot on the banks of the Thames whence the ferry boats of the Romans passed over to the opposite side of the river, in connection with the great military way to Dover. Here also centred, and branched off, the Roman military roads, which led to their different stations throughout England.

Ben Jonson speaks—

> "Of Dowgate torrents falling into Thames;"—

and Strype, alluding to the descent from Dowgate Hill, informs us that, in his time, "in great and sudden rains, the water comes down from other streets with that swiftness, that it ofttimes causeth a flood in the lower part."

Close to Dowgate ran, and as a filthy sewer continued to run till within a few years, the once clear and rapid river of Walbrook. How changed from the days when it rippled and flowed from its source in the Moorfields, and when it was crossed by several bridges which were kept in repair by different religious houses, who were only too grateful for the advantages which they derived from its pure and refreshing waters! On the occasion of the new buildings being erected at the Bank in 1803, Walbrook might be still seen among the foundations, pursuing its trickling course towards the Thames.

A little beyond Dowgate is Three Cranes Lane, leading to the ancient Three Cranes Wharf, so called from the *cranes* used in landing wine and heavy articles of merchandise. It was principally used by the vintners, or wine-merchants, who abounded in this locality, and who obtained for it the title of the Vintry.

In Ben Jonson's comedy, "The Devil is an Ass" (act i. scene 1), we find—

> "Nay, boy, I will bring thee to the bawds and the roysterers,
> At Billingsgate feasting with claret-wine and oysters;
> From thence shoot the Bridge, child, to the Cranes in the Vintry,
> And see there the gimblets, how they make their entry."

Close by, on the south side of Thames Street, is the hall of the Vintners' Company, which stands on the site of a large mansion once occupied by Sir John Stodie, Lord Mayor of London in 1357. This company was first incorporated in 1340, under the name of Wine-tunners. In the court-rooms are portraits of Charles the Second, James the Second, Mary d'Este, and Prince George of Denmark.

In the Vintry stood, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the magnificent mansion of Sir John Gisors, Lord Mayor of London and Constable of the Tower. Later in that century we find it the residence of Sir Henry Picard, Vintner and Lord Mayor, who entertained here, with great splendour, no less distinguished personages than his sovereign, Edward the Third, John King of France, the King of Cyprus, David King of Scotland, Edward the Black Prince, and a large assemblage of the nobility. "And after," says Stow, "the said Henry Picard kept his hall against all comers whosoever that were willing to play at dice and hazard. In like manner the Lady Margaret, his wife, did also keep her chamber to the same effect." We are told that on this occasion, "the King of Cyprus, playing with Sir Henry Picard in his hall, did win of him fifty marks; but Picard, being very skilful in that art, altering his hand, did after win of the same King the same fifty marks, and fifty marks more; which when the same King began to take an ill part, although he dissembled the same, Sir Henry said unto him, 'My Lord and King, be not aggrieved; I court not your gold, but your play, for I have not bid you hither that you might grieve:' and giving him his money again, plentifully bestowed of his own amongst the retinue. Besides, he gave many rich gifts to the King, and other nobles and knights which dined with him, to the great glory of the citizens of London in those days."

Worcester Place, on the west side of Vintners' Hall, points out the site of Worcester Inn, the residence of the learned and accomplished John de Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, Chancellor and Lord Deputy of Ireland in the reign of Edward the Fourth. This remarkable man is said to have visited Rome for the express purpose of examining the library in the Vatican, on which occasion he addressed so eloquent an oration to Pope Pius the Second, as to draw tears from his Holiness. Being a staunch adherent of the House of York, the temporary restoration of Henry the Sixth, in 1470, placed his life in great danger. Perceiving that his powerful enemy, the Earl of Warwick, was determined on bringing him to the block, he sought for safety in flight, but having been found concealed in the upper branches of a tree, he was conveyed to London, and shortly afterwards perished by the hands of the executioner on Tower Hill.

On the north side of Thames Street, opposite to Three Cranes Lane, is College Hill, so called from a College dedicated to St. Spirit and St. Mary, founded by the celebrated Sir Richard Whittington, three times Lord Mayor of London.

In a pasquinade, preserved in the state poems, entitled the "D. of B.'s [Duke of Buckingham's] Litany," occur the following lines:—

"From damning whatever we don't understand,
From purchasing at *Dowgate*, and selling in the Strand,

From calling streets by our name when we've sold the land,*
Libera nos, Domine.

"From borrowing our own house to feast scholars ill,
And then be un-Chancellored against our will,
Nought left of a college but *College Hill*,
Libera nos," &c.

These verses allude to the circumstance of the witty and fantastic George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, having purchased a "large and graceful" mansion on College Hill, probably for the purpose of extending his influence, and spreading sedition among the citizens of London, at the time when he was plotting against his too easy and confiding master, Charles the Second. Lord Clarendon, indeed, informs us that the Duke "had many lodgings in several quarters of the City; and though his majesty had frequent intelligence where he was, yet when the sergeant-at-arms, and others employed for his apprehension, came where he was known to have been but an hour before, he was gone from thence, or so concealed that he could not be found."†

St. Michael's Paternoster Royal, which church stands on the east side of College Hill, was rebuilt by the executors of Whittington, who was buried beneath its roof under a sumptuous tomb which probably shared the fate of the church in the great fire of 1666. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, a sacrilegious rector, one Thomas Mountain, caused the tomb to be broken open, being under the impression that it contained articles of considerable value. In the reign of Queen Mary the body was again disturbed for the purpose of being re-wrapped in a leaden sheet, of which it had been despoiled in the preceding reign.

---

* Alluding to George Street, Duke Street, Villiers Street, Buckingham Street, &c. erected by the Duke of Buckingham on the site of his former residence in the Strand.

† "Lord Clarendon's Life of Himself," continuation.

In St. Michael's Church also lies buried the cavalier, soldier, and poet, John Cleveland, of whom Echard observes, that he was "the first poetic champion" for Charles the First. The poets of the day, indeed, allied themselves, almost without an exception, to the broken fortunes of their unfortunate sovereign. Having been expelled by the ruling powers from his fellowship at St. John's College, Cambridge, for *malignancy,* Cleveland joined the King's camp at Oxford, and afterwards served in garrison at Newark-upon-Trent. He subsequently fell into the hands of Cromwell, and was thrown into prison, where he remained for a few months. On his release he took up his abode in Gray's Inn, where Butler, the author of "Hudibras," was his neighbour and chosen companion, and where they established a nightly club. Cleveland was also the friend of Bishop Pierson, who preached a funeral sermon over his remains in St. Michael's Church.*

The body of the present plain and substantial edifice was completed in 1694, after designs by Sir Christopher Wren. In this church is Hilton's much-admired picture of Mary Magdalen anointing the feet of Christ; but, with this exception, and some tolerable oak carving on the altar-piece beneath the picture, St. Michael's contains but little to render it worthy of a visit.

St. Michael's derives its appellation of *Royal* from a palatial fortress called the Tower Royal, which anciently stood nearly on the site of the small street which still bears the name of Tower Royal. Here, according to Stow, resided more than one of our kings, among whom were King Stephen and Richard the Second. In the latter reign it obtained the name of the Queen's Wardrobe, probably from having been the residence of the King's mother, who for some time kept her court here. It was apparently of considerable strength; at least if we may judge from the fact of that Princess preferring it to the Tower as a place of security, and consequently taking refuge here from the violence of Wat Tyler and his lawless followers. "King Richard," says Stow, "having in Smithfield overcome and dispersed his rebels, he, his lords, and all his company, entered the city of London with great joy, and went to the lady Princess, his mother, who was then lodged in the Tower Royal, called the Queen's Wardrobe, where she had remained three days and two nights, right sore abashed; but when she saw the King, her son, she was greatly rejoiced, and said, 'Ah, son! what great sorrow have I suffered for you this day!' The King answered and said, 'Certainly, madam, I know it well; but now rejoice, and thank God, for I have this day recovered mine heritage, and the realm of England, which I had near hand lost.'" Shortly afterwards we find the Tower Royal set apart by King Richard as the residence of Leon the Third, King of Armenia, when he sought an asylum in England after having been expelled from his kingdom by the Turks. The last notice which we discover of the Tower Royal is in the reign of Richard the Third, when it was granted to John, first Duke of Norfolk, who made it his residence till the period of his death on the memorable field of Bosworth, in August 1485.

---

* Aubrey ("Letters of Eminent Men," vol. ii., p. 289) states that Cleveland was buried in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. This is a mistake.

Within a short distance from Tower Royal is Garlick Hill, on the east side of which stands the parish church of St. James's Garlick Hythe, so called from its vicinity to a garlic-market which was anciently held in the neighbourhood. This is another of Sir Christopher Wren's edifices, and is entirely devoid of architectural merit. The date of the foundation of the old edifice is lost in antiquity. We only know that it was rebuilt by Richard Rothing, Sheriff of London, in 1326; that it was destroyed by fire in 1666, and again rebuilt between the years 1676 and 1682. Anciently this church appears to have been often selected for the burial of the Lord Mayors of London. Here were interred John of Oxenford, Vintner and Lord Mayor in 1341; Sir John Wrotch, Lord Mayor in 1360; William Venour, in 1389; William More, in 1395; Robert Chichley, in 1421; and Sir James Spencer, in 1527. Among other persons who were interred in the old church, and whose monuments were destroyed by the fire of London, was Richard Lions, a wine-merchant and lapidary, who was beheaded by Wat Tyler and the rebels in Cheapside in the reign of Richard the Second. Here too were monuments to more than one of the great family of the Stanleys, whose residence, Derby House, afterwards converted into the Herald's College, stood in the immediate neighbourhood.

In the "Spectator" (No. 147) there is an interesting notice of St. James's Garlick Hythe. Addison, speaking of the beautiful service of the Church of England, remarks,—"Until Sunday was se'nnight, I never discovered, to so great a degree, the excellency of the Common Prayer. Being at St. James's Garlick Hill Church, I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be unattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers. . . . The Confession was read with such a resigned humility; the Absolution with such a comfortable authority; the Thanksgivings with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner I never did before." The rector of the parish at this period was the Reverend Philip Stubbs, afterwards Archdeacon of St. Albans, whose fine voice and impressive delivery are said to have been long remembered by his old parishioners.

QUEENHITHE, BAYNARD'S CASTLE, HOUSES OF THE NOBILITY, BLACKFRIARS, &c.

DERIVATION OF THE NAME OF QUEENHITHE.—CELEBRATED RESIDENTS IN BAYNARD'S CASTLE.—MANSIONS NEAR PAUL'S WHARF.—MONASTERY OF THE BLACK FRIARS.—REPUDIATION OF QUEEN CATHERINE.—QUEEN ELIZABETH AT COBHAM HOUSE.—THE FATAL VESPERS.—BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.—FLEET DITCH.—STRONGHOLDS OF THIEVES.—PALACE OF BRIDEWELL.—ALSATIA.—EXECUTION OF LORD SANQUHAR.

CONTINUING our route along Thames Street, we shall point out as we pass along the particular sites on the banks of the river, which are associated either with the history, the manners, or the romance of past times. We have hitherto strolled from Billingsgate as far as Queenhithe; we will now continue from Queenhithe to the Temple Garden.

Queenhithe, Queenhive, or Queen's Harbour,—on the west side of Southwark Bridge,—was anciently called Edred's Hythe; and, as far back as the days of the Saxons, was one of the principal harbours or quays where foreign vessels discharged their cargoes. According to Stow, it derived its more ancient name of Edred's Hythe from one Edred, who had been a proprietor of the wharf. We have evidence that it was royal property in the reign of King Stephen; that monarch having bestowed it upon William de Ypres, who, in his turn, conferred it on the Convent of the Holy Trinity *within* Aldgate. In the reign of Henry the Third it again came into the possession of the Crown. In consequence of the harbour-dues being the perquisite of the Queen of England, it obtained particular favour; foreign ships, and especially vessels which brought corn from the Cinque Ports, being compelled to land their cargoes here. From its connection also with the Queen of England it obtained its name of *Ripa Reginæ*, or Queen's Hythe. For centuries it maintained a successful rivalry with Billingsgate.* From Fabian, however, who wrote at the end of the fifteenth century, we learn that in his time the harbour-dues of Queenhithe had so fallen off as to be worth only £15 a year. A century afterwards, Stow speaks of it as being almost forsaken.

Opposite to Queenhithe, on the north side of Thames Street, is situated the parish church of St. Michael, Queenhithe; an edifice erected by Sir Christopher Wren on the site of a very ancient church destroyed by the fire of London. In 1181, we find it denominated St. Michael de Cornhithe; Queenhithe being probably occasionally styled Cornhithe, from the quantity of corn which was landed there from the Cinque Ports. The church contains no monuments of any interest; nor, with the exception of its small but elegant spire, and some fine carved fruit and flowers on the doorway next to the pulpit, has it much artistical merit.

A little beyond Queenhithe is Paul's Wharf, which derives its name from its vicinity to the great cathedral of St. Paul's.

Close to this spot stood the mansion occupied by Cicely, youngest daughter of the haughty and powerful Baron, Ralph de Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York; in whose ambition originated the devastating wars between the White and Red

---

* See ante, p. 223.

Roses. She was the mother of a numerous family, of whom seven survived to figure prominently in the stirring times in which they lived. When this lady—the granddaughter of John of Gaunt—sat in her domestic circle, watching complacently the childish sports, and listening to the joyous laughter of her young progeny, how little could she have anticipated the strange fate which awaited them! Her husband perished on the bloody field of Wakefield; her first-born, afterwards Edward the Fourth, followed in the ambitious footsteps of his father, and waded through bloodshed to a throne; her second son, Edmund, Earl of Rutland, perished at the battle of Wakefield; her third son, "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," died in the dungeons of the Tower; and her youngest son, Richard, succeeded to a throne and a bloody death. The career of her daughters was also remarkable. Anne, her eldest daughter, married Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter, whose splendid fortunes and mysterious fate are so well known. Elizabeth, the second daughter, became the wife of John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and lived to see her son, the second Duke, decapitated on Tower Hill for his attachment to the House of York. Lastly, her third daughter, Margaret, married Charles, Duke of Burgundy. This lady's persevering hostility to Henry the Seventh, and open support of the claims of Perkin Warbeck, believing him to be the last male heir of the House of Plantagenet, have rendered her name conspicuous in history.

Between Paul's Wharf and Puddle Dock, under the shadow of the great cathedral of St. Paul's, stood anciently, on the banks of the Thames, Baynard's Castle, endeared to us by the magic genius of Shakspeare, and associated with some of the most stirring scenes in the history of our country. Baynard's Castle derives its name from its founder, one of the Norman Barons who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and by one of whose descendants, William Baynard, it was forfeited in 1111. Henry the First bestowed it on Robert Fitzwalter, fifth son of Richard Earl of Clare, in whose family the office of Castellan, and standard-bearer to the city of London became hereditary. His immediate descendant was Robert Fitzwalter, whose daughter, the beautiful Matilda, King John attempted to corrupt. Fitzwalter, to avenge the affront offered to his race, subsequently acted a conspicuous part in the wars waged against the King by his Barons. "The primary occasion of these discontents," writes Dugdale, "is by some thus reported: that this Robert Fitzwalter, having a very beautiful daughter, called Maude, residing at Dunmow, the King frequently solicited her chastity, but never prevailing, grew so enraged that he caused her to be privately poisoned: and that she was buried at the south side of the choir at Dunmow [in Essex], between two pillars there." To punish the rebellion of Fitzwalter, the King caused "his house, called Baynard's Castle, in the city of London," to be razed to the ground. Fitzwalter, however, is said to have subsequently made his peace with King John, by the extraordinary valour which he displayed at a tournament in the presence of the King of France. King John, struck with admiration at his prowess, is said to have exclaimed, "By God's tooth, he deserves to be a King who hath such a soldier in his train." Ascertaining the name of the chivalrous knight,—for his features were concealed by his closed vizor,—the King immediately sent for him, restored him to his barony, and subsequently gave him permission to repair his castle of Baynard.

Baynard's Castle was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1428, shortly after which period it was rebuilt by Humphrey Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, on whose attainder it again reverted to the Crown. The next occupant was Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who maintained no fewer than four hundred followers within its walls, and who carried on here his ambitious projects against the government of Henry the Sixth. After his death at the battle of Wakefield, Baynard's Castle descended by inheritance to his gallant son, the Earl of March, afterwards Edward the Fourth. When, in 1460, the young Prince entered London with the King-maker Warwick, we find him taking up his abode in his paternal mansion, and it was within its princely hall that he assumed the title of King, and summoned the bishops, peers, and magistrates in and about London to attend him in council.

In the garden of Baynard's Castle, Shakspeare places the secret interview between the Duke of York and the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, in which the two latter acknowledged him as their rightful sovereign, and came to the determination to appeal to arms to enforce his claims—

> "*York.* Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
> Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
> In this close walk to satisfy myself,
> In craving your opinion of my title,
> Which is infallible, to England's crown.
>
> * * * * *
>
> *War.* What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
> Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
> The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
> Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
> It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee
> And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
> Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
> And in this private plot be we the first
> That shall salute our rightful sovereign
> With honour of his birthright to the crown."
>
> *King Henry VI.*, part 2, act ii., sc. 2.

Shortly after his accession to the throne, Edward the Fourth appears to have conferred Baynard's Castle upon his widowed mother, Cicely Neville, Duchess of York. Hither, for security he brought his wife and children from their prison-sanctuary at Westminster in April, 1471. Here he slept that night, and the next day kept Good Friday with proper solemnity. Two days afterwards, on Easter Sunday, he defeated Warwick at the battle of Barnet. Here, under his mother's roof, Richard Duke of Gloucester held his councils in the interval between his brother's death and his own usurpation of the supreme authority, and here he was waited upon by his creature the Duke of Buckingham and the citizens who vociferously called upon him to assume the crown. Shakspeare has again thrown an undying interest over the site of Baynard's Castle. Richard, with great apparent reluctance, presents himself at a gallery above, supported by a bishop on each side of him:—

"*Glouc.* Alas why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty;
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfal of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.
[*Exeunt Buckingham and Citizens.*

Catesby. Call them again, sweet prince; accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.
Glouc. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again. I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties. [*Exit Catesby.*
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.
[*Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear the burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
And if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire.
Mayor. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.
Glouc. In saying so you shall but say the truth.
Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!"
King Richard III., act iii., sc. 7.

It was in the "high chamber next the chapel, in the dwelling of Cicely Duchess of York, called Baynard's Castle, Thames Street," that, on the day of Richard's coronation, the Great Seal was surrendered into his hands.

Henry the Seventh frequently resided in Baynard's Castle after his accession to the throne; indeed, he would seem to have been extremely partial to the spot, inasmuch as we find him, in 1501, almost entirely rebuilding it; "not embattled, nor so strongly fortified, castle-like, but far more beautiful and commodious, for the entertainment of any prince or great estate." Here he received the ambassadors from the King of the Romans, and here he lodged Philip of Austria during his visit to this country.

Shortly after the marriage of Prince Henry, afterwards Henry the Eighth, with Catherine of Aragon, we find them conducted by water in great state from Baynard's Castle to the royal palace at Westminster. "The Mayor and Commonalty of London," says Hall, "in barges garnished with standards, streamers, and penons of their device, gave them their attendance: and there, in the palace, were such martial feats, such valiant jousts, such vigorous tourneys, such fierce fight at the barriers, as before that time was of no man had in remembrance. Of this royal triumph, Lord Edward, Duke of Buckingham, was chief challenger, and Lord Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, was chief defender; which, with their aids and companions, bare themselves so valiantly, that they obtained great laud and honour."

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, Baynard's Castle became the residence of Sir William Sydney, Chamberlain to the youthful monarch. In the same reign it passed into the hands of William Herbert, first Earl of Pembroke, who lived here in a style of extraordinary magnificence, and whose Countess, Anne, sister of Queen Catherine Parr, breathed her last here in 1551. At Baynard's Castle her lord was residing at the time of King Edward's death, on which occasion, notwithstanding the proverbial wariness of his character, he was induced to sign the famous document acknowledging the claims of Lady Jane Grey. He soon, however, repented of the step which he had taken, and was one of the first to leave the beautiful and accomplished maiden to her melancholy fate, and to proclaim his legitimate sovereign, Queen Mary. Active in his loyalty, as he had been in his treason, he assembled the partizans of royalty under his roof in Baynard's Castle, and it was from under its portal that they sallied forth to proclaim the title of Queen Mary to the throne.

The Earl figured in all the Court pageants of the time. He was selected to wait on King Philip on his landing at Portsmouth; was present at his marriage with Queen Mary at Winchester, in 1564, and three months afterwards, on the occasion of the assembling of the first Parliament under the new King and Queen, he proceeded, on entering London, to his mansion of Baynard's Castle, followed by "a retinue of two thousand horsemen in velvet coats, with three laces of gold and gold chains, besides sixty gentlemen in blue coats, with his badge of the green dragon." The Earl survived to figure at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, who appointed him her Master of the Horse, and on one occasion did him the honour to sup with him at Baynard's Castle. At ten o'clock at night, after having partaken of a sumptuous entertainment, he handed his royal mistress by torchlight to the river-side, where she entered her state barge to the sound of music, and amidst the blaze of fireworks; and thus returned to Whitehall, surrounded by a swarm of attendant boats, and cheered by the acclamations of the loyal citizens of London.

The successor of Earl William in the occupancy of Baynard's Castle, was his son Henry, the second Earl, who resided here with his Countess,—"Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother." Here also resided their accomplished and high-minded son, William, the third Earl, who united wit and gallantry with integrity and the most refined taste—the most courtly breeding with the kindest nature. The death of Earl William took place in Baynard's Castle, on the 10th of April, 1630, and was attended by some rather remarkable circumstances. It had been foretold by his tutor, Sandford, and also by the mad prophetess, Lady Davies, whose predictions caused Archbishop Laud so much discomfort, that he either would not complete, or would die on the anniversary of, his fiftieth birthday. That these predictions were actually fulfilled, appears by the following curious passage in Lord Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion." "A short story may not be unfitly inserted; it being frequently mentioned by a person of known integrity, who, at that time, being on his way to London, met at Maidenhead some persons of quality—of relation or dependence upon the Earl of Pembroke. At supper one of them drank a health to the Lord Steward; upon which another of them said, that he believed his lord was at that time very merry, for he had now outlived the day which his tutor Sandford had prognosticated upon his nativity that he would not outlive; but he had done it now, for that was his birthday, which had completed his age to fifty years. The next morning, by the time they came to Colebrook, they met with the news of his death." The Earl, it appears, had engaged himself to sup with the Countess of Bedford, at whose table, on the fatal day, he not only appeared to be in excellent health and spirits, but remarked that he would never again trust a woman's prophecy. A few hours afterwards he was attacked by apoplexy, and died during the night. Granger, to make the story more remarkable, relates that when the Earl's body was opened in order to be embalmed, the first incision was no sooner made, than the corpse lifted up its hand, to the great terror of those who witnessed the phenomenon.

The last of our sovereigns whose name is associated with Baynard's Castle was Charles the Second, in whose company we find the first Earl of Sandwich supping here on the 19th of June, 1660. "My lord," writes Pepys on that day, "went at night with the King to Baynard's Castle to supper;" and again, on the following day, Pepys writes—"With my lord, who lay long in bed this day, because he came home late from supper with the King."

Baynard's Castle was destroyed in the great fire. Its name, however, is still preserved in Baynard Castle Ward.

Westward of the site of Baynard's Castle is Puddle Dock, which doubtless derives its name from one "Puddle," whom Stow incidentally mentions as having kept a wharf in this neighbourhood.

> "—————— Puddle Wharf,
> Which place we'll make bold with to call it our Abydos,
> As the Bankside is our Sestos."
>
> Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair.*

The spot is interesting as pointing out the neighbourhood of the house purchased by Shakspeare, and bequeathed by him by will to his daughter, Susannah Hall. The "Conveyance" describes it as "abutting upon a streete leading down to Puddle Wharffe on the east part, right against the King's Maiestie's Wardrobe;" being "now or late in the tenure or occupacon of one William Ireland." To Mr. Cunningham we are indebted for pointing out the circumstance that "there is still an *Ireland Yard*."* Shakspeare, in his will, describes the house as "situat lying and being in the Blackfriers in London, nere the Wardrobe." Ireland Yard is on the west side of St. Andrew's Hill, and Wardrobe Place points out the site of the Wardrobe here referred to.

To the westward of Baynard's Castle stood the Castle of Montfichet, founded by Gilbert de Montfichet, or Montfiquit, a relative of William the Conqueror, whom he accompanied to England, and with whom he fought side by side at the battle of Hastings. It was demolished by order of King John in 1213, and its materials appropriated to the erection of the neighbouring monastery of the Black Friars. Close by, nearly on the site of the present Puddle Dock, stood the ancient residence of the Lords Berkeley, and afterwards, temporarily, of the great "king-maker," the Earl of Warwick.

In the days of the Plantagenets—when the sovereigns of England held their court indiscriminately in the palaces of Bridewell, Westminster, and the Tower—the banks of the Thames, between the latter fortress and the Temple, appear to have been principally occupied by the splendid mansions and gardens of the nobility. But by the time that Elizabeth ascended the throne, and when Whitehall had become the fixed residence of the court, the tide of fashion began to flow in a more westwardly direction, when there arose those splendid water-palaces between the Temple and Whitehall, which have given names to so many of the streets in the Strand. In addition to the mansions we have already recorded as having stood in the immediate vicinity of Paul's Wharf, may be mentioned the messuage of the Abbots of Fescamp, in Normandy, situated between the wharf and Baynard's Castle—Scrope's Inn, the abode of the powerful family of the Scropes in the reign of Henry the Sixth—and Beaumont Inn, the residence of the noble family of the Beaumonts in the reign of Edward the Third, and afterwards of Lord Hastings, the ill-fated favourite of Edward the Fourth. From Lord Hastings Beaumont Inn passed into the possession of his descendants, the Earls of Huntingdon, whose town residence it was in the reign of Henry the Eighth, from which time its name changed to Huntingdon House.

---

* "Handbook of London," Art. *Ireland Yard*.

Immediately to the east of Blackfriars Bridge stood the great monastery of the Black Friars, who removed from Holborn to this spot in the year 1276. This house, which, with its gardens and precincts, covered a vast space of ground, had its four gates and its sanctuary, and could also boast of one of the most magnificent churches in the metropolis. Several Parliaments were held in the monastery of the Black Friars in the reigns of Henry the Sixth and Henry the Eighth; one of the last and most remarkable having been that which voted the charges against Wolsey, and prayed for the condign punishment of the Cardinal.

In ancient times, the splendid church of the Black Friars appears to have been one of the chief burial-places of the great. Among other illustrious persons whose names bear our imaginations back to the ages of chivalry, here reposed the ashes of the great Justiciary of England, Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, and of his wife, Margaret, daughter of William, King of Scotland. Here were preserved the heart of Eleanor of Castile, the beautiful and devoted queen of Edward the First, and that of her son Alphonso—the remains of John of Eltham, Duke of Cornwall, brother of Edward the Third—of the accomplished and ill-fated John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, beheaded in 1470—of James Touchet, Earl of Audley, beheaded in 1497—of Sir Thomas Brandon, Knight of the Garter, uncle of the high-bred and chivalrous Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk—of William Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire—of Sir Thomas Parr and his wife, the parents of Queen Catherine Parr, besides numerous other persons of high birth and princely fortunes.

The monastery of the Black Friars is associated with one of the most interesting domestic events in the history of our country—the repudiation by Henry the Eighth of Catherine of Aragon; that virtuous and pure-minded woman who had loved him through good repute and ill repute—the only being, perhaps, in his dominions who was attached to him from purely disinterested motives,—

> " That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
> About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;
> Of her that loves him with that excellence,
> That angels love good men with."
> *King Henry VIII.*, act ii., sc. 2.

The legates, nominated by the Pope to decide on the legality of Henry's marriage, were Cardinals Campeggio and Wolsey, who opened their court with great state and ceremony in the hall of the Black Friars, on the 31st of May, 1529. King Henry and his consort were both present; the King taking his seat on the right of the legates, and the Queen, attended by four bishops, on their left. Their names having been called by the usual formalities, Henry answered to his, but Catherine remained silent. Having again, however, been cited to answer to her name, she suddenly rose from her seat, and throwing herself at the King's feet, implored him, in language equally dignified and touching, to remember that she was the wife of his choice,—a friendless stranger in a foreign land. "Sir," she exclaimed with pathetic eloquence,—"I beseech you for all the love that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right: take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a stranger, born out of your dominions. I have here no assured friend, much less impartial counsel; and I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! sir, wherein have I offended you, or on what occasion given you displeasure? Have I ever designed against your will and pleasure, that you should put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness, that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure."

"Alas! sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your grace from me? Heaven witness
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you; if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,

My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice."
King Henry VIII., act ii., sc. 4.

The decree of divorce was passed in 1533. The unfortunate Queen retired to Kimbolton, where she died of a broken heart on the 8th of January, 1536 ; insisting to the last on retaining her title of Queen, and denouncing the edict which sought to render her name a tainted one, and to deprive her child of its title to legitimacy.

In 1538, the monastery of the Black Friars, sharing the fate of the other religious houses, was surrendered to the King. In 1547, we find Sir Francis Bryan receiving a grant of the prior's lodging and the hall. Within a few years, the greater remaining portion of the buildings was swept away, and many fair mansions and gardens rose on its site. Among these may be mentioned the residences of the French Ambassador ; of Lord Herbert, the eldest son of Edward Earl of Worcester ; and of the unfortunate Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham. In 1600—on the occasion of the marriage of Lord Herbert with Anne, only daughter of John Lord Russell—we find Queen Elizabeth honouring the nuptials with her presence. On her landing at Blackfriars she was received by a gallant company, including the bride, by whom she was carried in a kind of litter, supported by six knights, to the residence of the bridegroom, where she dined. The same night she supped with Lord Cobham at his house in Blackfriars, passing in her way by the house of "Doctor Puddin," who came forth and presented her with a fan, which she graciously accepted. Elizabeth was at this period a wrinkled queen of sixty-three—"old and cankered," to use the words of Essex—and accordingly it is not a little curious to find her acting the part of a girl of eighteen in the gay frivolities with which she was entertained at Cobham House. According to the "Sydney Papers," "there was a memorable masque of eight ladies, and a strange dance new invented. Their attire was this: each had a skirt of cloth of silver; a rich waistcoat wrought with silk, and gold and silver; a mantle of carnation taffeta, cast under the arm; and their hair loose about the shoulders, curiously knotted and interlaced. Mistress Fitton led: these eight lady-maskers chose eight ladies more to dance the measures. Mrs. Fitton went to the Queen, and wooed her to dance: her Majesty asked what she was? *Affection,* she said. *Affection!* said the Queen, *Affection is false!* Yet her Majesty rose up and danced." This entertainment took place only a few months before she signed the death-warrant of her beloved Essex, whose conduct towards her was probably then rankling in her heart.

In the following reign, on the 26th of October, 1623, there occurred in Blackfriars, in the house of Count de Tillier, the French Ambassador, a frightful accident, which the Protestants chose to regard as a judgment from heaven to punish the idolatry of the Roman Catholics.* A vast number of persons were assembled in an upper story, listening to the oratory of a famous Jesuit preacher, Father Drury, when suddenly the floor gave way, and nearly one hundred persons, including the preacher, were crushed to death. The accident long retained the name of the "Fatal Vespers." According to the account of an eye-witness, one Dr. Gouge, "On the Lord's day, at night, when they fell, there were numbered ninety-one dead bodies; but many of them were secretly conveyed away in the night, there being a pair of water-stairs, leading from the garden appertaining unto the house to the Thames. Of those that were carried away, some were buried in a burial-place within the Spanish Ambassador's house in Holborn, amongst whom, the Lady Webb was one, the Lady Blackstone's daughter another, and one Mistress Udal a third. The bodies of many others were claimed and carried away by their relatives and friends. For the corpses remaining," adds Dr. Gouge, "two great pits were digged, one in the fore-court of the said ambassador's house, eighteen feet long and twelve feet broad; the other in the garden behind the house, twelve feet long, and eight feet broad. In the former pit were laid forty-four corpses, whereof the bodies of Father Drury and Father Redyate were two. These two, wound up in sheets, were first laid into the pit, with a partition of loose earth to separate them from the rest."*

---

* This house was called Hunsdon House, from its having been the residence of Henry Carey, Baron Hunsdon, first cousin to Queen Elizabeth.

In 1680, we find the celebrated engraver, William Faithorne, quitting his shop opposite the Palsgrave Head Tavern, without Temple Bar, and retiring "to a more private life," in Printing-house Yard, Blackfriars, where he died in 1691. Here also resided three celebrated painters: Isaac Oliver,† Cornelius Jansen, and Anthony Vandyke. Oliver and Vandyke both breathed their last in Blackfriars. Ben Jonson was residing in Blackfriars in 1607, and here he has laid the scene of the "Alchymist."

---

* "The Fatal Vespers, a true and full Narrative of that signal judgment of God upon the Papists, by the fall of the house in Blackfriars, London, upon the 5th of November, 1623." By the Rev. Samuel Clark.

† Oliver was buried in the neighbouring church of St. Anne, Blackfriars, which was destroyed in the great fire and was not rebuilt. Its site, however, is marked by the old burying-ground, which may be seen in Church Entry, Ireland Yard. "The parish register records the burials of Isaac Oliver, the miniature painter (1617); Dick Robinson, the player (1647); Nat. Field, the poet and player (1632-3); William Faithorne, the engraver

The infamous Earl and Countess of Somerset, at the time when they were plotting, and accomplished the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, were residing in Blackfriars.

In Blackfriars stood the famous Theatre which bears its name. It was built in 1576, by James Burbage, and in 1596 was either rebuilt or enlarged, when Shakspeare and Richard Burbage were joint sharers. The site of it is still pointed out by Playhouse Yard, close to Apothecaries' Hall. The theatre in Blackfriars was pulled down during the rule of the Puritans, on the 6th of August, 1655.

The foundation stone of the first Blackfriars Bridge, the work of Robert Mylne, a Scotch architect, was laid on the 31st of October, 1760. It was originally called Pitt's Bridge, in honour of the great War Minister, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, at this time in the height of his great and deserved popularity.

Blackfriars Bridge is memorable as having been one of the principal scenes of outrage, riot, and carnage during the famous Protestant outbreak fomented by Lord George Gordon. On the frightful scenes of pillage and conflagration which occurred during the three days that the populace were permitted to be masters of the metropolis, it is unnecessary to dwell. At length, however, the military received definite orders to act, and London was saved in the eleventh hour. The principal scenes of slaughter were at the Bank

---

(1691); and the following interesting entries relating to Vandyke, who lived and died in this parish, leaving a sum of money in his will to its poor :—

"Jasper Lanfranch, a Dutchman, from Sir Anthony Vandikes, buried 14th February, 1638.

"Martin Ashent, Sir Anthony Vandike's man, buried 12th March, 1638.

"Justinian, daughter to Sir Anthony Vandyke and his lady, baptized 9th December, 1641."—Cunningham's Handbook of London ; *Art. Anne* (*St.*) *Blackfriars.*

and Blackfriars Bridge. Whether by accident or by design, the military drove the rabble before them along Farringdon Street and Bridge Street, till the bridge was completely blocked up by them; while at the same time another body of soldiers hemmed them in on the Southwark side of the river. The conflict was brief, and the result terrible. Of the numbers who perished, of that compressed and lawless mass of human beings, no record was ever sought for or demanded. Many were forced over the parapets of the bridge into the river; many were crushed to death; and still more perished by the bayonet and the bullet. The conflict and the carnage occupied an almost incredibly short space of time. Within an hour or two afterwards, the dying and the dead had been carried away, the great city had resumed its wonted calmness, and when day dawned, there remained but one fearful evidence of the contest of the preceding night—the causeway of the bridge was actually soaked and red with blood!

Immediately to the west of Blackfriars Bridge, the celebrated Fleet Ditch till recently ran into the Thames.

> "By Bridewell all descend,
> (As morning prayer and flagellation end),
> To where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
> Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames;
> The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
> With deeper sable blots the silver flood."—*Dunciad.*

The Fleet Ditch, or rather river—rendered classical by the verse of Ben Jonson, Swift, Pope, and Gay—was anciently a broad and limpid stream, which had its rise in the high grounds of Hampstead, and was further fed by the waters of certain wells, called Clerken-well, Skinners-well, Fags-well, Tode-well, Loders-well, and Rad-well; "all which said wells," says Stow, "having the fall of their overflowing in the aforesaid river, much increased the stream." It was from this circumstance that it anciently obtained the name of the "River of Wells." It was crossed by no fewer than four stone bridges in its course, by way of Kentish Town and Camden Town, to the Thames; one of these bridges standing at the foot of Holborn Hill, then called Holborn Bridge, at which point the River Fleet united itself with the waters of the Old Bourne, or stream, from which Holborn derives its name. Anciently, the tide flowed up the Fleet river as far as Holborn Bridge, the present Bridge Street being the channel of the stream. According to Stow, such, in the reign of Edward the Second, was the depth and breadth of this now filthy ditch, "that ten or twelve ships navies at once, with merchandizes, were wont to come to the aforesaid bridge of Fleet." The other bridges of the Fleet were Fleet Bridge, Bridewell Bridge, and Fleet Lane Bridge.

In 1606 we find no less a sum than twenty-eight thousand pounds expended for the purpose of scouring the Fleet river and keeping it in a navigable state. Pennant, speaking of the performance of this work, observes—"At the depth of fifteen feet were found several Roman utensils; and, a little deeper, a great quantity of Roman coins, in silver, copper, brass, and other metals, but none in gold. At Holborn Bridge were found two brazen Lares, about four inches long; one a Bacchus, the other a Ceres. It is a probable conjecture that these were thrown in by the affrighted Romans, at the approach of the enraged Boadicea, who soon took ample revenge on her insulting conquerors. Here were also found numbers of Saxon antiquities,—spurs, weapons, keys, seals, &c.; also medals, crosses, and crucifixes, which might likewise have been flung in on occasion of some alarm." The Fleet river was again thoroughly cleansed in

1652 at a considerable expense. About sixteen years afterwards, in hopes of its proving a lucrative speculation, another large sum was expended in re-opening the navigation as far as Holborn. For this purpose the river was deepened, wharfs and quays were erected, and the banks were cased with stone and brick. The speculation, however, proved anything but a profitable one; and, accordingly, between the years 1734 and 1737, it was partially arched over, and in consequence of further improvements which took place in 1765, was almost entirely concealed from view.

One of the last glimpses to be caught of this nauseous stream we availed ourselves of many years ago, on the occasion of the destruction of some old houses in West Street, at the south end of Saffron Hill, which had been the hiding-place and stronghold of thieves, and an asylum for the most depraved of both sexes, from the reign of Queen Anne to our own time. Here, according to tradition, the notorious Jonathan Wild carried on his crafty and nefarious traffic of plunder and human blood. We remember well how the black and disgusting looking stream flowed through a deep and narrow channel, encased on each side with brick, and overhung by miserable-looking dwelling-houses, the abode of poverty and crime. The stronghold of the thieves consisted of two separate habitations—one on each side of the ditch—ingeniously contrived with private means of communication and escape from one to the other. For instance, in the event of either being invaded by the myrmidons of the law, a plank might be readily thrown from one aperture to the other, and as readily withdrawn in the event of pursuit; or, in the last extremity, the culprit could plunge into the ditch, and pursue his course down the murky stream, till either some familiar outlet, or the habitation of some friendly companion in crime, afforded him the means of escape. The principal building, known in the reign of George the First as the Red Lion Tavern, was unquestionably of great antiquity. Its dark closets, its trap-doors, its sliding panels, and its secret recesses and hiding-places, rendered it no less secure for purposes of robbery and murder, than as a refuge for those who were under the ban of the law. In this house, about thirty years ago, a sailor was robbed, and afterwards thrown naked, through one of the apertures which we have described, into the Fleet ditch,—a crime for which two men and a woman were subsequently convicted and transported for fourteen years. About the same time, although the premises were surrounded by the police, a thief made his escape by means of its communications with the neighbouring houses, the inhabitants of which were almost universally either subsistent upon or friendly to pillage and crime. At the demolition of these premises, there were found in the cellars, among other mysterious evidences of the dark deeds which had been perpetrated within their walls, numerous human bones, which, there can be little doubt, were those of persons who had met with an untimely end.

In ancient times, the great city wall, commencing at the Tower, after taking a circuit round London, terminated nearly at the foot of the present Blackfriars Bridge; running parallel with, and to the east of, the Fleet river. Here stood a strong fortress, the western *Arx Palatina* of the city, the remains of which were afterwards used in constructing the neighbouring palace of Bridewell.

Bridewell, which stood on the west side of the Fleet river, and the walls of which were washed by its waters, appears to have been a formidable fortress in the reign of William the Conqueror, and was the residence of our sovereigns at least as early as the reign of King John. This famous palatial fortress derived its name from a spring, or well, which flowed in the neighbourhood, and which was dedicated to St. Bride. It continued to be used as a palace as late as the reign of Henry the Eighth, who constantly held his Court there, and who rebuilt it in a magnificent manner for the reception of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, on the occasion of his visit to England in 1522. The Emperor, however, chose in preference the neighbouring palace of Blackfriars, and, accordingly, his suite only were lodged in Bridewell; a passage having been cut through the city wall to enable the inmates of the two palaces to communicate with each other.

It was in the palace of Bridewell that Henry the Eighth was holding his Court at the time when the Pope's Legate, Cardinal Campeius, or Campeggio, arrived in England, for the purpose of investigating the legality of the King's marriage with the unfortunate Catherine of Aragon. "The Cardinal," we are told, "came by long journeys into England, and much preparation was made to receive him triumphantly into London; but he was so sore vexed with the gout, that he refused all such solemnities, and desired that he might, without pomp, be conveyed to his lodgings, for his more quiet and rest. And so, on the 9th of October, he came from St. Mary Overys by water, to the Bishop of Bath's palace without Temple Bar, where he was visited by Cardinal Wolsey, and diverse other estates and prelates; and after he had rested him a season, he was brought to the King's presence at Bridewell by the Cardinal of York, and carried in a chair between four persons, for he was not able to stand."

In the palace of Bridewell, "in a room in the Queen's apartment," Shakspeare places the beautiful and pathetic scene, in which Catherine asserts her rights, and opposes her simple eloquence to the arguments of the cold-blooded Cardinals.

In the reign of Edward the Sixth the palace of Bridewell was converted into an establishment "for the correction and punishment of idle and vagrant people, and for setting them to work that they might, in an honest way, take pains to get their own livelihood." For the noble philanthropic project, which converted the palace of kings into an asylum for sheltering the houseless and for reclaiming crime, we are indebted to Bishop Ridley. His quaint letter on the subject to the Secretary of State, Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, is still extant. "Good Mr. Cecil," he writes, "I must be a suitor to you in our good master Christ's cause: I beseech you to be good to him. The matter is, sir, alas! he hath lain too long abroad (as you do know) without lodging, in the streets of London, both hungry, naked, and cold. Now, thanks be to Almighty God, the citizens are willing to refresh him, and to give him meat, drink, clothing, and firing; but, alas! sir, they lack lodging for him. For, in some one house, I dare say, they are fain to lodge three families under one roof. Sir, there is a large, wide, empty house of the King's majesty's, called Bridewell, that would wonderfully well serve to lodge Christ in, if he might find such good friends in the court to procure in his cause. Surely, I have such a good opinion of the King's majesty, that if Christ had such faithful and hearty friends, who would heartily speak for him, he should undoubtedly speed at the King's majesty's hands. Sir, I have promised my brethren, the citizens, to move you, because I do take you for one that feareth God, and would that Christ should lie no more in the streets."

Cecil entered warmly into Bishop Ridley's philanthropic plans, and accordingly, on the 10th of April, 1553, the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the city of London were summoned to attend the young King at Whitehall, when the palace of Bridewell was formally surrendered into their hands, to be a refuge and workhouse for the poor and unemployed. It was not till a later period that it was converted into a place of punishment and reformation for disobedient apprentices, street-brawlers, prostitutes, and other idle and refractory characters. The principal portion of the old palace of Bridewell was destroyed in the great fire of 1666. The remainder was taken down in 1863. In the committee room are several portraits, one of which, said to be by Holbein, represents Edward the Sixth confirming the charter of Bridewell. There is also a portrait of Charles the Second, by Sir Peter Lely, and another of James the Second, by the same artist.

In Bridewell died Madam Creswell, a notorious procuress of the days of Charles the Second. "She desired by will," says Granger, "to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have ten pounds; but upon this express condition, that he was to say nothing but what was *well* of her. A preacher was with some difficulty found who undertook the task. He, after a sermon preached on the general subject of mortality, and the good uses to be made of it, concluded by saying:—'By the will of the deceased it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what is *well* of her. All that I shall say of her, therefore, is this: she was born *well*, she lived *well*, and she died *well*; for she was born with the name Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell.'" The scene of the fourth plate of Hogarth's great work, the "Harlot's Progress," is laid in Bridewell.

Immediately to the west of Bridewell stood Dorset House, anciently the residence of the Bishops of Salisbury, and afterwards of that accomplished race of warriors and poets, the Sackvilles, Earls, and afterwards Dukes of Dorset. The site is still pointed out by Dorset Street; in the same manner that Salisbury Court, in the immediate neighbourhood, still commemorates the residence of the bishops of that see. In Sackville House, afterwards called Dorset House, lived in great magnificence Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, created by James the First, in 1604, Earl of Dorset. This nobleman was no less remarkable for his talents as a statesman, than for his literary accomplishments, being, in the opinion of Pope, the best poet between Chaucer and Spenser. In Dorset House he is said to have written his portion of the well-known tragedy, "Ferrex and Porrex." He was one of the commissioners who tried the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and was the person selected to communicate to her the fatal intelligence that her days were numbered. The Earl in his youth had been principally distinguished as a man of pleasure and a spendthrift; so much so, that his vast hereditary fortune had at one time nearly slipped through his hands. As Lord Treasurer, however, no man ever administered the public revenues with more credit to himself, or with greater advantage to his country. The incident which is stated to have occasioned the Earl's reformation is curious. His necessities having obliged him to seek the loan of a sum of money, he applied to a wealthy alderman for his assistance. Happening one day to call at the citizen's house, he was allowed to remain a considerable time unnoticed in an ante-chamber. This indignity—to which his necessities compelled him to submit—so wrought on his feelings, that he resolved from that moment to alter his mode of life; and it may be added, that he conscientiously adhered to his resolution.

The Earl died suddenly at the council board, on the 19th of April, 1608. In the heat of argument he rose from his seat, and drawing some papers from his bosom, exclaimed with great vehemence, "I have that here which will strike you dead." He fell down at the moment, and died almost instantly. The Queen, Anne of Denmark, was present when he expired.*

In Dorset House died Richard Sackville, the third Earl; and here also expired Edward the fourth Earl, celebrated for his famous duel with Lord Bruce, but still more for his genius in the cabinet, his gallantry on the field of battle, and his affectionate attachment to his unfortunate master, Charles the First. At the battle of Edgehill, the Earl was selected to take charge of the young Prince of Wales, and of his brother, the Duke of York. Unable, however, to resist the generous impulse which urged him to join the fray, he intrusted the young princes to the care of others, and placing himself at the head of his troops, performed heroic acts of valour; besides recovering the royal standard which had been captured by the enemy. Many years afterwards, on the 11th of December, 1679, we find the Duke of York writing to the first Lord Dartmouth: "The old Earl of Dorset, at Edgehill, being commanded by the King, my father, to go and carry the prince and myself up the hill, out of the battle, refused to do it, and said that he would not be thought a coward for ever a king's son in Christendom." The Earl took the execution of his royal master so much to heart, that he shut himself up in Dorset House, and never quitted it till his death, on the 17th of July, 1652.

At the Restoration we find the gallant and loyal William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, residing with his pompous and fantastic Duchess in a portion of Dorset House. It was shortly afterwards taken down, and nearly on its site was erected the Dorset Garden Theatre, which stood on the east side of the present Salisbury Court, with a front towards the river.

---

* His widow Cicely, daughter of Sir John Baker of Sissinghurst, in Kent, died in Dorset House on the 1st of October, 1615.

This theatre, of which the widow of the well-known Sir William Davenant was the patentee, was opened on the 9th of November, 1671, notwithstanding a strong opposition made to it by the city of London. The actors, among whom was the well-known Betterton, were styled the Duke of York's servants, in order to distinguish them from the King's company.*

On the banks of the Thames, between Dorset House and the Temple Garden, stood the convent of the Whitefriars, or Carmelites, the site of which is still pointed out by Whitefriars Street. It was founded in 1241, by Sir Richard Grey, of Codnor in Derbyshire, and was afterwards rebuilt, about the year 1350, by Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire; Robert Marshall, Bishop of Hereford, furnishing the choir. In the church of the convent were buried many persons of distinction, of whom Stow has given us a long catalogue. Shortly after the dissolution of the monasteries, the church and the other buildings connected with the convent were taken down; the Chapter-house and other parts being conferred by Henry the Eighth on his physician, Henry Butts, whose name has been immortalised by Shakspeare. The great hall, or refectory, was converted into the Whitefriars Theatre.

---

* They removed to Dorset Garden from the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn. The Duke's servants continued to perform in Dorset Garden till 1682, when they removed to Drury Lane, and incorporated themselves with the King's Company. The theatre in Dorset Garden was still standing in 1720, shortly after which period it appears to have been pulled down. The theatre in Dorset Garden was the last to which the company were in the habit of going by water.

Whitefriars, however, still retained the privilege of a sanctuary, and, accordingly, from the days of James the First to those of William the Third, we find it affording an asylum to all kinds of abandoned characters, thieves, cheats, gamesters, insolvent debtors, and broken down poets and actors, who dubbed the district by the cant title of Alsatia, a name rendered famous by Shadwell in his "Squire of Alsatia," and still more so by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Fortunes of Nigel." "Whitefriars, adjacent to the Temple," says Sir Walter, "then well known by the cant name of Alsatia, had the privilege of a sanctuary, unless against the writ of the Lord Chief Justice, or of the Lords of the Privy Council. Indeed, as the place abounded with desperadoes of every description—bankrupt citizens, ruined gamesters, irreclaimable prodigals, desperate duellists, bravoes, homicides, and debauched profligates of every description, all leagued together to maintain the immunities of their asylum—it was both difficult and unsafe for the officers of the law to execute warrants emanating even from the highest authority, amongst men whose safety was inconsistent with warrants or authority of any kind."

The scene of "The Squire of Alsatia" lies in this once abandoned district; Shadwell going so far as to make his characters speak the cant language of the thieves and desperadoes of the reign of Charles the Second. Many of these words and phrases Sir Walter Scott has borrowed, and placed in the mouths of different characters, in the debauched scenes into which he introduces Lord Glenvarloch. Of the kind of persons to be met with in this privileged and lawless district in the days of Charles the Second, Shadwell affords us a tolerable idea in summing up the character of his *dramatis personæ*:—

"*Cheatly.* A rascal, who by reason of debts dares not stir out of

Whitefriars, but there inveigles young heirs in tail, and helps them to goods and money upon great disadvantages; is bound for them, and shares with them till he undoes them. A lewd, impudent, debauched fellow, very expert in the cant about the town.

"*Shamwell.* Cousin to the Belfords; an heir, who being ruined by Cheatly, is made a decoy-duck for others; not daring to stir out of Alsatia, where he lives; is bound to Cheatly for heirs, and lives upon 'em a dissolute, debauched life.

"*Capt. Hackum.* A blockhead bully of Alsatia; a cowardly, impudent, blustering fellow, formerly a serjeant in Flanders, run from his colours, retreated into Whitefriars for a very small debt, where, by the Alsatians he is dubbed a Captain; marries one that lets lodgings, sells cherry-brandy, &c.

"*Scrapeall.* A hypocritical, repeating, praying, psalm-singing, precise fellow, pretending to great piety; a godly knave, who joins with Cheatly, and supplies young heirs with goods and money."

In the reign of James the First, Alsatia was the scene of one of the most singular murders on record. Robert Crighton, Lord Sanquhar, a Scottish nobleman, had had his eye accidentally put out by one Turner, a fencing-master, while amusing themselves with the foils. Some time afterwards, being at Paris, Henry the Fourth of France inquired of him how the accident had happened? Sanquhar detailed the circumstances; on which the King asked *whether the man still lived who had mutilated him?* The question had such an effect upon Lord Sanquhar, that he hired two of his countrymen, named Irving and Carlile, to waylay and shoot the unfortunate fencing-master. According to the "State Trials"—"These two, about seven o'clock in the evening, came to a house in the Friars, which Turner used to frequent as he came to his school, which was near that place, and finding Turner there, they saluted one another, and Turner, with one of his friends, sat at the door, asking them to drink; but Carlile and Irving, turning about to cock the pistol, came back immediately, and Carlile, drawing it from under his coat, discharged it upon Turner, and gave him a mortal wound near the left pap; so that Turner, after having said these words, 'Lord have mercy upon me! I am killed,' immediately fell down. Whereupon Carlile and Irving fled, Carlile to the town, and Irving towards the river; but the latter, mistaking his way, and entering into a court where they sold wood, which was no thoroughfare, he was taken. The Baron of Sanquhar likewise fled. The ordinary officers of justice did their utmost, but could not take them; for, in fact, as appeared afterwards, Carlile fled into Scotland, and towards the sea, thinking to go to Sweden, and Sanquhar hid himself in England."

They did not long, however, elude the vigilance of justice. Having been severally tried and found guilty, Lord Sanquhar was hanged in New Palace Yard, opposite to the entrance to Westminster Hall, and Irving and Carlile in Fleet Street, opposite to the entrance to Whitefriars. Lord Sanquhar's body was allowed to remain suspended a much longer time than usual, in order that "people might take notice of the King's greater justice," in putting the laws in force against a powerful nobleman and one of his own countrymen. Peyton, however, in his "Divine Catastrophe," relates a curious anecdote, which, if true, places the conduct of James in a very different light. Lord Sanquhar, he says, was on one occasion present at the Court of Henry the Fourth of France, when some one happened to speak of his royal master as the "English Solomon." King Henry—alluding to the supposed attachment of James's mother to David Rizzio—observed sarcastically—"I hope the name is not given him because he is David the fiddler's son." This conversation was repeated to James, and, accordingly, when, some time afterwards, the friends of Lord Sanquhar implored him to save his life, he is said to have refused the application on the ground that Lord Sanquhar had neglected to resent the insult offered to his sovereign.

Whitefriars continued to enjoy the privilege of a sanctuary till 1697, when, in consequence of the riotous proceedings which constantly took place within its precincts, and the encouragement which it held out to vice and crime, it was abolished by act of Parliament. The other sanctuaries, whose privileges were swept away at the same time, were those of Mitre Court, Ram Alley, and Salisbury Court, Fleet Street; the Savoy in the Strand; Fulwood's Rents, Holborn; Baldwin's Gardens, in Gray's Inn Lane; the Minories, and Deadman Place, Montague Close; and the Clink, and the Mint, in Southwark. In the "Tatler" of the 10th of September, 1709, Alsatia is spoken of as being in ruins.

The great lawyer, John Shelden—James Shirley, the dramatic poet—John Ogilvy, the poet, and Sir Balthazar Gerbier, the painter, were at different periods residents in Whitefriars. Selden died here, in 1654, in the Friary House, the residence of the Countess of Kent, to whom there is reason to believe that he was privately married.

LONDON BRIDGE.

ANTIQUITY OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.—LEGEND OF THE ERECTION OF THE FIRST BRIDGE.—CANUTE'S EXPEDITION.—THE FIRST STONE BRIDGE.—ITS APPEARANCE.—TRAITORS' HEADS AFFIXED THEREON.—TENANTS AND ACCIDENTS ON IT.—SUICIDES UNDER IT.—PAGEANTS ACROSS, AND FIGHTS ON IT.—EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.—WAT TYLER.—LORDS WELLES AND LINDSAY.—RICHARD II.—HENRY V.—SIGISMUND.—HENRY VI.—JACK CADE.—BASTARD OF FALCONBRIDGE.—WOLSEY.—OSBORNE.—WYATT.—CHARLES II.—DECAPITATED PERSONS.

OF the ancient structures which have been swept away within the memory of living persons, there is not one which was more replete with historical and romantic associations than Old London Bridge. At the time of its demolition in 1832, it had existed upward of six centuries. From the days of the Normans till the reign of George the Second it had been the only thoroughfare which had united, not only the southern counties of England, but the whole of Europe, with the great metropolis of the West. Apart from its connection with ancient manners and customs, we must remember that, for a long lapse of years, it was over this famous causeway that the wise, the noble, and the beautiful, from all countries and all climes,—the adventurer in search of gold—the Jesuit employed on his dark mission of mystery and intrigue—the ambassador followed by his gorgeous suites—philosophers, statesmen, and poets—passed in their journey to the great commercial capital of the world. Every princely procession from the continent of

Europe—every fair bride who has come over to be wedded to our earlier sovereigns—every illustrious prisoner, from the days of Cressy and Agincourt to those of Blenheim and Ramillies, has passed in succession over Old London Bridge. Westminster Abbey, the Tower, and the Temple Church, still remain to us as venerable relics of the past; but Old London Bridge, with its host of historical associations, has passed away for ever!

Stow, on the authority of Bartholomew Linsted, *alias* Fowle, the last prior of the church of St. Mary Overy's, Southwark, relates a curious legend in regard to the circumstances which first led to the erection of a bridge over the Thames at London. "A ferry," he says, "being kept in place where now the bridge is builded, at length the ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the same ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary, which, with the goods left by her parents, and also with the profits arising out of the said ferry, builded an house of Sisters in place where now standeth the east part of St. Mary Overy's church, above the quire, where she was buried, unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the ferry. But afterwards the said house of Sisters being converted into a college of priests, the priests builded the bridge of (timber), as all the other the great bridges of this land were, and from time to time kept the same in good reparations; till at length, considering the great charges of repairing the same, there was, by aid of the citizens of London and others, a bridge built with arches of stone."

That at a very remote period there existed a constructed passage over the Thames nearly on the site of the present London Bridge, there is every reason to believe. The first notice, however, of a "bridge" is to be found in 994, in the reign of Ethelred the Second. It was supported by piles, or posts, sunk in the bed of the river; was fortified with turrets and bulwarks, and was broad enough to admit of one carriage passing another. It was in this reign that Olaf, or Olave, King of Norway, sailed in his expedition up the Thames as far as London, for the purpose of assisting King Ethelred to drive away the Danish adventurers who then held possession, not only of the metropolis, but of a great portion of the kingdom. It was in the successful attempt to reduce the defences of the bridge that the great fight took place between the contending parties. Victory decided in favour of the English. In the conflict a vast number of the Danes were either killed or drowned, the remainder, who fled in all directions, being speedily compelled to submit to the authority of King Ethelred.

The bridge on this occasion is said to have been completely destroyed; but that it was speedily rebuilt is evident from the fact of the forces of Canute, King of Denmark, having been impeded by a bridge at London on the occasion of his leading a fleet up the Thames in 1016. Defeated in his attempts to reduce the bridge by assault, he had recourse to an expedient which shows how great were his resources. "He caused," says Pennant, "a prodigious ditch to be cut on the south side of the Thames, at Rotherhithe, or Redriff, a little to the east of Southwark, which he continued at a distance from the south end of the bridge, in form of a semicircle, opening into the western part of the river. Through this he drew his ships, and effectually completed the blockade of the city. But the valour of the citizens obliged him to raise the siege. Evidences of this great work were found in the place called the Dock Head at Redriff, where it began. Fascines of hazels and other brushwood, fastened down with stakes, were discovered in digging that dock in 1694; and in other parts of its course have been met with, in ditching, large oaken planks, and numbers of piles."

From the period of King Canute's expedition we find few notices of London Bridge till 1091, in which year it is said to have been entirely swept away by a furious tempest, whose devastations extended over London, destroying several churches, and no fewer than 600 private houses. The bridge was speedily rebuilt, but was again destroyed by a fearful conflagration which took place in 1136, and which desolated London from Aldgate to St. Paul's.

According to Stow, London Bridge was entirely rebuilt of wood in 1163, by one Peter, curate of St. Mary Colechurch, apparently the most eminent architect of his day. In consequence, however, of the perishable nature of its materials, and the great expense of keeping it in repair, it was determined to replace it with a bridge of stone, and accordingly, between the years 1176 and 1209, it was rebuilt of that material under the auspices of the same Peter, who died about four years previously to the completion of his great work.

London Bridge, at a very early period after its erection of stone, appears to have had a row of houses on each side of it, forming a narrow and continuous street. Besides shops and other tenements, it had its chapel dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, which stood on the east side, almost in the centre of the bridge, and within which chapel the architect, Peter of Colechurch, was buried. It had also a drawbridge, between the chapel and the Southwark end of the bridge, which was not only useful both as a means of defence, but as enabling vessels with masts to pass up the river. The drawbridge was protected by a strong tower; besides which there was another tower at the Southwark end. On each side of the bridge, between the houses, were three openings, which afforded passengers a view of the river and shipping. The houses on both sides are described as overhanging the river in a manner which impressed the mind almost with terror.

There are few persons in whose imaginations old London Bridge is not associated with the exposure of a number of grisly heads of traitors and other criminals, which, affixed to poles, gave a ghastly appearance to the bridge. Till the sixteenth century, the place where these heads were exposed was the top of the drawbridge-tower. In consequence, however, of this tower having been pulled down, and replaced by a wooden building called Nonsuch House, they were thenceforward affixed on the tower at the Southwark end. In 1591, the German traveller, Hentzner, counted no fewer than thirty heads on this tower.

The old stone bridge, commenced by Peter of Colechurch in 1176, notwithstanding numerous accidents by flood and fire, retained its original character essentially the same till the year 1757, when, in consequence of the increase of traffic between London and Southwark, the houses were pulled down. "I well remember," says Pennant, "the street on London Bridge, narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers from the multitude of carriages: frequent arches of strong timber crossed the street, from the tops of the houses, to keep them together, and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the rest of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of the falling waters, the clamours of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches. Most of the houses were tenanted by pin or needle-makers, and economical ladies were wont to drive from the St. James's end of the town to make cheap purchases." The old bridge, after having existed for upwards of six centuries, was at length taken down in 1832; the first pile of the present magnificent structure having previously been driven on the 15th of March, 1824.

The appearance of old London Bridge, with its gateway at each end, its drawbridge, its Gothic chapel, its fortified towers, and its rows of curiously-fashioned houses overhanging the rapid and roaring river, must have been striking and picturesque in the extreme. The gloomy thoroughfare between the houses was, at the widest part, only twenty feet in breadth, and in some places only twelve. We have already seen from Pennant's description, that in his time the houses were principally occupied by a colony of pin or needle-makers. Many years previously, in the reign of Elizabeth, they had been chiefly tenanted by booksellers; indeed, London Bridge enjoyed then nearly the same kind of literary reputation, as St. Paul's Churchyard and Paternoster Row in our own time. Among the publishers' signs on the bridge, as appears by the title-pages attached to contemporary publications, were the "Three Bibles," the "Angel," and the "Looking Glass;" the former continuing to exist as late as the year 1724. Early, however, in the reign of Charles the First, London Bridge appears to have lost its exclusive character for harbouring any particular branch of trade. Of the forty-three houses burnt down in a frightful conflagration which nearly consumed the bridge in 1633, one was inhabited by a needle-maker, eight by haberdashers of small wares, six by hosiers, five by haberdashers of hats, one by a shoemaker, three by silkmen, one by a milliner, two by glovers, two by mercers, one by a distiller of strong waters, one by a girdler, one by a linen-draper, two by woollen-drapers, one by a salter, two by grocers, one by a scrivener, one by the curate of St. Magnus Church, one by the clerk, and one by a female whose occupation is not stated, while two others were unoccupied.

Of the value of the houses on the bridge in the reign of Edward the First, some curious particulars have been handed down to us. For the greater number of the houses at the Southwark end, the Crown received only eleven shillings and fourpence rents of assize; and only sixteen shillings and a halfpenny for the customs on goods sold there. The rent of several of the houses amounted to no more than three-halfpence, and twopence halfpenny; and a fruiterer's shop, described to have been two yards and a half, and one thumb in length, and three yards and two thumbs in depth, was let on a lease from the bridgemaster at a rental of twelvepence.

We have already made a passing reference to the two most remarkable buildings on the bridge—namely, the chapel dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, and Nonsuch House. The former, which had a winding staircase leading down to the river, was coeval with the bridge itself, and continued to be a place of worship till the Reformation. It was of black and white marble pavement. Its crypt, with its vaulted roof and elegant clustered columns, is said to have been extremely beautiful. Within the starlings of the pier which supported the chapel was anciently a piscatorium, or fish-pond, covered over with an iron grating which prevented the escape of the fish that had been carried in by the tide. Mr. Thomson, to whom we are indebted for so many interesting memorials of London Bridge, informs us that in 1827 there was still living one of the old functionaries connected with the bridge—then verging upon his hundredth year—who well remembered having descended the winding staircase leading from the chapel, in order to fish in the pond. About the beginning of the last century, the venerable old chapel was converted into a warehouse and shop, which, in 1737, were tenanted by a Mr. Yaldwyn. This person, while repairing a staircase, is said to have discovered the remains of a sepulchral monument, which there was every reason to believe was that of Peter of Colechurch, the architect of the bridge. At a later period we find the chapel occupied by a Mr. Baldwin, a haberdasher. This person, when in his seventy-second year, was, in consequence of the impaired state of his health, recommended by his medical adviser to retire for a time into the country, for the advantage of fresh air and quiet. Accordingly he proceeded to Chiselhurst; but so accustomed was he to the monotonous roar of the river as it rushed through the narrow arches of London Bridge, that the contrasted lull and stillness of the country entirely deprived him of sleep.

> "*Petruchio.* What, are they mad? have we another Bedlam?
> They do not talk, I hope?
> *Sophocles.* Oh, terribly,
> Extremely fearfully! the noise at London Bridge
> Is nothing near her."
> BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Woman's Prize.*

The last individuals who occupied St. Thomas's chapel, previously to its demolition, were a Mr. Gill and a Mr. Wright, during whose occupancy it was used as a paper warehouse.

Nonsuch House also, at the period of its destruction, was used for the purposes of trade. This fantastic-looking structure—which was of wood, and elaborately carved—is said to have been brought piecemeal from Holland, and to have been set up and fixed together entirely by means of wooden pegs. It spanned the bridge; having turrets at each of its four corners crowned by domes and surmounted by gilt weathercocks, which were conspicuous objects from almost every part of the metropolis.

During an existence of upwards of six centuries, it was natural that London Bridge should have been subjected to numerous accidents and catastrophes. On the night of the 10th of July, 1212, only three years after its completion, a dreadful fire took place, by which several houses were destroyed and a great number of persons lost their lives. Unfortunately, the church of St. Mary Overy, on the Southwark side of the river, also caught fire, and a strong southerly wind blowing at the same time, the flames were suddenly carried to the opposite side of the bridge, thus hemming in, in a single narrow causeway, a dense mass of agonized human beings. Many persons were trampled to death; others leaped into the river, only to find a watery grave; a still greater number perished in the flames. According to Stow—"About three thousand bodies were found in part or half-burnt, besides those that were wholly burned to ashes, and could not be found."

The next formidable accident which appears to have occurred to London Bridge, was in 1282, at the breaking up of a great frost, on which occasion a furious wind, added to a strong tide bearing along with it large masses of floating ice, carried away five of the arches.

We have already alluded to the disastrous fire which took place on the night of the 13th of February, 1633, when forty-three tenements were destroyed. Then followed the great fire of 1666, which swept away everything before it. The last fire on the bridge of which we have any record, broke out on the night of the 8th of September, 1725, when several houses were laid in ruins.

Many of our readers may remember well the almost terrific falls of water which, at the retreat of the tide, poured through the narrow arches of old London Bridge. Thousands of lives had been lost in descending these falls, yet for centuries apparently no attempt had been made to abate the grievance. "Of the multitudes," says Pennant, "who have perished in this rapid descent, the names of no one of any note have reached my knowledge, except that of Mr. Temple, only son of the great Sir William Temple. His end was dreadful, as it was premeditated. He had a week before accepted from King William the office of Secretary at War. On the 14th of April, 1689, he hired a boat on the Thames, and directed the waterman to shoot the bridge; at that instant he flung himself into the torrent, and, having filled his pockets with stones to destroy all chance of safety, instantly sunk. In the boat was found a note to this effect:—'My folly in undertaking what I could not perform, whereby some misfortunes have befallen the King's service, is the cause of my putting myself to this sudden end. I wish him success in all his undertakings, and a better servant.'"

Another remarkable case of self-destruction between the arches of old London Bridge was that of the unfortunate Eustace Budgell, in 1737. Budgell, as is well known, was a relation of Addison, and the writer of some papers in the "Spectator." Being threatened with a prosecution, on a charge of having forged the will of Dr. Tindal, in which he had provided himself with a legacy of £2000, he determined to put an end to his existence.

> "Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on his quill,
> And write whate'er he please,—except my will."—POPE.

Accordingly, having previously filled his pockets with stones, as in the case of Mr. Temple, he hired a wherry at the stairs of Somerset House, and, just as the boat was passing under London Bridge, suddenly threw himself into the water, and was immediately drowned. In his *escritoire* was found a short scrap of a will, written a day or two before his death, in which he bequeathed the whole of his personal property to his natural daughter, Anne Budgell, then about eleven years old, who afterwards became an actress of some celebrity, and who died at Bath about the year 1775. It was rumoured at the time that he had endeavoured to persuade her to accompany him and share his fate, but the circumstance of his carefully bequeathing her his property goes far to refute the truth of the story. In his bureau were found the following lines:—

> "What Cato did, and Addison approved,
> Cannot be wrong."

As if, because the Roman hero of Addison's tragedy happened to commit suicide, Addison himself was an advocate for self-destruction. Boswell, in his "Life of Johnson," observes:—"We talked of a man's drowning himself. JOHNSON: 'I should never think it time to make away with myself.' I put the case of Eustace Budgell, who was accused of forging a will, and sunk himself in the Thames before the trial of its authenticity came on. 'Suppose, Sir,' said I, 'that a man is absolutely sure that if he lives a few days longer he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace and expulsion from society?' JOHNSON: 'Then, Sir, let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the Devil, where he *is* known.'"

Old London Bridge is associated with some of the most interesting events in the history of our country. It was across this famous thoroughfare that, on the 24th of May, 1357, Edward the Black Prince rode side by side with his illustrious prisoner, John King of France, whom he had recently taken captive at the battle of Poictiers. At Southwark they were met by a cavalcade of the principal citizens, in their scarlet robes and gold chains; so great being the concourse of people, that although the cavalcade passed over London Bridge at three o'clock in the morning, it was high noon before they reached Westminster Hall, where King Edward the Third was seated on his throne prepared to do them honour. The French monarch, we are told, sumptuously arrayed in regal apparel, was mounted on a cream-coloured charger covered with splendid trappings, while the Black Prince, in order to avoid every appearance of triumph, contented himself with riding by his side on a black pony. King Edward had previously issued orders to the Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Picard, to receive the captive monarch with all the respect due to his misfortunes and to his exalted rank. Accordingly, the houses on London Bridge, as well as in the different streets through which the procession passed, were hung with the richest tapestry, and adorned with plate and glittering armour. "The citizens," writes Knyghton, "especially boasted of their warlike furniture, and exposed that day in their shops, windows, and balconies, such an incredible quantity of bows and arrows, shields, helmets, corslets, breast and back-plates, coats of mail, gauntlets, vambraces, swords, spears, battle-axes, harness for horses, and other armour, both offensive and defensive, that the like had never been seen in memory of man before." We have already mentioned that the Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Picard, had subsequently the honour of entertaining no fewer than four monarchs at his house in the Vintry, namely, Edward the Third, John King of France, David King of Scotland, and the King of Cyprus, besides Edward the Black Prince and the principal nobility of the realm.

The circumstance of London Bridge having been the only land communication between the southern counties and the metropolis, has rendered it on many occasions the scene of conflict and slaughter. In spite of its formidable defences, Wat Tyler, on the 13th of June, 1381, forced his way over it into the metropolis at the head of the Kentish rebels. Froissart describes them as shouting and yelling in their progress, "as though all the devylles of hell had been amonge them." At first the warders refused to let down the drawbridge; but the insurgents, having terrified them into obedience, rushed impetuously forward, and pouring themselves into the City commenced those fearful acts of devastation and bloodshed of which we have fortunately but few parallel cases in our history. On London Bridge, too, it was, on St. George's Day, 1395, that John Lord Welles, the champion of English chivalry, and David Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, as the representative of Scottish chivalry, met to decide by single combat the claims of their two countries to superiority of valour. Lord Welles had fought under the banner of John Duke of Lancaster during the wars of Edward the Third. He had subsequently served with distinction in the Scottish campaigns; and, on the return of peace, was appointed by Richard the Second his Ambassador in that country. "As soon," we are told, "as the day of battle was come, both the parties were conveyed to the bridge, and soon after, by sound of trumpet, the two parties ran hastily together, on their barbed horses, with square grounden spears, to the death. Earl David, notwithstanding the valiant dint of spears broken on his helmet and visage, sat so strongly, that the people, moved with vain suspicion, cried, 'Earl David, contrary to the laws, is bound to the saddle.' Earl David, hearing this murmur, dismounted off his horse, and without any support or help ascended again into the saddle. Incontinent they rushed together with the new spears the second time, with burning ire to conquer honour; but in the third course the Lord Welles was sent out of his saddle, with such a violence that he fell to the ground. Earl David, seeing his fall, dismounted hastily from his horse, and tenderly embraced him, that the people might understand he fought with no hatred, but only for the glory of victory; and in the sign of more humanity he visited him every day while he recovered his health, and then returned into Scotland."

It was over London Bridge, on the 13th of November, 1396, that Richard the Second conducted his young bride, Isabella, eldest daughter of Charles the Sixth of France, to whom he had been married in the church of St. Nicholas at Calais, on the 31st of the preceding month. The King brought her, we are told, "with all the honour that might be devised," from Dover to the palace of Westminster; such multitudes flocking to behold their progress, that on London Bridge "nine persons were crowded to death," among whom was the Prior of the Austin Canons at Tiptree, in Essex.

The next event of any interest connected with old London Bridge, occurred on the 23rd of November, 1415, when Henry the Fifth passed over it on his return from his great victory of Agincourt. The citizens of London, as usual on such occasions, had prepared a magnificent pageant to celebrate the return of their chivalrous monarch. According to Lydgate, at the Southwark gate stood the figure of a giant, "full grim of might, to teach the penal men curtesye;" and at the drawbridge towers were erected figures of lions and antelopes, with a colossal statue of St. George surrounded by numerous angels. The King's whole journey from Dover to London resembled a triumph. "I might declare unto you," writes Hall the chronicler, "how the Mayor of London and the Senate, apparelled in grained scarlet—how three hundred commoners clad in beautiful murrey, well mounted and gorgeously horsed, with rich collars and great chains—met the King at Blackheath, rejoicing at his victorious return; how the clergy of London with rich crosses, and sumptuous copes, received him at St. Thomas of Watering, with solemn procession, lauding and praising God for the high honour and victory to him given and granted: but all these things I omit."

On the 7th of May the following year, London Bridge presented a scarcely less stirring and magnificent scene, on the occasion of the arrival of the German Emperor Sigismund, in England. At Blackheath he was met by a large concourse of knights and noblemen, who conducted him in triumph over London Bridge, and thence through the streets to the palace of Westminster. Over London Bridge, also, in February, 1421, Henry the Fifth passed with his young Queen, Katherine, daughter of Charles the Sixth, to whom he had recently been united in France. "Marvel it is to write," says Hall, "but marvel it was to see with what joy, what triumph, what solace, and what rejoicing he was received of all his subjects, but in especial of the Londoners, which for tediousness I overpass." On the 31st of August, the following year, in the zenith of his triumphant career, Henry breathed his last in the Bois de Vincennes, near Paris. Exactly seven years after the day on which the victor had ridden in triumph over London Bridge after the battle of Agincourt, the funeral car which contained his remains rolled over the same thoroughfare. The car, drawn by six horses, supported a recumbent effigy of the deceased monarch, magnificently arrayed in the robes of sovereignty. "Upon the head," we are told, "was set an imperial diadem of gold and precious stones; on the body a purple robe furred with ermine; in his right hand a sceptre royal; and in his left hand a ball of gold with a cross fixed thereon; and, in this manner adorned, was this figure laid in a bed in the said chariot, with his visage uncovered towards the heavens; and the coverture of his bed was of red silk, beaten with gold."

When his youthful successor, Henry the Sixth, approached London after his coronation at Paris, he was met at Blackheath by a large assemblage of the citizens, who conducted him with great pomp across London Bridge to the palace of his Saxon predecessors at Westminster. On reaching the middle of the bridge, according to Stow, the king was encountered by a "mighty giant," who, "with a sword drawn in his hand, had certain written speeches in metre, of great rejoicing and welcoming of the king to the city." Three years afterwards, on the 28th of May, 1445—on the occasion of the arrival in England of Henry's bride, Margaret of Anjou, London Bridge was again the scene of military and fantastic pageantry. During this reign also more than one sanguinary conflict took place on the bridge. Here, in 1450, the famous fight took place between Jack Cade and the citizens of London, in which many lives were lost, and the houses on the bridge set on fire. "Alas!" says Hall, "what sorrow it was to behold that miserable chance! for some, desiring to eschew the fire, leapt on his enemy's weapon and so died; fearful women, with children in their arms, amazed and appalled, leapt into the river; others, doubting how to save themselves, between fire, water, and sword, were in their houses suffocated and smothered." Eighteen years afterwards, in 1468, we find the citizens valiantly and successfully defending the bridge against the assault of Sir Geoffrey Gates, who, in revenge for his repulse, pillaged Southwark, Bermondsey, and other hamlets on the south side of the Thames.

But perhaps the most furious and important conflict which ever took place on London Bridge, was fought on the 14th of May, 1471, when the Bastard of Falconbridge, at the head of seventeen thousand men, attempted to force his way into London, in the hope of releasing his unfortunate sovereign Henry the Sixth, then a prisoner in the Tower. The citizens, however, were devotedly attached to the House of York, and in vain did the Bastard, by his voice and example, urge on his followers to fresh acts of valour. He succeeded, indeed, in forcing the Southwark gate, which he set fire to; but here his progress was arrested by the determined resistance of the citizens, and within a few weeks his severed head was to be seen a conspicuous object on the very defences which had so recently witnessed his valour.

On the 12th of November, 1501, we find the ill-fated Catherine of Aragon escorted in great state by the citizens of London over London Bridge, when on her way to be married to Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry the Eighth. It was along the same thoroughfare that her arch-enemy, Cardinal Wolsey, subsequently passed in more than regal splendour when proceeding as ambassador to France. According to Cavendish, he rode on a mule sumptuously caparisoned with crimson velvet; there being carried in front of him two great crosses of silver, two large pillars of the same metal, the great seal of England, and the cardinal's hat. The procession was headed by a vast number of sumpter-mules, carts, and carriages, guarded by armed men bearing bows and spears. Next came "of gentlemen, a great number, three in a rank, in black velvet livery-coats, and the most part of them with great chains of gold about their necks; and all his yeomen, with noblemen's and gentlemen's servants following him, in French tawny livery-coats, having embroidered upon the backs and breasts of the said coats, these letters, T. and C., under the cardinal's hat." The Cardinal himself brought up the rear.

The next interesting event connected with London Bridge is one entirely of a domestic nature, but is not on that account the less deserving of notice. We allude to a well-known and romantic incident to which the house of Osborne owes its ducal honours. The hero of the tale was a young man, named Edward Osborne, who was apprentice to a citizen and clothworker, named William Hewet, afterwards knighted, whose residence was in one of the houses on London Bridge, overlooking the rapid stream. Sir William had an only and beloved daughter, Anne, who in the year 1536, either while playing with the servant who had the charge of her, or losing her balance while leaning out of a window, accidentally fell into the river. Young Osborne, who happened to be a witness of the disaster, without a moment's hesitation leapt after her and rescued her from a watery grave. It was an act of generous gallantry which was never forgotten by the fond father. Years rolled on; the clothworker had achieved the highest civic honours, and had become the wealthiest citizen in London. Love in the mean time had sprung up between the gallant apprentice and the fair girl; but unfortunately the reputation of her father's wealth had surrounded her with a host of noble admirers, among whom is said to have been George, fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, who, though advanced in years, was a man not unworthy of winning so fair a prize. The chances of success were certainly greatly against the humble but gallant apprentice. Sir Willam Hewet, however, tempting as was the opportunity of aggrandizing his family, was true to the interests and the happiness of the preserver of his child. "*Osborne*," he said, "*saved her, and Osborne shall enjoy her.*" In due time they were married; and subsequently Osborne became possessed of the vast property of his father-in-law. He was advanced to be Sheriff of London in 1575, to be Lord Mayor in 1582, and in 1585 he was elected to represent the City in Parliament.

It was on the 3rd of February, 1554, shortly after the accession of Queen Mary, that Sir Thomas Wyatt made his famous and ill-advised attempt to force the defences of London Bridge. The citizens of London, however, were prepared to receive the daring insurgent with the gallantry with which, for centuries, they had resisted similar rebellious attempts. Cannon were planted on the bridge; the bridge-gates were closed; and the drawbridge, instead of being merely raised, as was in the case of Wat Tyler's insurrection, was cut down and thrown into the river. The mayor and aldermen, moreover, issued orders to the citizens to close their doors and windows; enjoining them to be "ready-harnessed at their doors," prepared for any emergency. These precautions had the desired effect. Sir Thomas Wyatt, having published at Maidstone his declaration against the Queen's evil advisers and the proposed matrimonial alliance with Spain, advanced with his forces to Southwark, where, instead of finding the citizens prepared to receive him with the ardour which he had anticipated, he had the mortification to discover that they were resolved to resist him to the last. The result is well known. Finding that the bridge was secured against him, he led his forces to Kingston on Thames, where he crossed the river with 4000 men. He then directed his course towards London, where he still hoped to effect a successful rising; but though he entered Westminster without opposition, his followers, finding that he was joined by no person either of rank or influence, gradually deserted his standard, and he himself having been seized by Sir Maurice Berkeley near Temple Bar, was shortly afterwards executed.

It was rather more than a century after this event that London Bridge presented a gay and stirring scene on the occasion of Charles the Second making his entry into the metropolis after his almost miraculous Restoration. He was attended by General Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, and by the Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Buckingham. In his progress from Dover to London, the most costly preparations, and the wildest effusions of joy, had encountered him at every step. The road was everywhere thronged with spectators: on Barham Downs he was met by a brilliant train of the neighbouring nobility and gentry "clad in very rich apparel;" at Blackheath the army were drawn up, and received him with loud acclamations of fervent joy; and in the town of Deptford, a hundred young girls, dressed in white, walked before the King, and strewed flowers in his path. In the towns through which he passed, the houses were everywhere decorated with silken streamers, ribands, and garlands of flowers, and music and acclamations were the only sounds which met his ear. In the villages, the joy of the country people was not less fervently displayed; the old music of tabor and pipe, as well as their favourite morrice-dances, and other rural games and sports, adding considerably to the effect of the joyous scene. In St. George's Fields, Southwark, the King was met by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London in their scarlet gowns, who conducted him to a large tent covered with rich tapestry, where he was entertained with a magnificent banquet. The remark made by Charles, on the enthusiasm which everywhere greeted him, is well known. It must have been his own fault, he said, that he had been so long absent, for his subjects seemed to be unanimous in promoting his return. Thus welcomed, and almost worshipped, the young monarch passed over London Bridge amidst the roar of cannon and the acclamations of thousands. The houses on each side of the bridge, as well as in the different streets through which he passed, were hung with tapestry and garlands of flowers; bands of music struck up their congratulatory notes at stated places; the train-bands of the City, in rich dresses, lined the principal street, and the City conduits flowed with wine. At night the sky was alight with illuminations, bonfires, and fireworks, and the people were regaled with a profusion of wine and food.

We have already alluded to the number of ghastly heads, which, elevated on poles on London Bridge, grinned horribly on the passer-by. To enumerate the names of the host of decapitated persons whose heads were thus exposed, would comprise a long and melancholy catalogue. After the destruction of the drawbridge-tower in the sixteenth century, the building on which the heads of malefactors was exposed was the tower at the Southwark end of the bridge. It is a fact that within this tower was a cooking apparatus and cauldron, in which the heads and quarters of those who had been executed for high treason, were parboiled, and underwent a regular process for preserving them against the effects of the atmosphere. The heads were then elevated on the defences of the bridge, and the quarters packed off to be exposed on the gates of the principal cities in the kingdom. Among the most remarkable persons whose remains were thus mangled, and whose heads were exposed on London Bridge, may be mentioned the illustrious Scottish patriot William Wallace, and his dauntless companion-in-arms Sir Simon Frazer; the Earls of Fife and Monteith, who were taken prisoners at the battle of Neville's Cross; Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was murdered by the rebels in Wat Tyler's insurrection; the Earl of Huntingdon, brother-in-law to Henry the Fourth; the stout and venerable Earl of Northumberland, father of Harry Hotspur; the bastard Falconbridge; the wise and witty Sir Thomas More, and the pious and learned John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester.

With regard to the exposure of the head of Bishop Fisher, a curious anecdote is related by the chronicler Hall. "The head," he says, "being parboiled, was prickt upon a pole, and set on high upon London Bridge, among the rest of the holy Carthusians' heads that suffered death lately before him. And here I cannot omit to declare unto you the miraculous sight of this head, which, after it had stood up the space of fourteen days upon the bridge, could not be perceived to waste nor consume, neither for the weather, which was then very hot, neither for the parboiling in hot water, but grew daily fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well; for his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beholden the people passing by, and would have spoken to them."

The head of Sir Thomas More is said to have retained in a scarcely less singular manner, and for a still longer period, the appearance of vitality and health. At the time of his death his hair had become grey, but (as in the case of Charles the First, whose remains were discovered in St. George's Chapel at Windsor in 1813) the colour appears to have changed after death to a "reddish or yellow" hue. The head of this great man, it is said, was about to be thrown into the Thames in order to make room for that of some later victim, when his beloved daughter, Mrs. Roper, contrived to obtain possession of it. As before related she preserved it in a leaden box till the day of her death, when, it was placed in her arms and interred with her in the family vault of the Ropers, in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury.

We must not omit to mention that the illustrious painter, Hans Holbein, is said to have resided at one period of his life in one of the houses on London Bridge. According to Horace Walpole—" The father of the Lord Treasurer Oxford, passing over London Bridge, was caught in a shower, when, stepping into a goldsmith's shop for shelter, he found there the picture of Holbein, who had lived in that house, and of his family. He offered the goldsmith a hundred pounds for it, who consented to let him have it, but desired first to show it to some persons. Immediately after happened the fire of London, and the picture was destroyed." In London Bridge also resided, at later periods, two eminent painters of marine subjects, Peter Monamy, and Dominic de Serres.

THE FIRE OF LONDON.

WHERE THE FIRE ORIGINATED. — CHARLES II.'S NOBLE CONDUCT. — PEPYS'S ACCOUNT OF THE FIRE.—EVELYN'S "DIARY." — FARRYNER'S ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRE.—ATTRIBUTED TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.—THE MONUMENT.—ORIGINAL INSCRIPTION.—DAMAGE CAUSED BY THE FIRE.—DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

HOW few are there, who have stood on Fish Street Hill—

> "Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
> Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies,"—

who have not lingered to ruminate on that fearful conflagration, which the magnificent column before us was raised to commemorate! Near this spot was kindled and broke out that raging and memorable flame, which, driven irresistibly forward by a furious wind, fed itself in its fierce course alike with the gilded palaces of the rich and the humble dwellings of the poor, deafening the ear with the sound of falling roofs and crackling timbers, and lighting up the Thames till it gleamed like a lake of fire; destroying out of the twenty-six wards of the City no fewer than fifteen, and leaving the remainder scorched, ruinous, and uninhabitable; consuming the massive gates of the City, the Guildhall, eighty-nine churches, the magnificent cathedral of St. Paul's, numbers of schools, hospitals, libraries, and other public structures, four hundred streets, and thirteen thousand dwelling-houses; and at last, after having raged during four days and four nights, leaving a tract of ruin and desolation extending over no fewer than four hundred and thirty-six acres!

The Great Fire of London broke out at twelve o'clock on the night of the 2nd of September, 1666, at the house of one Farryner, the King's baker in Pudding Lane, at the distance of two hundred and two feet (the height of the column) to the eastward of the spot where the Monument now stands. The progress of the flames, chiefly in consequence of the high wind which prevailed, was inconceivably rapid. Unfortunately not only were the thoroughfares in the neighbourhood extremely narrow, but the houses were chiefly composed of wood and plaster, and many of them had thatched roofs. The suddenness, too, of the catastrophe, the furious rapidity with which the fire extended itself, and the awful sublimity of the scene, appear to have rendered the populace utterly helpless. "The conflagration," writes an eye-witness,* "was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation was there upon them."

The Lord Mayor, moreover, on whose energy and presence of mind so much depended, appears to have been a person totally unqualified to act the part required of him. In singular opposition to the conduct of the affrighted functionary, was that of Charles the Second, who, hurrying personally to the scene, acted sensibly, nobly, and energetically; issuing the wisest directions, as well to preserve order, as to ameliorate the miserable condition of the houseless and starving inhabitants; giving orders for pulling down houses in all directions, to prevent the further progress of the flames; and himself passing the four fearful days, sometimes on horseback and sometimes on foot, in visiting the points where the fire raged most fiercely, encouraging the workmen by his presence, and exhorting them to increased exertions by promises, example, or threats. According to a contemporary MS. quoted by Echard—"All own the immediate hand of God, and bless the goodness of the King, who made the round of the fire usually twice every day, and for many hours together, on horseback and on foot, gave orders for pursuing the work by threatenings, desires, example, and good store of money, which he himself distributed to the workers, out of a hundred pound bag, which he carried with him for that purpose." It would be unfair to the memory of the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, not to notice that he followed the example set him by his royal brother, with similar alacrity, good feeling, and zeal.

---

* "God's Terrible Advice to the City by Plague and Famine." By the Rev. T. Vincent.

Many accounts have been handed down to us of the great fire of London, but none are so truthful, or so graphically written as those of Evelyn and Pepys, who were not only eye-witnesses of what they describe, but were well-qualified to appreciate the greatness of the calamity, and the awful sublimity of the scene. The extracts from their several Diaries are somewhat lengthy, but are too interesting to be much curtailed. Pepys, who was at this period residing in Seething Lane, Crutched Friars, thus writes under date the 2nd of September:—

"Lord's Day. Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Mark Lane at the farthest, but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven, rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. By-and-by, Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above three hundred houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places; Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side of the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church, and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steel-Yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings, and fell down. Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steel-Yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the City: and everything after so long a drought proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things, the poor steeple* by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taking fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down: I to Whitehall in my boat, and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire.

"They seemed much troubled; and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here, meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, to Paul's, and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could—every creature coming away loaded with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Cannon Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord, what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.

* St. Laurence Poultney.

That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people, who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home.

"Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City; the streets full of nothing but people, and horses, and carts loaded with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Cannon Street (which received goods in the morning) into Lombard Street, and further: and among others I now saw my little goldsmith Stokes receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after.

"We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge too. And again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace; and so below bridge at the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there were of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Botolph's Wharf below bridge, if care were used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not by the water-side what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods; and good goods swimming in the water; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginals in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to Whitehall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park, and there met my wife and Creed, and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat, and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we went to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and as it grew darker, it appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry and moonshine and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place; and got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies in a box by themselves.

"September 3rd.—About four o'clock in the morning my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's, at Bethnal Green; which I did, riding myself in my night-gown in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things."

On the same day the pious Evelyn inserts in his "Diary:" "September 3rd.—I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld the dismal spectacle, the whole City in dreadful flames near the water-side. All the houses from the bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed: and so returned exceeding astonished what would become of the rest, the fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season. I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the City burning, from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind, as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them; so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments; leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating; all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; the carts, &c., carrying them out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, which now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame. The noise, and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames; the shrieking of women and children; the hurrying of people; the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm;

and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length, and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty-six miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage, *non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem;* the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned home!

"September 4th.—The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple; all Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes. The stones of St. Paul's flew like granados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them; and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vain was the help of man."

Let us return to Pepys, and his no less interesting "Diary." On the 4th he continues:—"This night Mrs. Turner and her husband supped with my wife and me at night in the office, upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's, without any napkin or anything, in a sad manner, but were merry; only now and then, walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits: and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire.

I, after supper, walked in the dark down to Tower Street, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Tavern on this side, which was very near us, and the fire [raging] with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than anything; but it stopped the fire where it was done; it bringing down the houses to the ground, in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it.

"September 5th.—I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane.* I up, and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2350. W. Hewer and Jane down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich; but, Lord! what a sad sight it was by moonlight to see the whole city almost on fire, that you might see it plain at Woolwich as if you were by it. There, when I came, I found the gates shut, but no guard kept at all, which troubled me, because of discourses now begun that there is a plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Shelden's, where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night nor day. So back again; and, whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, but it was not. But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected; for my confidence of finding our office on fire was such, that I durst not ask any body how it was with us, till I come and saw it was not burned. But, going to the fire, I find, by the blowing up of houses, and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's Yard, sent up by Sir W. Penn [from Deptford], there is a good stop given to it, as well at Mark Lane end as ours, it having only burned the dial of Barking Church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; every where great fires, oil-cellars and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Penn's, and there ate a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday but the remains of Sunday's dinner.* Here I met with Mr. Young and Mr. Whistler; and having removed all my things, and received good hopes that the fire at our end is stopped, they and I walked into the town, and found Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, and Lombard Street all in dust. The Exchange a sad sight; nothing standing there, of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture in the corner. Into Moorfields (our feet ready to burn, walking through the town among the hot coals), and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there, and everybody keeping his goods together by themselves; and a great blessing it is to them, that it is fair weather for them to keep abroad night and day. Drank there, and paid two pence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside and Newgate market, all burned."†

---

* Seething Lane.

On the following day, the 6th of September, the fire had lost much of its fury, and by the 7th it was almost entirely subdued. The spectacle, however, of ruin and desolation which everywhere presented itself, increased by the solemn silence which had succeeded to the crashing of timbers, the falling of roofs, and the shrieks of women and children, was even more distressing than the sight of the conflagration itself. "The poor inhabitants," writes Evelyn, "were dispersed about St. George's Fields and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle; some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels; many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations, in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty. In this calamitous condition, I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound."

---

* Pepys seems to have forgotten the "shoulder of mutton from the cook's" which he partook of the day before.

† Pepys's Memoirs, v. iii., p. 16—32. Ed. 1828.

How mournful and impressive is Evelyn's subsequent account of his ramble through the streets of the ruined city!

"September 7th.—I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields; thence through Cornhill, with extraordinary difficulty clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time, his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the Graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire, and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression, for several miles about the country.

"On my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church, St. Paul's, now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King) now rent in pieces; flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined; so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massive Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof; where a sheet of lead, covering a great space, (no less than six acres by measure), was totally melted. The ruins of the vaulted roof falling, broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following! It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the diverse monuments, the body of one Bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more. The lead, iron work, bells, plate, &c., melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange; the august fabric of Christ's Church; all the rest of the Companies' Halls; splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench, and dark clouds of smoke; so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow.

"The people, who now walked about the ruins, appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy, to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the Standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment; whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest. The ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably surbated. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some church or hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand people of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss; and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council, indeed, took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in, and refresh them with provisions."*

The manner in which the fire of London originated is still a mystery. The person most likely to throw a light on the subject was Farryner, the baker, in whose house in

---

* "Evelyn's Diary," vol. ii., p. 263 to 272. Ed. 1827.

Pudding Lane it broke out. When examined, however, before a Committee of the House of Commons, all he could state was, that, according to his usual custom, he had visited every part of his house at twelve o'clock at night, at which hour everything appeared to be in perfect security. Only in one of the grates, he affirmed, was there any fire, which he raked out, and as the room was paved with bricks, he considered it utterly impossible that the conflagration could have been caused by the smouldering embers.

Prompted by rage and bigotry, general opinion attributed the fire to the Roman Catholics, though for what purpose they should have been the incendiaries does not appear. The strictest possible scrutiny was subsequently carried on by a Parliamentary Committee, without in any degree implicating them; and yet, in deference to popular prejudice, the Government, after a lapse of fifteen years, most unfairly permitted the following inscription to be engraved on the Monument:—

> "This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of that most dreadful burning of this Protestant City, begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction, in the beginning of September, in the year of our Lord 1666, in order to the carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion, and Old English liberty, and the introducing Popery and Slavery."

It is needless to remark, that it is to the calumny contained in this inscription that Pope, himself a Roman Catholic, alludes in the well-known couplet which we have already quoted.

At the accession of James the Second, the obnoxious inscription was by his orders effaced. King William, however, permitted it to be restored after the Revolution, but it now no longer disgraces the noble column, having been erased by an Act of Common Council, on the 26th January, 1831.

The total damage which the City sustained by the fire was computed at no less than ten millions seven hundred and sixteen thousand pounds. Fearful, however, as was the calamity, it proved in the end a blessing. For centuries past, the plague had continued lurking in the obscure and filthy allies of the City; periodically bursting forth from its lurking-places, and committing the most frightful ravages; and accordingly, to obviate this evil, the new streets were made wider, and the inhabitants admitted to the blessings of light and air. The consequence has been the total disappearance of the plague in London since the great fire.

A few words remain to be said respecting the Monument on Fish Street Hill. This fine column, which is of the Doric order, measures two hundred and two feet in height, being twenty-four feet higher than Trajan's Pillar at Rome. It was commenced by Sir Christopher Wren in 1671, and completed in 1677, at an expense of £13,700. The staircase in the interior consists of three hundred and forty-five steps. On the west side of the pedestal is a bas-relief,—the work of Caius Gabriel Cibber, the father of the poet,—in which the principal figure is a female, representing the city of London, lamenting over a heap of ruins. Behind her is Time, gradually raising her up; and at her side is the figure of Providence, who gently touches her with one hand, while with a winged sceptre in the other she directs her attention to two goddesses in the clouds—one holding a cornucopia, the emblem of plenty; the other holding a branch of the palm-tree, the emblem of peace. At her feet is a beehive, denoting that industry is the source of wealth, and that the greatest misfortunes may be overcome by perseverance and application. In another part is a view of the City in flames; the inhabitants being represented in great consternation, lifting up their hands to heaven and invoking its mercy.

On a raised platform, opposite to the burning city, stands the figure of Charles the Second, in a Roman habit, with a truncheon in his hand, invoking Liberty, Architecture, and Science to descend to the aid of the city. Behind the King stands his brother the Duke of York, holding a garland in one hand to crown the rising city, and a sword in the other for her defence. The three other sides of the base of the column contain Latin inscriptions; the one on the north, detailing the extent and particulars of the conflagration; that on the south, explaining the measures taken under the auspices of Charles the Second for rebuilding and re-beautifying the City. On the east side are the names of the Lord Mayors who were in office during the period the column was in course of erection.*

The compliments paid to Charles, both in the bas-relief, and in the inscriptions, are not greater than he deserved. His personal exertions during the progress of the conflagration, and the interest which he subsequently took in the sufferings of his subjects, were certainly highly to his credit. Moreover, had the plans been adopted for rebuilding the City which emanated from the genius of Sir Christopher Wren, and which were warmly supported by his royal master, London would unquestionably have been the most stately city in the world. Unfortunately, however, space was of too much value—property too much divided—and people in too great a hurry to repair past losses by future profits—to admit of the realization of these magnificent projects.

---

* "Six persons have thrown themselves off the monument :—William Green, a weaver, June 25th, 1750; Thomas Cradock, a baker, July 7th, 1788; Lyon Levi, a Jew, Jan. 18th, 1810; a girl named Moyes, the daughter of a baker in Heminge's Row, Sept. 11th, 1839; a boy named Hawes, October 18th, 1839; and a girl of the age of seventeen, in August, 1842. This kind of death becoming popular, it was deemed advisible to encage the *Monument* as we now see it."—Cunningham's "London," *Art. The Monument.*

It had been the intention of Sir Christopher Wren to surmount the Monument with a statue of Charles the Second, and when he laid his original design before the King, the column was thus ornamented. Charles, however, declined the honour. "Not," says Wren, "that his Majesty disliked a statue; but he was pleased to think a large ball of metal, gilt, would be more agreeable." Accordingly the present gilded vase of flames was substituted for the proposed statue. The Latin inscriptions on the Monument were written by Dr. Gale, Dean of York.

FISH STREET HILL, EASTCHEAP, GRACECHURCH STREET, ST. OLAVE'S, HART STREET.

"KING'S HEAD TAVERN."—ST. MAGNUS THE MARTYR.—PUDDING LANE.—BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN.—SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.—LOMBARD MERCHANTS.—EARL OF SUFFOLK.—FENCHURCH STREET.—QUEEN ELIZABETH.—ST. OLAVE'S CHURCH.—SIR JOHN MENNIS.—MONUMENT TO PEPYS'S WIFE.—DR. MILLS.—WHITTINGTON'S RESIDENCE.—LADY FANSHAWE.

IN addition to the connection of Fish Street Hill with the great fire, many interesting associations are attached to the spot. Here it is that Shakspeare makes *Jack Cade* exclaim at the head of his rabble followers,

> —"Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley when I command them kill!"—*King Henry VI.*, part 2, act iv., sc. 8.

In the fourteenth century—when the Kings of England held their court in the Tower, and when the site of the present populous thoroughfares constituted the court district of the metropolis—we find Edward the Black Prince residing on Fish Street Hill. The house, or inn, of the Black Prince, which was of stone and of considerable size, stood at the end of Crooked Lane, facing Monument Yard. In the reign of Elizabeth it had been converted into an inn, or hostelry, and was known by the sign of the Black Bell.

King's Head Court, within a few paces of the Monument, derives its name from the "King's Head" tavern, rendered classical by Ben Jonson, and famous in the days of Elizabeth for its excellent wine and noisy revels.

Let us not omit to mention, that, in the days of his extreme distress, Oliver Goldsmith filled the situation of journeyman to a chemist of the name of Jacob, at the corner of Monument Yard, Fish Street Hill. In this situation he was discovered by his old college friend Dr. Sleigh, who relieved his immediate necessities and enabled him to establish himself in medical practice in Bankside, Southwark.

Close to Fish Street Hill is the church of St. Magnus the Martyr, standing nearly on the site of the old parish church, which was destroyed by the great fire in 1666. As early as the year 1302, we find a chantry founded here by Hugh Pourt, Sheriff of London, and Margaret, his wife. The first rector mentioned by Newcourt, is Robert de S. Albano, who resigned the living in 1323. The most illustrious name connected with the church is that of Miles Coverdale, under whose direction the first complete English version of the Bible was published in October, 1535. The body of the present handsome and well-proportioned church was built by Sir Christopher Wren in 1676; the steeple having been added in 1705. It contains no monuments of any particular interest or beauty. In the vestry room, however, is an interesting painting of old London Bridge, and also a curious drawing of the presentation of a pair of colours to the military association of Bridge Ward. The altar-piece, richly carved and decorated, is considered one of the handsomest in London, and the lantern and cupola have considerable merit.

Between Fish Street Hill and Gracechurch Street, diverging to the right, is Eastcheap, famous in the olden time for those scenes of jollity, when "the cooks cried hot ribs of beef roasted, pies well baked, and other victuals, with clattering of pewter, pots, harp, pipe, and sawtrie." Close by is Pudding Lane,* descending to the Thames, anciently called Rother, or Red-rose Lane, from one of the houses having the sign of a red-rose, but which, doubtless, received its more modern denomination from its vicinity to the scenes of gormandizing and revelry in Eastcheap. It was the conviction of the Puritan portion of the inhabitants of London, that the fire of London was a direct manifestation of the anger of Heaven, inflicted as a punishment for the sins and gluttony of the age; this conviction being not a little strengthened by the singular coincidence of the fire having commenced in *Pudding Lane* and ended in *Pye Lane,* near Smithfield. On a house at the latter place, at the corner of Giltspur Street and what is now Cock Lane, is still to be seen the figure of a naked boy with his arms folded upon his chest, which formerly had an inscription attributing the fire of London to the sin of gluttony.

There is perhaps no spot in London which recalls so vividly to our imaginations the romance of the olden time as Eastcheap. Who is there who has ever strolled along this classic ground without having pictured to himself the Boar's Head Tavern, such as when it resounded to the jokes and merriment of Sir John Falstaff and his boon companions? Who is there who has not peopled it in imagination with Bardolph, and his "malmsey nose;" with "ancient Pistol," and kind-hearted Dame Quickly; with the jokes of frolic Prince Hal; and, lastly, with the dying scene of the jovial old Knight, where "he made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; fumbling with the sheets, and playing with flowers, and smiling upon his fingers' ends, and babbling of green fields"?—"The character of old Falstaff," says Goldsmith, in one of his charming Essays, "even with all his faults, gives me more consolation than the most studied efforts of wisdom: I here behold an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and showing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Sure I am well able to be as merry, though not so comical as he. Is it not in my power to have, though not so much wit, at least as much vivacity? Age, care, wisdom, reflection, begone! I give you to the winds. Let's have t'other bottle; here's to the memory of Shakspeare, Falstaff, and all the merry men of Eastcheap! Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's Head Tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted."

---

* See *ante*, p. 227. It is "commonly called Pudding Lane, because the butchers of Eastcheap have their scalding-house for hogs there, and their puddings, with other filth of beasts, are voided down that way to their dung-boats on the Thames."—Stow's "Survey of London," p. 79.

The "Boar's Head" of Shakspeare, which stood in Great Eastcheap, perished in the fire of London. A tavern bearing the same name was erected on its site, having in front of it a boar's head cut in stone, with the date 1688. It was taken down in 1831, to make room for the approaches to New London Bridge. The object which most nearly marks the site of the old tavern, is the statue of King William the Fourth.

Gracechurch Street, originally styled Grasse Street, or Grassechurch Street, derives its name from a herb-market which was anciently held on its site. It was corrupted in the first instance into Gracious Street, and thence into

Gracechurch Street, In a poem styled the "Nine Worthies of London," printed in black letter in 1592, we find:—

> "In Gracious Street, there was I bound to serve,
> My master's name hight Stodie in his time."

In White Hart Court, the entrance to which is all that is now left, died, in 1690, the celebrated George Fox, the father of the Quakers; and at his lodgings in Nag's Head Court, now Lombard Street, leading out of Gracechurch Street into Lombard Street, died, in 1737, Matthew Green, the poet, the well-known author of "The Spleen."

To the west of Gracechurch Street is Lombard Street. This street derives its name from the opulent money-lenders, or usurers, who came out of Lombardy in 1274, and who carried on their money transactions in this street from the reign of Edward the First to that of Elizabeth.* Here, in the direction of Birchin Lane, stood the mansion of that powerful race, the De la Poles, Earls of Pembroke and Dukes of Suffolk. The founder of this family was Sir William de la Pole, a merchant at Kingston-upon-Hull, who, in the tenth year of the reign of Edward the Third, contracted to supply the army in Scotland with wine, salt, and other provisions. Three years afterwards, when Edward was in urgent need of money for the support of his army, we find the wealthy merchant advancing him the sum of a thousand pounds in gold, for which important service the King constituted him Second Baron of the Exchequer, advanced him to the rank of Knight Banneret, and conferred on him a grant out of the customs of Hull, for the better support of his new dignity. He was ancestor of William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, the prime minister and declared favourite of Margaret of Anjou, now principally remembered from the discomfiture he received from Joan d'Arc beneath the walls of Orleans, and whose melancholy fate has been before referred to. His honours were inherited by his eldest son, John the fifth Earl, who was created Duke of Suffolk in 1463, and who married the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of King Edward the Fourth. The last of this gallant race, in the male line, was Richard de la Pole, the third duke, who, after performing acts of heroic valour, was killed at the battle of Pavia, in 1524.

---

* In the "Archæologia," vol. xxviii., p. 207, will be found a curious and interesting account of the Lombard merchants, and of the extraordinary influence which they exercised in this country.

In Lombard Street, at the sign of the "Grasshopper," lived the princely merchant Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of Gresham College and of the Royal Exchange. The site (No. 68) is now occupied by a banking establishment. In the reign of Charles the Second we find the "Grasshopper" the sign of another wealthy goldsmith, Sir Charles Duncombe, the founder of the Feversham family, and the purchaser of Helmsley, in Yorkshire, the princely seat of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham.

> "Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
> Yields to a scrivener and a city knight."

Here also resided Sir Robert Viner, Lord Mayor of London in 1675, and apparently an especial favourite with Charles the Second. The "merry monarch" once did him the honour to dine with him during his mayoralty, when, having remained as long as was agreeable to himself, he rose to depart. The citizen, however, having indulged rather freely in his own wines, caught hold of the King, and declared with an oath that he should remain and drink another bottle. Charles looked good-humouredly at him over his shoulder, and repeating, with a smile, a line of an old song:—

> "He that's drunk is as great as a King,"

sat down again, and remained as long as his host wished.

It was in Lombard Street, on the 22nd of May, 1688, that Pope, the poet, first saw the light. Spence was informed by Nathaniel Hooke, the historian, that it was "at the house which is now Mr. Morgan's, an apothecary," but it is impossible now to ascertain its site. Thomas Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital, was a bookseller in Lombard Street.

The church of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, has been thought to stand on the site of a temple dedicated to the goddess of Concord; and the remains of Roman antiquity, which have from time to time been discovered near the spot, have added some slight weight to the supposition. The origin of the name escaped the researches of Stow. The old edifice having been destroyed by the fire of London, the present church was rebuilt in 1716, by Nicholas Hawksmoor, the pupil of Sir Christopher Wren. The originality and boldness of its exterior, the richness and elegance of its internal decorations, the graceful arrangement of the columns, and the fine workmanship of the pulpit and sounding-board, have been deservedly admired. There is a tablet in the church to the memory of the Rev. John Newton, rector of Olney, in Buckinghamshire, the friend of Cowper, and his associate in the composition of the Olney Hymns. The inscription on his monument, written by himself, describes him as having been "once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, but by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the Faith he had long laboured to destroy." Newton had been brought up to a sea-faring life, and in early youth had been engaged in the slave trade. He died on the 21st of December, 1807, at the age of eighty-two, having been for twenty-eight years rector of the united parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St.

Mary Woolchurch. His remains lie in a vault beneath the church.

On the north side of Lombard Street stands the church of St. Edmund the King, dedicated to the Saxon King Edmund, who was murdered by the Danes in 870. The history of its foundation, like that of St. Mary Woolnoth, is lost in antiquity. The present church, remarkable for having its altar to the north, was erected by Wren in 1690. Notwithstanding its extreme simplicity of design, the fine proportions of the interior, as well as the picturesque effect produced by its richly carved pulpit, galleries and pews, all of dark oak, have found it many admirers. The altar-piece presents some bold carvings, and on each side of the communion table are portraits of Moses and Aaron, executed by Etty in 1833.

Facing the east end of Lombard Street is Fenchurch Street, so called, it is said, from the fenny nature of the ground on which it was originally built; but according to others, from the *fœnum*, or hay, which was sold here.* Here stood Denmark House, the residence, in the reign of Philip and Mary, of the first Russian ambassador who was sent to this country. He arrived here in 1557, shortly after the formation of the Russian Company; and as it was to the interest of the merchants of London to impress the mind of the barbarian envoy with a favourable notion of the wealth and resources of England, they determined to receive him with great state and splendour. Accordingly, on his approach to London, they met him at Tottenham, habited in velvet and ornamented with chains of gold. Lord Montacute, at the head of the Queen's pensioners, received him at Islington, and, on reaching Smithfield, he was met by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, habited in their scarlet robes, who accompanied him on horseback to his residence, then "Master Dimmock's," in Fenchurch Street.

---

* Stow, p. 76.

The church of St. Margaret Pattens, Fenchurch Street, derives its name partly from having been dedicated to St. Margaret, a virgin saint of Antioch, and partly, according to Stow, "because of old time *pattens* were usually made and sold" in the neighbourhood. The old church having been destroyed by the great fire, the present edifice was rebuilt by Wren in 1687. The principal object of attraction in St. Margaret's is the altar-piece, which displays a fine painting, representing the angels ministering to our Saviour in the garden. The artist is said to be Carlo Maratti, pupil of Andrea Sacchi. About the altar, too, are some carvings of flowers, of excellent workmanship. The indefatigable antiquary, Thomas Birch, lies buried in the chancel of this church. "My desire is," he says in his will, "that my body may be interred in the chancel of the church of St. Margaret Pattens, of which I have been now rector near nineteen years." He died in 1765.

In Fenchurch Street stood Northumberland House, the residence, in the fifteenth century, of the Percies, Earls of Northumberland. In the reign of Henry the Seventh its fine gardens were converted into bowling-alleys, "common to all comers for their money, there to bowl and hazard,"* and the other parts of the estate into dicing-houses. Northumberland Alley, on the south side of Fenchurch Street, points out nearly the site of Northumberland House.

Pepys writes, on the 10th of June, 1665, "To my great trouble, hear that the plague is come into the City (though it hath these three or four weeks since its beginning been wholly out of the City; but where should it begin but in my good friend and neighbour's, Dr. Burnett, in Fenchurch

---

* Stow, p. 56.

Street; which, in both points, troubles me mightily." And again he writes on the 11th: "I saw poor Dr. Burnett's door shut; but he hath, I hear, gained great good will among his neighbours, for he discovered it himself first, and caused himself to be shut up of his own accord, which was very handsome."

Running from Fenchurch Street into Leadenhall Street is Billiter Street, corrupted from Belzetter Street, the name probably of the builder, or of some former owner of the property.

On the south side of Fenchurch Street is Mincing Lane, so called, apparently, from the ground on which it stands having been the property of the Minchuns, or Nuns of St. Helen's, in Bishopsgate Street. Running parallel with it is Mark Lane, anciently styled Mart Lane, from a mart or fair having been held on the spot. On the west side of this street, near Fenchurch Street, is the ancient church of All-hallows, or All-Saints Staining. It had the good fortune to escape the ravages of the great fire of 1666, but, shortly afterwards, a large portion of it having fallen into decay, it was restored at a considerable expense in 1675.

According to Stow, the church of Allhallows Staining derives its adjunctive name from the Saxon word *stane*, or stone, which was given to distinguish it from the other churches in London dedicated to All-Saints, which were of wood. Supposing this derivation to be the correct one, the original edifice must have been of great antiquity. The earliest notice, however, which we discover of there having been a place of worship on the spot, is in 1329, when one Edward Camel was the curate. Previously to the committal to the Tower of the Scottish patriot Sir William Wallace, he was confined in a house in the parish of Allhallows Staining.

A tradition exists, that when the Princess Elizabeth was released from the Tower by her sister, Queen Mary, she obtained permission, when on her way to Woodstock, to attend divine service in the church of Allhallows Staining. Having concluded her devotions, she adjourned, it is said, to the "King's Head Tavern," in Fenchurch Street, where she partook of a substantial meal, consisting of pork and pease. This royal visit, we are told, was afterwards commemorated by certain influential persons in the parish, whose descendants, till within the last forty years, continued to celebrate the anniversary of the accession of the virgin-queen by a dinner at the "King's Head." In the coffee-room are still preserved a metal dish and cover which are said to have been used by Elizabeth on the occasion of her visit, as also an inscription detailing the circumstances, and an engraved portrait of her by Holbein. According to another account, the princess, on quitting the church, presented the clerk with a handsome gratuity, the consequence of which was that he annually regaled his friends with a dinner; a festival which was afterwards held once a year by successive inhabitants of the parish.

It may be mentioned that in this small parish no fewer than one hundred and sixty-five individuals perished by the great plague in 1665; a frightful mortality when we consider that even at the present time the population of the parish scarcely exceeds six hundred persons. Among other curious entries in the ancient parish books, is the payment of a sum of money for ringing a joy-peal to celebrate the safe return of James the Second to London, after he had been foiled in his attempt to fly the kingdom on the approach of the Prince of Orange. As a striking evidence of the fickleness of popular favour, may be mentioned a second entry, dated only two days afterwards, for the payment of a similar sum to the ringers for celebrating the safe arrival of the invader in London. The signatures of two remarkable men appear on the parish books of Allhallows Staining. The one is that of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in connexion with his marriage; the other, that of Ireton, who, as a justice of the peace, appears to have married certain persons under the new marriage act of the Puritans, which transformed the ceremony from a religious into a civil contract.

Close by, in Hart Street, at the west end of Crutched Friars, is the small but interesting church of St. Olave, dedicated to St. Olave, or Olaf, a Norwegian saint of the eleventh century. Of the date of its foundation we have unfortunately no record. Certain only it is that St. Olave's existed as a parish at the commencement of the fourteenth, and that there was a parish church here at the beginning of the fifteenth, century. It was repaired at a considerable cost in 1633, and again in 1823.

In addition to its graceful architecture, and the remains of antique decoration on the roof of its aisles, St. Olave's contains some interesting monuments and brasses. Among others may be mentioned a brass plate, at the east end of the north aisle, to the memory of Thomas Morley, Clerk of the Queen's Household at Deptford, who died in 1516—the sculptured figure in armour of Sir John Radcliffe, who died in 1568—a full-sized figure in armour, kneeling under a canopy, inscribed to Peter Capponius, and bearing the date 1582; and a brass plate, at the east end of the south aisle, to the memory of John Orgene and Ellen, his wife, dated in 1584. Besides these there are the finely-sculptured effigies, lying under richly painted alcoves, of two brothers, Paul and Andrew Bayning, who severally died in 1610 and 1616—a much-admired monument of Dr. William Turner, author of the English Herbal, who died in 1614, and a sculptured marble figure of Sir Andrew Riccard, citizen and merchant of London, who died in 1672.

Not the least remarkable person who lies buried in the church of St. Olave's, Hart Street, is the poetic Admiral Sir John Mennes. In the reign of Charles the First he was made Comptroller of the Navy Office, and received the honour of knighthood. About this time he had the command of a ship of war, but was deprived of it by the Republican party. At the Restoration he was made Governor of Dover Castle, Comptroller of the Navy, and an Admiral. Some of his poetical pieces are to be found in the "Musarum Deliciæ," but as a poet he is now perhaps best remembered by his amusing ballad on the discomfiture of a brother-poet, Sir John Suckling, in an encounter with the Scots on the English border in 1639:—

"Sir John got on a bonny brown beast,
To Scotland for to ride-a;
A brave buff coat upon his back,
A short sword by his side-a:
Alas! young man, we Sucklings can
Pull down the Scottish pride-a.

"Both wife and maid, and widow prayed,
To the Scots he would be kind-a;
He stormed the more, and deeply swore,
They should no favour find-a;
But if you had been at Berwick and seen,
He was in another mind-a."

In the churchyard of St. Olave's lie the remains of many of the unfortunate victims of the great plague; their names being distinguished in the parish-register by the significant letter "P" being affixed to each. According to a tradition current in the neighbourhood, the pestilence first made its appearance in this quarter, in the Drapers' Almshouses in Cooper's Row, founded by Sir John Milborn in 1535; a tradition so far borne out by existing evidence that the first entry in [the register of burials of a death by the plague, is that, under date 24th July, 1665, of Mary, daughter of William Ramsay, one of the "Drapers' Almsmen."

Not the least interesting object in St. Olave's Church is a small monument of white marble, surmounted with the bust of a female of evidently considerable beauty, enriched with cherubims, skeletons' heads, palm-branches, and other ornaments. This monument is to the memory of Elizabeth, the fair wife of the gossiping, bustling, good-humoured Secretary of the Admiralty, Samuel Pepys, who erected it in testimony of his affection and his grief. To many persons, indeed, the principal charm of St. Olave's Church consists in its frequent connection with the personal history of that most entertaining of autobiographers. Pepys's residence was close by in Seething Lane, and St. Olave's was his parish church. So little, indeed, has the old building been altered by time, and so graphic and minute are the notices of it which occur in Pepys's "Diary," that we almost imagine we see before us the familiar figure of the smartly attired Secretary standing in one of the old oak pews; his fair wife reading out of the same prayer-book with him; her long glossy tresses falling over her shoulders; her eye occasionally casting a furtive glance at the voluptuous-looking satin petticoat of which she had borrowed the idea either from the Duchess of Orleans or Lady Castlemaine; and her pretty face displaying as many of the fashionable black patches of the period as her good-natured husband would allow her to disfigure herself with. The Latin inscription on her monument informs us that she was descended in the female line from the noble family of the Cliffords; that she received her education at the Court of France; that her virtues were only equalled by the beauty of her person and the accomplishments of her mind; that she was married at the age of fourteen, and that she died at the age of twenty-nine.

Some of the notices in Pepys's "Diary," of his attendances at Divine Service in St. Olave's Church, are not a little curious, more especially where they refer to the revolution in manners and customs occasioned by the recent discomfiture of the Puritans, and by the revival of the religious ceremonials of the Church of England :—

"4th Novr., 1660.—Lord's Day. In the morn to our own church, where Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer, by saying—'Glory be to the Father,' &c., after he had read the two psalms; but the people had been so little used to it, that they could not tell what to answer. My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch."

"30th January, 1660–1.—Fast Day.* The first time that this day hath yet been observed, and Mr. Mills made a most excellent sermon, upon 'Lord forgive us our former iniquities;' speaking excellently of the justice of God in punishing men for the sins of their ancestors. To my Lady Batten's, where my wife and she are lately come back from seeing of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw hanged and buried at Tyburn."

"26th October, 1662.—Lord's Day. Put on my new Scallop, which is very fine. To church, and there saw, the first time, Mr. Mills in a surplice; but it seemed absurd for him to pull it over his ears in the reading-pew, after he had done, before all the church, to go up to the pulpit."

"9th August, 1663.—To church, and heard Mr. Mills preach upon the authority of the ministers, upon these words, 'We are therefore ambassadors of Christ.' Wherein, among other high expressions, he said, that such a learned man used to say, that if a minister of the word and an angel should meet him together, he should salute the minister first; which methought was a little too high."

---

* The anniversary of the decapitation of Charles the First.

"4th February, 1665–6.—Lord's Day; and my wife and I, the first time, together at the church since the plague, and now only because of Mr. Mills his coming home to preach his first sermon; expecting a great excuse for his leaving the parish before anybody went, and now staying till all are come home; but he made but a very poor and short excuse, and a bad sermon. It was a frost, and had snowed last night, which covered the graves in the churchyard, so as I was the less afraid for going through."

Daniel Mills, D.D., to whose sermons in St. Olave's Church Pepys so often listened, and which he so frequently criticises, was thirty-two years rector of the parish. He died in October, 1689, at the age of sixty-three, and was buried in the church. On the 4th of June, 1703, Pepys was himself interred in a vault in the middle aisle of St. Olave's Church, by the side of his wife and brother.

In Hart Street, four doors from Mark Lane, stood, till within a few years, an ancient mansion styled in the old leases Whittington's palace, and said to have been the residence of Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, whose tale is familiar to us from our childhood. On pulling down the old mansion to make room for some contemplated improvements, the following curious discovery was made. On removing the basement walls, the workmen came to a small brick chamber, the only opening to which was from the top. On breaking into it, it was found to contain many human bones, mixed with hair, and so disposed of, as to afford much reason to believe that the chamber had been the scene of foul play. This impression was still further strengthened by the discovery of a dagger—about twelve inches in length, and with its point broken—which was found lying among the bones.

In Hart Street was born Lady Fanshawe, the authoress of the delightful personal "Memoirs" which bear her name. "I was born," she writes, "in St. Olave's, Hart Street, London, in a house that my father took of the Lord Dingwall, father to the now Duchess of Ormond, in the year 1625, on our Lady Day, 25th of March." And she adds,—"In that house I lived the winter times, till I was fifteen years old and three months, with my very honoured and most dear mother." Lady Fanshawe appears to have been an intimate acquaintance of the Duchess of Ormond, who, on one occasion, told her she loved her for many reasons, "and one was, that we were both born in one chamber."*

---

* Lady Fanshawe's "Memoirs," pp. 50 and 81.

ALDGATE, ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, LEADENHALL STREET, ST. CATHERINE CREE, &c.

DERIVATION OF THE NAME ALDGATE.—STOW THE ANTIQUARY.—HIS LABOURS ILL-REQUITED.—CRUEL EXECUTION OF THE BAILIFF OF ROMFORD.—HIS SPEECH.—CHURCH OF ST. BOTOLPH.—MONUMENTS IN THE CHURCH.—DEFOE'S ACCOUNT OF THE BURIAL-PITS IN THE CHURCHYARD DURING THE PLAGUE.—WHITECHAPEL.—DUKE'S PLACE.—PRIORY OF THE HOLY TRINITY.—LEADENHALL STREET.—CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE CREE.—PERSONS BURIED THERE.—CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH BY ARCHBISHOP LAUD.—CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT.—MONUMENTS.—ST. MARY-AXE.—LIME STREET.

FENCHURCH STREET leads us into Aldgate, which derives its name from one of the principal gates of the city—styled in the reign of King Edgar, Ealdgate, or Oldgate—under which passed one of the Roman roads leading into London. In 1215, during the wars between King John and his barons, it was through this gate that the latter entered London in triumph; when, after having secured the other gates, and plundered the royalists and Jews, they proceeded to lay siege to the Tower. Here too, in 1471, during the wars between the White and Red Roses, the bastard Falconbridge presented himself at the head of a formidable force, consisting of freebooters and partizans of the House of Lancaster, and demanded admittance into the city. After a fierce conflict the gate was forced by some of his followers; but the portcullis having been let down, they were all killed. The portcullis was then drawn up, and the citizens sallying forth, repulsed their assailants with great slaughter.

Among the records of the city of London is a lease granting the whole of the dwelling house above the gate of Aldgate to Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet, in 1374.

Close to the pump at Aldgate, at the junction of Leadenhall Street and Fenchurch Street, lived the indefatigable antiquary, John Stow, whose name no historian of London can inscribe without feelings of reverence and gratitude. He was bred a tailor, but gave up his occupation, and with it the means of living with ease and comfort, in order to be able to prosecute his beloved studies of history and antiquities. The manner in which his priceless labours were rewarded by his ungrateful countrymen, is well known. "It was in his eightieth year," writes Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Calamities of Authors," "that Stow at length received a public acknowledgment of his services, which will appear to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstances that he petitioned James the First for *a licence to collect alms* for himself! 'as a recompense for his labour and travel of *forty-five years,* in setting forth the *Chronicles of England,* and *eight years* taken up in the *Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster,* towards his relief now in his old age; having left his former means of living, and only employing himself for the service and good of his country.' Letters-patent under the Great Seal were granted. After no penurious commendation of Stow's labours, he is permitted 'to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England: to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects.' These letters-patent were to be published by the clergy from their pulpit. They produced so little that they were renewed for another twelvemonth: one entire parish in the City contributed seven shillings and sixpence! Such, then, was the patronage received by Stow, to be a licensed beggar throughout the kingdom for one twelvemonth! Such was the public remuneration of a man who had been useful to his nation, but not to himself!" Stow died on the 5th of April, 1605, at the age of eighty, and was buried in the neighbouring church of St. Andrew Undershaft.

The old historian mentions a remarkable execution which he witnessed in the reign of Edward the Sixth immediately opposite to his own house in Aldgate. In those unsettled times it was a barbarous, and not uncommon practice, to put to death by martial law those who propagated rumours on subjects connected with affairs of state, whether those rumours were true or false. On the present occasion the offender was the Bailiff of Romford, in Essex. "He (the Bailiff)," writes Stow, "was early in the morning of Mary Magdalen's day, then kept holiday, brought by the Sheriffs of London and the Knight-marshal, to the well within Aldgate, there to be executed upon a gibbet, set up that morning; where, being on the ladder, he had words to this effect: 'Good people, I am come hither to die, but know not for what offence, except for words by me spoken yesternight to Sir Stephen, curate and preacher of this parish, which were these: He asked me, what news in the country? I answered, heavy news. Why? quoth he. It is said, quoth I, that many men be up in Essex, but, thanks be to God, all is in good quiet about us. And this was all, as God be my judge.' Upon these words of the prisoner, Sir Stephen, to avoid reproach of the people, left the City and was never heard of since amongst them to my knowledge. I heard the words of the prisoner, for he was executed upon the pavement of my door, where I then kept house." This Sir Stephen was the incendiary curate of the neighbouring church of St. Catherine Cree, whose fanatical ravings in the pulpit had recently led to the populace destroying the ancient and celebrated Maypole opposite the church of St. Andrew Undershaft.

On the north side of the High-street, Aldgate, stands the church of St. Botolph, dedicated to a Cornish saint, who lived about the reign of King Lucius. This church appears to have been originally founded at the time of the Norman Conquest. About the year 1418 it was enlarged and beautified at the private expense of one Robert Burford, but was shortly afterwards rebuilt by the Priory of the Holy Trinity within Aldgate, the brethren of which enjoyed the impropriation of the living. St. Botolph's escaped the great conflagration in 1666, but falling into decay in the middle of the last century, it was taken down; and between the years 1741 and 1744, the present ponderous and unsightly edifice was erected on its site.

The only monument in St. Botolph's Church of any historical interest, is that of Thomas Lord Darcy, Knight of the Garter, who was beheaded on Tower Hill for high treason in 1536. This gallant and conscientious nobleman had obtained high honours and distinctions in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and had enjoyed the confidence of his successor. Opposed, however, to the innovations of the new religion, he absented himself from Parliament rather than sanction the dissolution of the monasteries, and having subsequently joined in Ask's rebellion, was convicted on a charge of delivering up Pontefract Castle to the rebels, and led to the block. The monument to his memory stood originally in the chancel of the old church, but is now placed on the east side of the entrance front. It represents the figure of Lord Darcy, wrapped in a winding-sheet, in a recumbent posture, beneath an entablature supported by columns, and bears the following inscription:—

"Here lyeth Thomas Lord Darcy of the North, and sometime of the Order of the Garter; Sir Nicholas Carew, Knight of the Garter; Lady Elizabeth Carew, daughter to Sir Fran. Brian; Sir Arthur Darcy, younger son to the said Lord Darcy; and Lady Mary, his dear wife, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew, who had ten sons and five daughters."

Sir Nicholas Carew, the knight here mentioned, also lost his head on the block. He had been Master of the Horse to Henry the Eighth, and a Knight of the Garter, but having been implicated in the plot said to have been devised by Edward Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter, for deposing the King and raising Cardinal Pole to the supreme power, he was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 3rd of March, 1538. Another of the Darcy family who lies buried here is Sir Edward, third son of Sir Arthur Darcy, who died on the 28th of October, 1612.

The only other monument in St. Botolph's Church of any interest, is that of Robert Dow, a charitable and munificent citizen and merchant-tailor of London, who died on the 2nd of May, 1612. This was the person who bequeathed a sum of money to the parish church of St. Sepulchre's, to ensure the ringing of a hand-bell at certain periods of the night beneath the walls of Newgate, in order to remind the condemned prisoners of their present condition and approaching fate.

The churchyard of St. Botolph's is the site of one of those vast burial-pits, in which the bodies of the countless victims of the great plague—" unaneled, uncoffined, and unknown"—were flung indiscriminately in 1665. "I went," writes Defoe in his "History of the Plague," "at the first part of the time freely about the streets, though not so freely as to run myself into apparent danger, except when they dug the great pit in the churchyard of our parish of Aldgate. A terrible pit it was, and I could not resist my curiosity to go and see it. As near as I may judge it was about forty feet in length; and about fifteen or sixteen feet broad, and at the time I first looked at it, about nine feet deep; but it was said they dug it near twenty feet deep afterwards in one part of it, till they could go no deeper for the water. They had, it seems, dug several large pits before this; for though the plague was long a-coming to our parish, yet when it did come, there was no parish in or about London where it raged with such violence, as in the two parishes of Aldgate and Whitechapel."

It was at night, by the fitful light of the torches borne by the buriers of the dead, that Defoe describes himself looking into the frightful plague-pit in St. Botolph's churchyard. "I stood wavering," he writes, "for some time, but just at that interval I saw two links come over from the end of the Minories, and heard the bellman, and then appeared a dead-cart, so they called it, coming over the streets, so I could no longer resist my desire of seeing it, and went in. There was nobody, as I could perceive at first, in the churchyard or going into it, but the buriers and the fellow that drove the cart, or rather led the horse and cart; but when they came up to the pit they saw a man, muffled up in a brown cloak, making motions with his hands under his cloak, as if he were in a great agony. The buriers immediately gathered about him, supposing he was one of those poor delirious or desperate creatures that used to pretend, as I have said, to bury themselves. He said nothing as he walked about, but two or three times groaned very deeply and loud, and sighed as he would break his heart. When the buriers came up to him, they soon found he was neither a person infected and desperate, nor a person distempered in mind, but one oppressed with a dreadful weight of grief indeed, having his wife and several of his children all in the cart that was just come in with him, and he followed in an agony and excess of sorrow. He mourned heartily, as it was easy to see, but with a kind of masculine grief that could not give itself vent by tears. Calmly desiring the buriers to let him alone, he said he would only see the bodies thrown in and go away, so they left importuning him, but no sooner was the cart turned round, and the bodies shot into the pit promiscuously —which was a surprise to him, for he at least expected they would have been decently laid in—I say no sooner did he see the sight but he cried out aloud, unable to contain himself. I could not hear what he said, but he went backward two or three times, and fell down in a swoon. The buriers ran to him, and took him up, and in a little while he came to himself, and they led him away to the Pye tavern, over against the end of Houndsditch, where, it seems, the man was known, and where they took care of him. He looked into the pit again as he went away, but the buriers had covered the bodies so immediately, with throwing in the earth, that though there was light enough, for there were lanterns and candles in them, placed all night round the sides of the pit upon the heaps of earth—seven or eight, or perhaps more—yet nothing could be seen. This was a mournful scene indeed, and affected me almost as much as the rest, but the other was awful and full of terror. The cart had in it sixteen or seventeen bodies; some were wrapped up in linen sheets, some in rugs, some little other than naked, or so loose that what covering they had fell from them in the shooting out of the cart, and they fell quite naked among the rest. During a fortnight that the plague was at its height in this neighbourhood, the parish of Aldgate is said to have buried no fewer than a thousand persons a week."

Adjoining Aldgate is the spacious street of Whitechapel, the principal entrance into London from the eastern counties. It is styled in old records *Villa beatæ Mariæ de Matfelon* and derives its name from the church of St. Mary, Matfelon—originally a chapel of ease to St. Dunstan's Stepney—which, from the whiteness of its exterior, was called the White Chapel. In the churchyard of St. Mary's lies buried Richard Brandon, the presumed executioner of Charles the First, and in the vaults of the church Richard Parker, the leader of the mutineers of the Nore.

In this neighbourhood, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, several of the nobility had their suburban residences. Among these were Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the ill-fated minister of Henry the Eighth, and Count Gondomar, the facetious ambassador from Spain in the reign of James the First.

In what was formerly called the Danish Church, Whitechapel, now the British and Foreign Sailors' Church, lie interred the remains of Caius Gabriel Cibber, the sculptor, and of his more celebrated son, Colley Cibber. The former was the architect of the church, which was built in 1696 at the expense of Christian the Fifth, King of Denmark, for the benefit of such of his subjects as might reside in or visit London. Opposite to the pulpit is the royal pew, in which Christian the Seventh sat when he visited London in 1768. In the church is a tablet to the memory of Jane Cibber, the wife of the sculptor, and the mother of Colley Cibber.

To the north-west of Aldgate is Duke's Place, called also St. James's Place, a quarter principally inhabited by Jews, whom Oliver Cromwell, in 1650, allowed to settle in this locality. Here stood the ancient Priory of the Holy Trinity, sometimes called Christ Church, one of the most magnificent monastic foundations in England. It was founded by Matilda, wife of Henry the First, in 1108. The Prior, in right of his being proprietor of Knightenguild or

Portsoken Ward as it is now styled, was an Alderman of London, and in that capacity sat and rode in state with the members of the Corporation; his scarlet robe only so far differing from the robes of the other Aldermen, that it was shaped like that of an ecclesiastic. "At this time," writes Stow in allusion to his early recollections of the lordly Prior of the Holy Trinity, "the Prior kept a most bountiful house of meat and drink, both for rich and poor, as well within the house as at the gates, to all comers, according to their estates."

At the dissolution of the monastic houses, the Priory of the Holy Trinity was granted by Henry the Eighth to Sir Thomas Audley, who succeeded Sir Thomas More as Lord Chancellor of England, and who was created Baron Audley of Walden on the 29th of November, 1538. Here he built a magnificent mansion, where he died on the 19th of April, 1544, bequeathing a legacy of one hundred pounds to his royal master, "from whom he had received all his reputations and benefits." By the marriage of his only daughter and sole heiress, Margaret, to the chivalrous and accomplished Thomas Duke of Norfolk, famous for his romantic attachment to Mary Queen of Scots, Audley House became the property and the residence of that nobleman, and from him Duke's Place derives its name. A visit paid by the Duke to his princely mansion in Duke's Place, in 1562, affords us a striking picture of the magnificence of the times. By the side of the Duke rode his Duchess. The procession was headed by the four heralds, Clarencieux, Somerset, Red Cross, and Blue Mantle; the gentlemen of the ducal household followed in coats of velvet, and the procession closed with a hundred retainers in the livery of the Howards. The Duke was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 2nd of June, 1572, at the early age of thirty-four. His mansion in Duke's Place descended to his eldest son by Margaret Audley, Thomas, created in 1603 Earl of Suffolk, who sold it in July, 1592, to the Mayor and Corporation of London. It was in this house that the great painter, Hans Holbein, died of the plague, in 1554.

Of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, the only portion remaining in our time was a small but beautiful crypt, of great antiquity, beneath a house till of late standing at the junction of Leadenhall Street and Fenchurch Street. From the ruins of the Priory, however, rose the present St. James's Church, Mitre Square, which was built in 1621, during the mayoralty of Sir Edward Barkham, who was principally instrumental in obtaining its erection. It escaped the fire of 1666, but falling into a ruinous condition, the present dilapidated and uninteresting building was erected in 1727.

Aldgate leads us into Leadenhall Street, so called from "Leaden Hall," a large and ponderous-looking mansion, inhabited, about the year 1309, by Sir Hugh Neville, and afterwards the residence of the De Bohuns, Earls of Hereford. In 1408 it was purchased by Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, who presented it to the corporation, and, in 1445, Sir Simon Eyre, citizen and draper, established here, "of his own charges," a public granary of square stone, with a chapel at the east end. In this chapel, a few years afterwards, was founded a fraternity of sixty priests, besides other brethren and sisters, whose duty it was to perform divine service every market day, for the edification of the persons who frequented Leadenhall Market.

Defoe, speaking of the desolation of this populous part of London during the plague, observes—"The great streets within the City, such as Leadenhall Street, Bishopsgate Street, Cornhill, and even the Exchange itself, had grass growing in them in several places. Neither cart nor coach was seen in the streets from morning to evening, except some country carts, to bring roots, beans, or pease, hay and straw, to the market, and of those but very few, compared to what was usual. As for coaches they were scarce used but to carry sick people to the pest-house and to other hospitals; and some few to carry physicians to such places as they thought fit to venture to visit."

It was at the King's Head Tavern, which stood till within a few years on the north side of Leadenhall Street, that the conspirators engaged in Sir John Fenwicke's plot, in the reign of William the Third, were accustomed to hold their meetings. The kitchen of the house, No. 153, still contains a curious English crypt.

On the north side of Leadenhall Street, on the site of what was once the cemetery of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, stands the interesting church of St. Catherine Cree, so called from its having been dedicated to St. Catherine, an Egyptian virgin; the word Cree, or Christ, having been added in order to distinguish it from other churches in London dedicated to the same saint. The original structure, which was of great antiquity, was pulled down and rebuilt in 1107. With the exception of the tower, it was again rebuilt, as it now stands, in 1629—according to some accounts, under the direction of the great architect, Inigo Jones. The interior of the church presents a singular appearance, from the strange mixture of Gothic and Corinthian architecture, certainly a very inappropriate union, but nevertheless extremely picturesque in its general effect.

From a passage in Strype, there is reason for presuming that either in St. Catherine's Cree, or in the adjoining churchyard, rest the remains of the illustrious Holbein. One of the few redeeming traits in the character of Henry the Eighth, was his having appreciated the genius of, and befriended the great artist. Every one remembers his speech to a nobleman of his court who came to prefer a complaint to him of presumed insolence on the part of Holbein. "Begone, and remember that I shall look upon any injury offered to the painter as an insult to myself. I tell you, I can make seven lords of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein even of seven lords." That the illustrious artist lies buried in St. Catherine's Cree certainly requires proof; but the unquestionable fact of his having breathed his last under the adjoining roof of the Duke of Norfolk, adds weight to the supposition. According to Strype, it was the intention of the Duke's eldest son, Philip Earl of Arundel, to erect a monument over his grave, but from the length of time which had elapsed since his death, the Earl was unable to discover the exact spot where his remains rested.

In St. Catherine's Church also lies buried the eminent soldier, diplomatist, and statesman, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who was involved in the daring project of the Duke of Suffolk to raise the Lady Jane Grey to the throne, and who only escaped with his life by the admirable defence which he made at his trial at Guildhall. He commanded at Musselburgh-field, for which service he was knighted. He was held in great estimation by Queen Elizabeth, who employed him as her ambassador both in France and Scotland. According to Camden—"Though a man of a large experience, piercing judgment, and singular prudence, yet he was never master of much wealth, nor rose higher than to those small dignities, though glorious in title, of Chief Cupbearer of England, and Chamberlain of the Exchequer; and this because he acted in favour of Leicester, against Cecil, whose greatness he envied. It was in Cecil's house, as he was feeding heartily at supper upon a salad, that he was seized, as some say, with an inflammation of the lungs, as others, with a catarrh, not without suspicion of poison; and died very luckily for himself and family, his life and estate being in great danger by reason of his turbulent spirit." It appears that he expired before he could be removed from the table.*

The only other monument of any interest in St. Catherine's Church, is a bas-relief, executed by the elder Bacon, erected to the memory of Samuel Thorpe in 1791.

This church is connected with a curious passage in the life of Archbishop Laud. Laud's intemperate zeal in all matters connected with church and state—his active and ill-timed endeavours to elevate the Church of England to a higher standard in regard to authority and discipline—his rigorous prosecutions of the Puritans in the Star-chamber—his introduction into Church ceremonials of music, pictures, vestments, and other paraphernalia, at a time when such innovations were most unseasonable—had led to his being regarded by the Puritanical party in England with feelings of detestation which it would be difficult to exaggerate. Then it was, when the popular outcry was at its highest, that, having been called upon, on the 16th of January, 1630–1, to consecrate the new church of St. Catherine Cree, he was unwise enough to perform the ceremony attended by all the pomp and circumstance of the Church of Rome. At his approach, certain persons stationed near the door called out in a loud voice, "Open, open, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may enter in." Then followed the Archbishop, who, falling on his knees, and extending his arms, exclaimed, "This place is holy; the ground is holy; in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I pronounce it holy." Having risen from his knees, he proceeded towards the chancel, bowing, and throwing dust in the air as he passed along. The procession then made a circuit of the church; the Archbishop repeating two psalms and a prayer, which were followed by his pronouncing anathemas against any future profaner of the place, and blessings on those who had assisted in its erection. At every sentence he made a profound bow.

---

* His monument consists of his effigy in marble, lying at full length, on stone carved in imitation of matting, and bears the following inscription:—

"Here lyeth the body of Nicholas Throckmorton, Knight, the fourth son of George Throckmorton, Knight; which Sir Nicholas was Chief Butler of England, one of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer, and Ambassador-Leiger to the Queen's Majesty, Queen Elizabeth. And after his return into England, he was sent Ambassador again into France, and twice into Scotland. He married Anne Carew, daughter to Sir Nicholas Carew, Knight, and begat of her ten sons and three daughters. He died the 12th of February, 1570, aged 57."

The scene which followed the delivery of the sermon is described by his arch enemy, the acrimonious Prynne, in his "Canterbury's Doom," with pungent though almost profane humour. "When the bishop approached near the Communion-table, he bowed with his nose very near the ground, some six or seven times. Then he came to one of the corners of the tables, and there bowed himself three times; then to the second, third, and fourth corners, bowing at each corner three times; but when he came to the side of the table where the bread and wine was, he bowed himself seven times. Then, after the reading many prayers by himself and his two fat chaplains (which were with him, and all this while were upon their knees by him, in their surplices, hoods, and tippets), he himself came near the bread, which was cut and laid in a fine napkin; and then he gently lifted up one of the corners of the said napkin, and peeped into it till he saw the bread (like a boy that peeps into a bird's-nest in a bush), and presently clapped it down again, and flew back a step or two; and then bowed very low three times towards it and the table. When he beheld the bread, then he came near, and opened the napkin again, and bowed as before. Then he laid his hand upon the gilt cup, which was full of wine, with a cover upon it. So soon as he had pulled the cup a little nearer to him, he let the cup go, flew back, and bowed again three times towards it; then he came near again, and lifting up the cover of the cup, peeped into it, and seeing the wine, he let fall the cover on it again, and flew nimbly back, and bowed as before. After these, and many other apish, antic gestures, he himself received, and then gave the sacrament to some principal men only, they devoutly kneeling near the table; after which more prayers being said, this scene and interlude ended."

That these and similar satirical attacks on the part of Prynne sank deeply into the heart of Laud, may be assumed from the extreme rigour of the sentence passed upon the former the following year when brought before the Star Chamber for publishing his famous "Histrio Mastix." He was sentenced to be expelled the University of Oxford and the Society of Lincoln's Inn, to be degraded from his profession of the law, to stand twice in the pillory, to lose an ear each time, and to be incarcerated for life. Nevertheless, Prynne lived to conduct the famous prosecution against Laud, and to bring the haughty prelate to the block. He survived, moreover, the loss of his ears nearly forty years, and after having opposed the despotism of Cromwell and the bigotry of the Independents with the same undaunted spirit with which he had combated the intolerance of Laud and the aggressive domination of Strafford, he lived to be grateful at the Restoration for a livelihood which he obtained as Keeper of the Records in the Tower, and to forget the storms of the past in the literary seclusion of his chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

On the north side of Leadenhall Street, at the east corner of St. Mary-Axe, stands the beautiful church of St. Andrew Undershaft, dedicated to St. Andrew the Apostle. It derives its second name from a shaft, or Maypole, which stood opposite to it, and which towered above the church itself.

As we have already mentioned, this Maypole, which was more celebrated even than that in the Strand, owed its downfall to the fanaticism of one Sir Stephen, curate of St. Catherine Cree, who in a sermon which he preached at Paul's Cross, contrived to convince his ignorant audience that it was associated with idolatry, and so wrought upon their bigotry that they severed it into pieces and committed it piecemeal to the flames. It was a sad sacrilege, for the old Maypole had, from time immemorial, been associated with many innocent pastimes.

> "Happy the age, and harmless were the days,
>   For then true love and amity were found,
> When every village did a Maypole raise,
>   And Whitsun-ales and May-games did abound."

On the return of every first of May, the Maypole, decorated with scarfs, ribbons, and flowers, was raised into the air with great ceremony by yokes of oxen in front of the south door of the church; the horns of the oxen being tipped with nosegays of flowers. Bands of music; men, women, and children, carrying boughs and branches for which they had gone "a-maying" in the neighbouring meadows and lanes of Hampstead, Highgate, and Greenwich; arbours, summer-halls, and bowers; the Queen of the May, with her blushing face and laughing eyes; the revelling and merriment, and harmless jokes; and, above all, the light forms circling the Maypole in the merry dance,—such were the scenes which the first of May witnessed in England in the olden time.

But we must return to St. Andrew's Church, still a most interesting relic of the past with its ancient monuments, its rich specimens of Tudor architecture, its fresco paintings of the Apostles between the windows; the nave, with its square panels painted blue and its gilded ornaments of shields and flowers; and lastly, its pulpit of carved oak, and its large painted window at the east end of the nave, in which, in stained glass, are portraits of the sovereigns of England from Edward the Sixth to Charles the Second.

The first notice which we find of St. Andrew's Church is in 1362, when William of Chichester was the rector. The present building was erected between the years 1520 and 1532. Among the more curious and ancient monuments which it contains may be mentioned a brass plate, with figures engraved on it, in memory of Simon Burton, citizen, who died in 1595; another to the memory of Thomas Levison, Sheriff, who died in 1534; a fine monument of Sir Thomas Offley, Knight and Alderman, who died in 1582; and a sumptuous tomb to the memory of Sir Hugh Hammersly and his wife, erected in 1637.

But by far the most interesting monument in the church is that of the indefatigable antiquary, JOHN STOW. His monument, which is of considerable size, and fenced with an iron rail, represents him in effigy sitting at a desk, in a furred gown, in the attitude of study. It is said to be formed of *terra cotta*, or clay burned, but has all the appearance of being of alabaster or marble. Neglected and persecuted during his lifetime, his remains, according to Maitland, were not even permitted to rest in peace after his death, having been removed, in 1732, to make room for the body of another person.

In St. Andrew's Church lies buried Peter Anthony Motteux, once popular as a poet, and the translator of Don

Quixote and of Rabelais. He carried on a prosperous business as a vendor of East India wares in Leadenhall Street, and died in a disreputable house in the Strand in 1718.

St. Mary Axe, on the north side of Leadenhall Street, derives its name, according to Stow, from the sign of an Axe, which was formerly a conspicuous object at one end of it. Nearly on this spot, facing Leadenhall Street, stood, in the reign of Henry the Fifth, the London residence of the powerful family of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford. Here in this reign, resided Richard the eleventh Earl, who fought by the side of his royal master during the wars in France, and who died in that country in 1417.

In Lime Street, on the south side of Leadenhall Street, stood the mansion and chapel of the accomplished Sir Simon de Burley, formerly in the possession of Lord Neville. Lime Street is said to take its name from lime having been made or sold here. In this street the first Penny Post Office was established in the reign of Charles the Second.

CORNHILL, SAINT MICHAEL'S CHURCH, ROYAL EXCHANGE, &c.

CORNHILL FREQUENTED BY OLD CLOTHES SELLERS.—"POPE'S HEAD."—FIRST LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE.—TEA-DRINKING.—ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.—THE STANDARD IN CORNHILL.—THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—THE PAWN.—ROYAL EXCHANGE BAZAAR.—CHANGE ALLEY.—THREADNEEDLE STREET.—GORDON RIOTS.—MERCHANT TAYLORS' COMPANY.—SOUTHSEA HOUSE.—DRAPERS' COMPANY.—PLAGUE IN LOTHBURY.

LEADENHALL STREET leads us into Cornhill, which derives its name from its having been from time immemorial the principal corn-market in London. In the reign of Elizabeth, Cornhill appears to have been principally frequented by the vendors of worn-out apparel, who, according to Stow, were not among the most honest classes of the community. "I have read of a countryman," he writes, "that, having lost his hood in Westminster Hall, found the same in Cornhill, hanged out to be sold, which he challenged, but was forced to buy or go without it."

In Cornhill stood a large building called the Pope's Head, said to be one of the most ancient taverns in London, and which unquestionably existed in the early part of the reign of Edward the Fourth. Here, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, wine was sold for one penny the pint; no charge being made for bread. According to Stow, the Pope's Head had not improbably been a royal palace. In his time the ancient arms of England, consisting of three leopards, supported between two angels, were still to be seen engraved in stone on the walls. In this tavern, on the 14th of April, 1718, Bowen, a hot-headed Irish comedian, was killed in a duel of his own seeking by his fellow-actor, Quin. The site of the Pope's Head, is pointed out by Pope's Head Alley, running from Cornhill into Lombard Street.

The house numbered 41 in Cornhill, is said to stand on the site of the one in which, on the 26th of December, 1716, Gray, the poet, first saw the light.

On the south side of Cornhill is St. Michael's Alley, so called from St. Michael's Church, the tower of which is so conspicuous an ornament of this part of London. In this alley, opposite the church, stood, in the days of the Commonwealth, the first coffee-house established in London. According to Aubrey, it was opened about the year 1652 by one Bowman, coachman to Mr. Hodges, a Turkey merchant, by whom Bowman was induced to undertake the speculation. An original hand-bill, discovered by the late Mr. D'Israeli, sets forth—"The vertue of the coffee-drink, first publiquely made and sold in England, by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head." This Pasqua Rosee, it would seem, was a Greek servant whom the merchant had brought to England with him. In a curious broadside, entitled "A Cup of Coffee, or Coffee in its Colours" [1663], the writer ridicules the new fashion as both a very effeminate innovation—a very indifferent substitute for that "sublime Canary," which warmed the souls of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher :—

"For men and Christians to turn Turks, and think
To excuse the crime, because 'tis in their drink !
Pure English apes ! ye may, for aught I know,
Were it the mode,—learn to eat spiders too.
Should any of your grandsires' ghosts appear,
In your wax-candle circles, and but hear
The name of Coffee so much called upon,
Then see it drank like scalding Phlegethon ;
Would they not startle, think ye ? all agreed
'Twas conjuration both in word and deed !" &c.

Among other numerous broadsides which were thundered forth against the new drink may be mentioned, "The Women's Petition against Coffee" [1674], where a complaint is preferred that "it made men as unfruitful as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought; that the offspring of our mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pigmies; and, on a domestic message, a husband would stop by the way to drink a couple of cups of coffee."*

Close by, in Exchange Alley, on the south side of Cornhill, tea also was first sold and retailed for the cure of all disorders, by one Thomas Garway, tobacconist and coffeeman, whose name is still preserved in the well-known Garraway's Coffee-house. The following handbill, as the late Mr. D'Israeli very justly observes, is more curious than any historical account which we possess of its introduction.

"Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in *leaf*, or *drink*, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c., have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16*s.* to 50*s.* a pound."

In St. Michael's Alley, as we have already mentioned, stands the church of St. Michael, Cornhill, dedicated to the

---

* See D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," p. 288. Ed. 1839.

Archangel Michael. Although a place of worship appears to have existed on the spot previously to the Norman Conquest, we have no distinct notice of it till the commencement of the twelfth century, when we find the Abbot of Covesham making a grant of it to one Sperling, a priest, on condition of his paying an annual rent of one mark to the said Abbot, and providing him with lodging, salt, water, and fire, during his occasional visits to London. The old church, with the exception of the tower, having been destroyed by the great fire, in 1672 the present building was erected after designs by Sir Christopher Wren. Half a century afterwards, the tower was also found to be in a ruinous state, and accordingly it was taken down, and rebuilt in 1721.

The interior of St. Michael's Church is in the Italian style of architecture, divided into a nave and aisles by Doric columns and arches. By a strange anomaly, the tower is Gothic, being of that florid, or perpendicular style, which distinguished the latest period of pointed architecture in England. This noble tower—faulty only in its occasional details, where the architect has mingled the Italian with the Gothic style—is 130 feet in height, and is said to have been built in imitation of the beautiful chapel tower of Magdalen College, Oxford, erected in the fifteenth century. In the old church were interred the remains of the well-known chronicler, Robert Fabian, a sheriff and alderman of London, who died in 1511. Here also lie the remains of Thomas Stow the father, and of Thomas Stow the grandfather, of the celebrated antiquary. The former died in 1559, the latter in 1526. Stow himself was born in the parish of St. Michael's about the year 1525; and here his ancestors, for at least three generations, resided as citizens and tradesmen.*

---

* The will of Stow's grandfather, who describes himself as Citizen and Tallow-chandler, has been preserved by Strype, and is in many respects

The Standard in Cornhill stood about the centre of the spot where Cornhill and Leadenhall Street are intersected by Gracechurch Street and Bishopsgate Street. It consisted of a large conduit, whence water spouted at four points, which was conveyed from the Thames by means of leaden pipes. It was completed in 1582, but though it continued for many years to be an ornament to the City, it had ceased to be used as a conduit in the early part of the reign of James the First. From the Standard in Cornhill, as testified by many milestones in the suburbs of London, it was long the custom to measure distances into the country.

On the south side of Cornhill stands a church dedicated to St. Peter the Apostle, which, beyond its great antiquity, possesses no particular feature of interest. According to an inscription on a brass plate still preserved in the vestry-room, it was founded as early as the year 179, yet we find no written mention of it till the year 1235, when it afforded a sanctuary to one Geoffrey Russel, who was accused of

---

curious. After bequeathing his soul "to Jesus Christ and our blessed Lady, St. Mary the Virgin," and directing that his body shall be buried "in the little green churchyard of the parish church of St. Michael in Cornhill, between the cross and the church wall," he proceeds, "I bequeath to the high altar of the aforesaid church, for my tithes forgotten, 12*d*. Item to Jesu's Brotherhood, 12*d*. I give to our Lady and St. ——— Brotherhood, 12*d*. I give to St. Christopher and St. George, 12*d*. Also I give to the seven altars in the church aforesaid, in the worship of the seven Sacraments, every year during three years, 20*d*. Item 5*s*. to have on every altar a watching-candle, burning from six of the clock until it be past seven, in worship of the seven Sacraments; and this candle shall begin to burn, and to be set upon the altar from All Hallowen-day till it be Candlemas-day following; and it shall be a watching-candle, of eight in the pound. Also I give to the Brotherhood of Clerks to drink, 20*d*. Also, I give to them that shall bear me to Church, every man 4*d*. Also, I give to a poor man or woman every Sunday in one year, 1*d*. to say five Paternosters and Aves and a Creed for my soul. Also, I give to the reparations of Paul's 8*d*. Also, I will have six new torches, and two torches of St. Michael, and two of St. Anne, and two of St. Christopher, and two of Jesus, of the best torches."

having been concerned in a murder which had been perpetrated in St. Paul's churchyard. The old church having been destroyed by the fire of London, the present edifice was erected in the reign of Charles the Second, by Sir Christopher Wren. It reflects but little credit on the genius of that great artist. The only monument in the church of any interest is a small tablet which records the melancholy death by fire, on the 18th of January, 1782, of the seven children of James and Mary Woodmason, of Leadenhall Street. We must not, however, omit to record, as associated with this church, one revered name, that of the learned and conscientious Dr. William Beveridge, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, who was presented to the living in 1672.

The Royal Exchange, on the north side of Cornhill, was originally founded and built at the expense of the munificent Sir Thomas Gresham, on a spot of ground presented to him for the purpose by the City of London. He himself laid the first stone on the 7th of June, 1566. Previously to its erection, as we are told, the merchants of London were "more like pedlars than merchants, either walking and talking in an open narrow street, enduring all extremity of weather," or standing for shelter under gateways and doorways. The street here alluded to was Lombard Street, where the merchants of London were anciently accustomed to meet for the transaction of business. Sir Thomas Gresham's new and magnificent edifice was completed in November, 1567, and styled by the foreign title of "the Bourse." The upper part of the building was appropriated to shops; the area and piazzas below being set apart for the use of the merchants.

On the 23rd of January, 1570–1, we find Queen Elizabeth proceeding in great state from her palace at Somerset House to visit the new Bourse; the bells in every part of the City sending forth their merry peals during her progress. "The

Queen's Majesty," writes Stow, "attended with her nobility, came from her house at the Strand, called Somerset House, and entered the City by Temple Bar, through Fleet Street, Cheap, and so by the north side of the Bourse, through Threeneedle Street, to Sir Thomas Gresham's house in Bishopsgate Street, where she dined. After dinner, her Majesty, returning through Cornhill, entered the Bourse on the south side, and after that she had viewed every part thereof, above the ground, especially the *Pawn,* which was richly furnished with all sorts of the finest wares in the City, she caused the same Bourse, by a herald and trumpet, to be proclaimed the *Royal Exchange,* and so to be called from thenceforth, and not otherwise."

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, while the Tower was yet a royal residence, and the houses of many of the nobility stood in the adjoining streets, the "Pawn,"* or bazaar, alluded to in the foregoing extract, was the most fashionable lounging-place in London. It consisted of the upper part of the building, where rich and costly goods of every description were exposed for sale.

In the daytime the favourite place of promenade and gossip was one of the aisles of St. Paul's Cathedral, which from this circumstance was styled Paul's Walk, as also were its frequenters styled Paul Walkers. The Exchange, however, being lighted up till ten o'clock at night, the idlers of St. Paul's usually found their way in the evening to the Pawn in the Royal Exchange. Here used to assemble a motley group, consisting of foreigners of every variety of language and costume, merchants, the wives of peers and citizens, courtiers, and adventurers of every class; many of the latter being without any fixed means of subsistence.

---

* This name is said to be derived from the German word *bahn,* in Dutch *baan,* signifying a path or walk.

Such were the class of persons, who, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, from their frequenting Paul's Walk in the daytime, were said to dine with Duke Humphrey; and from their lounging in the Exchange at night were said to sup with Sir Thomas Gresham. For instance, Hayman, in 1628, thus addresses an epigram in his "Quodlibets" to Sir Pierce Pennilesse:—

"Though little coin thy purseless pockets line,
Yet with great company thou 'rt taken up;
For often with Duke Humphrey thou dost dine,
And often with Sir Thomas Gresham sup."

Samuel Rolle, speaking of the temptations held out by the "Pawn" before its destruction by the great fire, observes:—"What artificial thing was there that could entertain the senses, or the fantasies of men, that was not there to be had? Such was the delight that many gallants took in that magazine of all curious varieties, that they could almost have dwelt there, going from shop to shop like bees from flower to flower, if they had but had a fountain of money that could not have been drawn dry."

Again, in a little work by Daniel Lupton, entitled "London and the Country Carbonadoed" [1632], we find—"Here are usually more coaches attendant than at church doors. The merchants should keep their wives from visiting the upper rooms too often, lest they tire their purses by attiring themselves. There's many gentlewomen come hither, that, to help their faces and complexions break their husband's backs; who play foul in the country with their land, to be fair and play false in the City."

Exactly a century after the laying of the first stone, the Royal Exchange perished in the great fire. In the words of an eye-witness of its destruction,—the Rev. T. Vincent,—"When the fire was entered, how quickly did it run round the galleries, filling them with flames; then, descending the stairs, encompassed the walks, giving forth flaming volleys and filling the courts with sheets of fire: by-and-by the statues of the Kings fell all down upon their faces, and the greatest part of the building after them, with such a noise as was dreadful and astonishing, the Founder's only remaining." The singular fact of the statues of a long line of Kings having been destroyed by the fire, while that of the founder of the Exchange, Sir Thomas Gresham, remained uninjured, is recorded by two other eye-witnesses of the conflagration, Evelyn and Pepys. It is still more remarkable that on the second destruction of the Royal Exchange by fire, in 1838, the statue of Sir Thomas Gresham should again have escaped uninjured.

It was not long after the destruction of the old Exchange, that a new and still more magnificent edifice was commenced, at the expense of the merchants of London, with a small addition from the Gresham Fund. Charles the Second, who took considerable interest in its progress, presided at the ceremony of laying the first stone, on which occasion he partook of a collation prepared under a temporary building on the spot. Pepys inserts in his "Diary," on the 23rd of October, 1667:—"Sir W. Penn and I back into London, and there saw the King, with his kettle-drums and trumpets, going to the Exchange, to lay the first stone of the first pillar; which, the gates being shut, I could not get in to see. So, with Sir W. Penn to Captain Cockes, and thence again toward Westminster; but in my way stopped at the Exchange, and got in, the King being newly gone, and there find the bottom of the first pillar laid; that on the west side of the north entrance; and here was a shed set up, and hung with tapestry, and a canopy of state, and some good victuals and wine for the King." The Exchange was finally completed, and opened for the purposes of business, on the 28th of September, 1669.

In the reign of Queen Anne, the bazaar in the Royal Exchange was still a tempting and fashionable lounging-place. Sir Richard Steele, for instance, in a paper in the "Spectator" (No. 454), writes—"It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey, to go up stairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females. To observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, 'only to look at you.'"

To the graceful pen of Addison we are indebted for a still more interesting notice of the Royal Exchange at this period. "There is no place in the town," he writes, "which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high-'change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London; or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of

Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman, at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world."*

It was not long after Addison wrote that the glory of the once fashionable "Pawn," or bazaar, in the Royal Exchange, began to decline, and before thirty years had elapsed it had passed away for ever. Maitland, writing in 1739, speaks of it as having been "*of late* stored with the richest and choicest sorts of merchandize; but the same being now forsaken, it appears like a wilderness." The Exchange was again burnt down on the night of the 10th of January, 1838.†

The present Royal Exchange was built after designs of William Tite, and was opened by her present Majesty in person, 28th of October, 1844. The pediment is the work of R. Westmacott, R.A. The cost of the edifice is said to have been £180,000.

In Change Alley stood Jonathan's Coffee House, mentioned in the "Tatler" (No. 38) as "the general mart for stock jobbers," and where Mrs. Centlivre has laid a scene in "A Bold Stroke for a Wife." In Freeman's Court, then at the east end of the Royal Exchange, Daniel Defoe carried on for many years the business of an hosefactor.

---

* "Spectator," No. 69.

† See Knight's "London," vol. ii. p. 281, to which valuable work the author is indebted for many particulars in the foregoing account of the old Exchange.

Cornhill leads us into Threadneedle, or, as Stow calls it, *Three-needle* Street. At a later period we find it called *Thridneedle* Street; at least, so the learned divine Samuel Clarke styles it, in writing from his study in Threadneedle Street. In this street the great Sir Thomas More was educated under a schoolmaster of high reputation previously to his being removed into the family of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and subsequently to Christchurch College, Oxford.* Here also resided the grandfather and father of Sir Philip Sydney.

On the south side of Threadneedle Street stood till recently the ancient church of St. Benedict, vulgarly called St. Benet Fink. It was rebuilt by one Robert Finck, or Finch, from whom it derives its name, as does also Finch Lane, in which he resided. Having been destroyed by the great fire, the church was shortly afterwards rebuilt from designs by Sir Christopher Wren. It continued standing till the year 1846, when it was demolished, in order to make room for the improvements connected with the erection of the New Royal Exchange. The materials were sold by auction, and the funeral monuments removed to the church of St. Peter-le-Poor, with which parish St. Benet Fink is now united. It appears by the parish registers that the marriage of the celebrated nonconformist, Richard Baxter, with Margaret Charlton, took place here on the 10th of September, 1662.† Here also was interred, in 1723, Mrs. Manley, well known from her remarkable personal history, and as the authoress of "The New Atalantis."

---

* Sir Thomas More was educated at the Hospital or Free School of St. Anthony, Threadneedle Street. The hospital was suppressed in the reign of Edward the Sixth, but the school, though "sore decayed," still existed in the time of Stow. It stood on the site of the present Hall of Commerce. Archbishop Whitgift was also educated here. Stow, pp. 69 and 183.—Cunningham's "London," Art. St. Anthony.

† Cunningham's "London," Art. St. Benet Fink.

Another church in this neighbourhood, which was demolished under the same circumstances, was that of St. Bartholomew by the Exchange, rebuilt in 1438, and again, after designs by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1679. Here were interred the remains of Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, who assisted Tyndale in the first English translation of the Bible. On the demolition of the church, his remains were removed to that of St. Magnus, London Bridge, of which he was for two years the rector.

In Threadneedle Street, nearly opposite to Finch Lane, stood the ancient Hospital, or Priory, of St. Anthony of Vienna, in the brethren of which, till 1474, the patronage of St. Benet's Church was vested. In this street also stands the Bank of England, which was established on this spot in 1734, previously to which period the business was transacted in Grocers' Hall. To make room for part of the present buildings, the old but uninteresting church of St. Christopher—founded in 1462, and one of the few which escaped the fire of London—was taken down in 1781.

During the Gordon riots in 1780, a bold attempt was made to sack the Bank of England, but in the words of Pennant, it was "saved from the fury of an infamous mob by the virtue of the citizens, who formed suddenly a volunteer company, and overawed the miscreants, while the chief magistrate skulked trembling in his Mansion-house, and left his important charge to its fate." Here, and on Blackfriars Bridge, the principal conflict and slaughter took place on the last day of the riots. "The carnage," says Wraxall, "which took place at the Bank was great, though not of very long duration; and in order to conceal, as much as possible the magnitude of the number, as well as the names of the persons who perished, similar precautions were taken on both sides. All the dead bodies, being carried away during the night, were precipitated into the river. Even the impressions made by the musket balls, on the houses opposite to the Bank, were as much as possible erased on the following morning, and the buildings whitewashed. Government and the rioters seem to have felt an equal disposition, by drawing a veil over the extent of the calamity, to bury it in profound darkness. To Colonel Holroyd, since deservedly raised to the British Peerage as Lord Sheffield, and to his Regiment of Militia, the country was eminently indebted for repelling the fury of the mob at the Bank, where, during some moments, the conflict seemed doubtful, and the assailants had nearly forced an entrance."

"I was told," continues Wraxall, "by the late Lord Rodney, who was then an officer in the Guards, that having been sent on the night of the 7th of June, to the defence of the Bank of England, at the head of a detachment of his regiment, he there found Lord George Gordon, who appeared anxiously endeavouring, by expostulation, to induce the populace to retire. As soon as Lord George saw Captain Rodney, he strongly expressed his concern at the acts of violence committed; adding that he was ready to take his stand by Captain Rodney's side, and to expose his person to the utmost risk, in order to resist such proceedings. Rodney, however, who distrusted his sincerity, and justly considered him as the original cause of all the calamities, declined any communication with him; only exhorting him, if he wished to stop the further effusion of blood, and to prevent the destruction of the Bank, to exert himself in dispersing the furious crowd; but, whatever might be his inclination, he was altogether destitute of the power."

At the east end of Threadneedle Street, on the south side, stands the hall of the Merchant Taylors. This wealthy company, though not the first in point of precedence, is said to number more royal and noble personages among its members than any other of the City Companies. From the occupation which they carried on here, Threadneedle Street derives its name. They were originally incorporated in 1466 with the designation of "Taylors and Linen-armourers." This name they retained till 1503, when Henry the Seventh, himself a member of the Company, re-incorporated them under their present title of "Merchant Taylors" of the fraternity of St. John the Baptist, in the City of London.

Although not actually formed into a corporate body till the reign of Edward the Fourth, we find a society of Merchant Taylors existing as far back as the time of Henry the Third, in which reign a violent feud existed between them and the Goldsmiths' Company. To such lengths did it proceed, that they at last agreed to meet at night completely armed to the number of five hundred men, and to settle their disputes with the sword. Accordingly an encounter took place in the dead of night, in which many were killed and wounded on both sides, nor did they separate till the sheriffs, with a large body of citizens, arrived on the spot and apprehended the ringleaders, thirteen of whom were subsequently condemned and executed. The present Merchant Taylors' Hall was rebuilt after the fire of London, and contains a few historical portraits of some merit.

Dependent on the Merchant Taylors' Company is the celebrated School which bears their name. It was founded by the Company in 1561, on a spot of ground on the east side of Suffolk Lane, Thames Street, formerly called the "Manor of the Rose," the property of the Dukes of Buckingham.

Several eminent men have received their education at this school, among whom may be mentioned James Shirley the dramatic poet, Bulstrode Whitelocke the author of the "Memorials of English Affairs," Edmund Calamy the nonconformist, and the great Lord Clive.

In Threadneedle Street was the South-Sea House, celebrated in the early part of the last century for one of the most iniquitous bubbles in the annals of roguery. The Company was established by Act of Parliament in 1711, under the title of "The Company of Merchants of Great Britain trading to the South Seas and other parts of America, and for encouraging the Fishery." Their ostensible object was the monopoly of the trade to the South Seas, and the supplying Spanish America with negroes. The building is now divided into suites of chambers.

From Threadneedle Street let us pass into Throgmorton Street, which not improbably derives its designation from the family name of the accomplished Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who, from the circumstance of his having been buried in the neighbouring church of St. Catherine Cree, very possibly resided in this vicinity. On the north side of Throgmorton Street stood, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, a magnificent mansion erected by the ill-fated Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. In carrying out his favourite project of enlarging and beautifying his new domain, the great minister showed a disregard for the rights and comforts of his fellow-citizens, which is curiously illustrative of the arbitrary power of a royal favourite under the rule of the Tudors. "This house being finished," says Stow, "and having some reasonable plot of ground left for a garden, he (Cromwell) caused the pales of the gardens adjoining to the north part thereof on a sudden to be taken down—twenty-two feet to be measured forth right into the north of every man's ground—a line there to be drawn—a trench to be cast—a foundation laid—and a high brick wall to be built. My father had a garden there, and a house standing close to his south pale. *This house they loosed from the ground, and bare upon rollers into my father's garden* twenty-two feet, ere my father heard thereof. No warning was given him, nor other answer when he spake to the surveyors of that work, but that their master, Sir Thomas, commanded them so to do. No man durst go to argue the matter, but each man lost his land; and my father paid his whole rent, which was six shillings and eightpence the year, for that half which was left."

After the fall of Cromwell his mansion and gardens were purchased of the Crown by the Drapers' Company, whose Hall now occupies their site. It was from this company that the first Lord Mayor of London, Henry Fitz-alwyn, was elected. In their hall is a large and interesting picture, ascribed to Zuchero, said to represent Mary Queen of Scots and her son, afterwards James the First. As the unfortunate Queen, however, never beheld her child after he was a twelvemonth old, the portrait, of course, could not have been drawn from the life.

Lothbury, a continuation of Throgmorton Street, was, according to Stow, anciently called Lathberie or Loadberie, probably from the name of some person who kept a court or *berry* here. "This street," says Stow, "is possessed for the most part by founders, that cast candlesticks, chafing-dishes, spice-mortars, and such like copper or laton works, and do afterwards turn them with the foot, and not with the wheel, to make them smooth and bright with turning and scrating (as some do term it), making a lothsome noise to the by-passers that have not been used to the like, and therefore by them disdainfully called Loth-berie."

"This night I'll change
All that is metal, in my house, to gold:
And early in the morning will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
To buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury
For all the copper."—BEN JONSON: *The Alchemist.*

This street, as well as the narrow and populous thoroughfares adjoining it, appear to have suffered dreadfully during the visitation of the great plague. "In my walks," writes Defoe, "I had many dismal scenes before my eyes, as particularly of persons falling dead in the streets, terrible shrieks and screechings of women, who in their agonies would throw open their chamber-windows, and cry out in a dismal surprising manner. Passing through Tokenhouse-yard in Lothbury, of a sudden a casement violently opened just over my head, and a woman gave three frightful screeches, and then cried 'Oh death, death, death!' in a most inimitable tone, and which struck me with horror, and a chillness in my very blood. There was nobody to be seen in the whole street, neither did any other window open, for people had no curiosity now in any case, nor could anybody help one another. Just in Bell Alley, on the right hand of the passage, there was a more terrible cry than that, though it was not so directed out at the window; but the whole family was in a terrible fright, and I could hear women and children run screaming about the rooms like distracted; when a garret window opened, and somebody from a window on the other side the alley called and asked, 'What is the matter?' upon which, from the first window it was answered, 'O Lord! my old master has hanged himself.' The other asked again, 'Is he quite dead?' and the first answered, 'Ay, ay, quite dead and cold!' This person was a merchant, and a deputy-alderman, and very rich. But this is but one. It is scarce credible what dreadful cases happened in particular families every day. People, in the rage of the distemper, or in the torment of their swellings, which was indeed intolerable, running out of their own government, raving and distracted, oftentimes laid violent hands upon themselves, throwing themselves out at their windows, shooting themselves, &c.; mothers murdering their own children in their lunacy; some dying of mere grief, as a passion; some of mere fright and surprise, without any infection at all; others frighted into idiotism and foolish distractions, some into despair and lunacy; others into melancholy madness."

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, we find a conduit erected in Lothbury, which was supplied with water from "the spring of Dame Anne's the Clear," at Hoxton, but no trace of it now exists.

Tokenhouse Yard, Lothbury, was built in the reign of Charles the First, on the site of the princely mansion of Thomas, twentieth Earl of Arundel, the collector of the famous Arundel marbles. He subsequently removed to a suburban mansion on the banks of the Thames, of which Arundel Street in the Strand points out the site.

OLD JEWRY, ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH, MANSION HOUSE, LONDON STONE, &c.

OLD JEWRY, THE ORIGINAL BURIAL PLACE OF THE JEWS.—EXPULSION OF THE JEWS.—DR. LAMBE AND THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.—ST. OLAVE'S CHURCH.—ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY.—ST. THOMAS OF ACON.—GILBERT A BECKET.—MERCERS' COMPANY.—THE POULTRY.—MANSION HOUSE.—STOCKS MARKET.—SIR JOHN CUTLER.—BUCKLERSBURY.—INDIAN HOUSES.—ST. STEPHEN'S WALBROOK.—LONDON STONE.—PRIOR OF TORTINGTON'S "INNE."

TO the west of Lothbury is the Old Jewry, so intimately associated with the persecution of the Jews in England during the reign of our Norman sovereigns. Previously to the reign of Henry the First, the only burial-place which the bigotry of our ancestors permitted to the Jews in England was in London, whither, in the words of Holinshed, they were "constrained to bring all their dead corpses from all parts of the realm." It was not till the year 1117, that they "obtained from King Henry a grant to have a place assigned them, in every quarter where they dwelled, to bury their dead bodies."* In the Old Jewry was their great synagogue, and in this quarter they continued to increase and multiply till 1283, when John Perkham, Archbishop of Canterbury, commanded the Bishop of London to destroy all the Jews' synagogues in the metropolis. Seven years afterwards, Edward the First, on his return from France, issued his famous edict which drove the

---

* Holinshed's "Chronicles," vol. ii., p. 175.

Jews from the kingdom. The number thus expelled is said to have been fifteen thousand and sixty. Whether rightfully or wrongfully, they were accused, not only of having practised usury to a ruinous extent, but also of having adulterated the coin of the realm. Suddenly, then, their persons were seized in every part of England; their property was confiscated, and a moiety of it only bestowed on those who consented to embrace Christianity. To the honour of the Jews be it spoken, that, notwithstanding the temptation of retaining possession of their darling gold, only a few were to be found who consented to purchase their lives, and all that makes life palatable, at the expense of their conscience. Two hundred and eighty were hanged in London alone. The remainder, after having been stripped of their possessions, were driven forth to seek asylums in other countries. It was not till the seventeenth century that the Jews again appeared in any numbers in England.

The "Jewerie," as it was styled, appears to have extended along both sides of what is now Gresham Street, from St. Lawrence Lane and the church of St. Lawrence on the west, to Basinghall Street and the Old Jewry on the east, and southward between the Old Jewry and Ironmonger Lane as far as Church Court. The detestation in which, in the olden time, the Jews were held by the common people of England, led to more than one furious attack on their colony in the "Jewerie." In 1262, a quarrel having taken place in one of the neighbouring churches between a Christian and a Jew, in which the Christian was mortally wounded, the Jew flew for refuge to his own people, but, having been overtaken by the neighbours of the deceased, was summarily put to death. Not satisfied, however, with this act of revenge, the infuriated mob poured into the "Jewerie," and indiscriminately pillaged and slew every Jew whom they met. In 1264, a Jew having been convicted of exacting usurious interest from a Christian, another irruption took place into their colony, when their synagogue and other valuable property were destroyed.

But the Old Jewry has other interesting associations besides its connection with the Jews. Here, in the fifteenth century, the unfortunate Henry the Sixth had a mansion, which he styled his "principal palace in the Old Jewry." It was a large stone building, commonly called the Old Wardrobe, and when Stow wrote had only recently been demolished.

Tradition informs us that at the corner of Old Jewry and Cheapside stood the house in which Thomas à Becket first saw the light. Here too it was that the infamous Dr. Lambe was beaten and trampled to death by an exasperated mob. This aged and disreputable mountebank, who united in his own person the professions of a physician, a caster of nativities, and a fortune-teller, had been guilty of a long catalogue of crimes. In 1607, he had been found guilty of sorcery and witchcraft, practised on the body of Thomas Lord Windsor, and, agreeably with the terms of his sentence, was undergoing imprisonment in the King's Bench Prison, when he committed a still more serious offence, in which a little girl of eleven years of age was his victim. For this latter crime he was sentenced to death, but in consequence of his possessing some secret and powerful influence at court, which the world attributed to the unpopular favourite, the first George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, he obtained a pardon. His death took place in the manner we have stated, on the 13th of June, 1628. Not that the mob troubled themselves much about his vices or his crimes: his chief offence in their eyes being his connection with the detested Buckingham. Yet, though men spoke of him as the "Duke's devil," it may be questioned whether Buckingham ever even set his eyes on the wretched mountebank. Carte, for instance, affirms that they never met, and Carte's assertion is in a great degree borne out by a fact which not long since came to light, that Lambe was at one time actually engaged in a conspiracy against the Duke's life.* At all events Lambe owed his fearful death to the current belief of his intimacy with Buckingham. Almost at the last gasp, he was rescued by the authorities from the hands of the infuriated populace and carried into the adjoining Compter in the Poultry, but he survived only till the following day. It was certainly a remarkable coincidence, as noticed by Lord Clarendon among other "predictions and prophecies," that Dr. Lambe should have correctly foretold both the time of his own death, and that of Buckingham. It was another striking coincidence, that on the day on which Lambe was torn to pieces by the mob, Buckingham's picture fell down in the High Commission Chamber at Lambeth; an incident, which, in a superstitious age, was eagerly hailed as a prognostic of his fall.

On the west side of the Old Jewry stands St. Olave's Church, another of Sir Christopher Wren's structures erected shortly after the destruction of the old church by the fire of London. Stow records the names of several persons who were buried in this church between the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, but whose monuments no longer exist. Among them may be mentioned a monument to Giles Dewes, servant to Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth, who died in 1535. His epitaph recorded that he was "clerk of their libraries, and schoolmaster for the French tongue" to Arthur Prince of Wales and his sister Mary, afterwards Queen of France. Robert Large, mercer and citizen, the master of Caxton, was also buried in this church. The only monument of any interest which is now to be seen in the church, is that of Alderman Boydell the eminent engraver.

---

* See Bishop Goodman's "Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 377.

On the east side of the Old Jewry stood, in the reign of Charles the Second, the magnificent mansion of Sir Robert Clayton.

Dr. James Foster, whose name has been immortalized by Pope, was for many years a preacher in the Old Jewry :—

> "Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
> Ten Metropolitans in preaching well."

Professor Porson died in the Old Jewry in 1808, in the apartments which he occupied as Librarian of the London Institution.

Close to the Old Jewry is the church of St. Lawrence Jewry, dedicated to St. Lawrence, who, during the persecution of the Emperor Diocletian, is said to have suffered martyrdom by being extended on a gridiron and burnt to death. The church, notwithstanding its simplicity of style, is allowed to be one of the chastest and most beautiful of Wren's structures. It appears to have been originally founded about the year 1293, shortly after the expulsion of the Jews from this district. The old church having been destroyed by the fire of London, the present building was erected in 1671. The façade, at the east end in King Street, has been greatly admired. The appearance of the interior, also, with its Corinthian columns, its decorated ceiling, and its finely ornamented doorways and pulpit of polished oak, is extremely rich and pleasing. The vestry is perhaps the handsomest in London. The ceiling, containing a painting by Sir James Thornhill, representing St. Lawrence being received into heaven after his martyrdom, is richly stuccoed, and the walls are completely panelled with fine old oak.

In this church lies buried Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire, the father of Anne Boleyn. He survived her death, and that of his only son, George Lord Rochford, only two years. Here, too, according to Weever, was interred Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, the great-grandfather of the unfortunate Queen, and the founder of the fortunes of the Boleyn family. He was a wealthy mercer of the city of London; filled the Lord Mayor's chair in 1458, and about the same time married Anne, daughter of Thomas Lord Hoo and Hastings.

The most interesting monument in the church is that to the memory of the amiable and distinguished divine, Archbishop Tillotson, many of whose admirable sermons were delivered in this church. His epitaph is sufficiently brief.

> "P. M.
>
> "Reverendissimi et Sanctissimi præsulis, Johannis Tillotson, Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis, Concionatoris olim hâc in Ecclesiâ per annos 30 celeberrimi; qui obiit 10 Kal. Dec. 1694. Ætat. 64.
>
> "Hoc posuit Elizabetha conjux illius mœstissima."

Tillotson was both married and buried in this church. Bishop Burnet on the latter occasion preached his funeral sermon.

Another eminent prelate buried in this church, was Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, who held the living of St. Lawrence at the time when Tillotson was Tuesday Lecturer in the church. One other epitaph, recording the early death of William Bird, who died on the 2nd of October, 1698, in his fifth year, may be transcribed on account of its quaintness.

"One charming bird to Paradise is flown:
  Yet are we not of comfort quite bereft,
Since one of this fair brood is still our own,
  And still to cheer our drooping soul is left.
This stays with us, whilst that its flight doth take,
That earth and skies may one sweet concert make."

The other *Bird* was his young sister, Mary, to whose memory there is a monumental effigy of the size of life, with two Cupids hovering over her head and two weeping at her feet. Her death took place in her fourteenth year.

Between the Old Jewry and Ironmonger Lane, where now stands the Hall of the Mercers' Company, formerly stood the ancient hospital of St. Thomas of Acon, founded in the reign of Henry the Second by Thomas Fitz-Theobald de Helles and his wife Agnes, sister to Thomas à Becket, whom we have already mentioned as having been born near here. The hospital was built twenty years after his murder, and dedicated to him in conjunction with the blessed Virgin.

The fact of Gilbert à Becket, the father of the haughty prelate, having resided near this spot appears to be beyond question; indeed, here occurred that romantic incident in the father's life which our old chroniclers have delighted to record. While in the Holy Land he had won the affections of Matilda, a fair Saracen, to whom he subsequently owed his release from captivity. Having bidden her farewell, he returned to his native land, whither, however, the maiden determined on following him. With love only for her beacon, and with only two English watchwords—"London and Gilbert"—she succeeded in making her way from the far East, and at length reached "the Mercery," where she had the satisfaction of being folded in the arms of her beloved Gilbert. Having rewarded her constancy and devotion by making her his wife, she in due time became the mother of the celebrated prelate and martyr, who was occasionally styled Thomas of Acons, or Acre, from the presumed birthplace of his mother.

At the suppression of the monastic houses in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the Hospital of St. Thomas of Acon came into the possession of the Mercers' Company. Their hall, as well as the "fair and beautiful chapel" of the old hospital, were burnt down by the great fire of 1666. Here were formerly to be seen several ancient monuments, among which was one to James Butler, Earl of Ormond and Dame Joan, his wife, who lived in the reign of Henry the Sixth.

The front of Mercers' Hall faces Cheapside. Although this company was not incorporated till 1393, it appears that at a far earlier period the mercers congregated and exposed their goods for sale at this identical spot, from which circumstance it obtained the name of "The Mercery." In Lydgate's "London Lackpenny" we find,—

> "Then to the Chepe I began me drawne,
>   Where much people I saw for to stand;
> One offered me velvet, silke, and lawne,
>   And another, he taketh me by the hand,
>   'Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land.'"

It may be mentioned, as evidence of the opulence and high position of the Mercers' Company, that not fewer than one hundred Lord Mayors have been elected from their society. "In the year 1536, on St. Peter's night," writes Stow, "King Henry the Eighth and Queen Jane his wife stood in this Mercers' Hall, then new built, and beheld the marching watch of this city, most bravely set out, Sir John Allen, Mercer, one of the king's council, being Mayor." On the 2nd September, 1660, Guy, the princely founder of Guy's Hospital, was bound apprentice to a bookseller "in the porch of Mercers' Chapel."

Coleman Street, a continuation of Old Jewry, contains nothing very remarkable with the exception of its church, dedicated to St. Stephen, one of the most ancient foundations in London. The old building, however, was burnt down in 1666, shortly after which the present insignificant edifice was erected by Sir Christopher Wren on its site. The former church contained a variety of monuments, among which was one to the memory of the indefatigable old antiquary and dramatic writer, Anthony Munday, citizen and draper, who died in 1633, after having for thirty years contrived the scenic machinery and arranged the City shows and pageants.

Coleman Street is said to derive its name from one Robert Coleman, who is supposed to have been either the owner of the property or the builder of the street. In the reign of Charles the First it appears to have been much frequented by the Puritan and Republican party; for which reason probably it was that the "five members" took refuge here on the memorable occasion of Charles proceeding to the House of Commons to seize their persons. Here too it was, at a tavern called the "Star," that Oliver Cromwell and the heads of the republican party hatched their plots against the State. Here resided the Puritan preacher, John Goodwin, who proposed to Charles the First to pray with him on the eve of his execution; hence, immediately after the Restoration, the Millenarian Venner issued forth at the head of his fanatic followers, to excite the insurrection which bears his name, and in this street he was hanged. At No. 14, Great Bell Yard, now Telegraph Street, Bloomfield, the poet, carried on his trade as a shoemaker.

To the west of Coleman Street is Basinghall Street. In this street is the unimportant church of St. Michael's Bassishaw, which derives its name from the *haugh*, or hall, of the Basing family, which anciently stood upon this spot, and from whom the street is also named. The church was originally founded about the year 1140, but having been burnt down in 1666, was re-built by Wren in 1679.

Retracing our steps down the Old Jewry, we arrive at the Poultry, so called from its having been principally tenanted in ancient times by poulterers. At the east end of the

Poultry is the ponderous-looking Mansion House, built after the designs of George Dance, the City Surveyor; the first stone having been laid on the 25th of October, 1739. The first Lord Mayor who inhabited it was Sir Crisp Gascoyne, who took up his abode there in 1753. It was erected nearly in the centre of what was called Stocks Market, formerly one of the largest markets in London, and so called from a pair of stocks, in which as early as 1281, offenders were exposed to punishment. The market was established by Henry Wallis, Lord Mayor, in 1282. In the middle of the market stood an equestrian statue, said to have been erected in honour of Charles the Second, by Sir Robert Viner, Lord Mayor of London, in 1675, the same functionary with whom the merry monarch spent a jovial evening as recorded in the Spectator.* According, however, to Granger and Walpole, the statue was in fact that of John Sobieski, King of Poland, which the Mayor is asserted to have discovered and purchased at a foundry.

The cost of the Mansion House, including the price paid for the houses which it was found necessary to pull down, is said to have amounted to no less than £71,000; a great additional expense having been incurred by the number of springs discovered in laying the foundations, which rendered it necessary to drive a vast number of piles close together, upon which piles the building was raised, like the Stadthouse at Amsterdam.

On the north side of the Poultry is the hall of the Grocers' Company, standing on the site of the London residence of the Barons Fitzwalter, from whom it was purchased by the Company in 1411. Originally styled Pepperers, from their having dealt principally in pepper, they were in 1345 incorporated by Edward the Third under the title of "the Wardens and Commonalty of the Mystery of the Grocers of the City of London ;" their name being apparently derived from their selling articles in the gross.

---

* See ante, p. 320.

Among other portraits in the hall of the company is that of Sir John Cutler, whom Pope has "damned to everlasting fame," as one of the most miserable misers on record.

> "Cutler saw tenants break and houses fall,
> For very want ; he could not build a wall.
> His only daughter in a stranger's power,
> For very want ; he could not pay a dower.
> A few grey hairs his reverend temples crowned,
> 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
> What e'en denied a cordial at his end,
> Banished the doctor and expelled the friend ?
> What but a want, that you perhaps think mad,
> Yet numbers feel the want of what he had !
> Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
> Virtue and Wealth ! what are ye but a name ?"
>
> *Moral Essays,* Epistle 3.

Nevertheless, so far, indeed, from Sir John Cutler having been the wretched skin-flint in which light Pope has transmitted his character to posterity, the fact is, that the manner in which he disposed of his wealth did him the highest credit. He was a benefactor to the College of Physicians, who erected a statue to his memory ; the Mercers' Company, out of gratitude for his having erected at his own cost the great parlour and court-room of their Hall, still preserve his portrait within their walls ; and, moreover, the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, near which he resided, is indebted to him for the north gallery, which he added at his own expense. And yet this is the man of whom Pope, whether from ignorance, wantonness, or design, has drawn so repulsive a picture. The following couplet,—

> "His only daughter in a stranger's power,
> For very want, he could not pay a dower,"

displays the same unaccountable want of knowledge in regard to Sir John Cutler and his domestic affairs. He was in fact the father, not of an only daughter, but of two daughters, one of whom married Charles Robartes, second Earl of Radnor, and the other Sir William Portman, baronet.

In Grocers' Hall Court, formerly Grocers' Alley, Dr. Hawkesworth—the friend of Dr. Johnson and the translator of "Telemachus"—served his apprenticeship as an attorney's clerk. Strype speaks of Grocers' Alley as an ordinary lane, "generally inhabited by alehouse-keepers, called spunging-houses." It was from one of these houses that the improvident poet, Samuel Boyse, addressed in 1742 those remarkable Latin verses and pathetic letter to Cave the publisher, which Sir John Hawkins has preserved in his "Life of Dr. Johnson."

At No. 22 in the Poultry, at the table of the Messieurs Dilly the booksellers, the well-known meeting took place between Dr. Johnson and Wilkes.* Boswell tells us that, with the exception of the entertainments given by Sir Joshua Reynolds, there was not a table in London at which he was in the habit of meeting a greater number of eminent literary men than at that of the Messieurs Dilly. At No. 31, in the Poultry, the late Thomas Hood was born in 1798.

Of the Merry Monarch it is related that he was one day passing through the street, when he was informed that the wife of William King, the landlord of the King's Head Tavern, then facing St. Mildred's Church, in the Poultry, was in labour, and that she had expressed a great longing to see him. With his usual good-nature, Charles expressed his readiness to gratify her wishes, and accordingly entered the house and saluted her.

At the west end of a court—formerly called Scalding Alley, from its containing a scalding house for the use of the poulterers—stands the church of St. Mildred, Poultry, dedicated to St. Mildred, a Saxon princess and saint. The old edifice, which was of great antiquity, having fallen into a dilapidated state, was taken down in 1456. The church which rose on its site was burnt down in the fire of London, and in 1676 the present building was erected by Wren. The interior is little more than a plain misproportioned apartment, nor has the exterior any architectural merit. The only eminent person who appears to have been buried here is the once-celebrated Thomas Tusser, author of the "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," who died in London about the year 1580. He led a wandering unsettled life, following at different times the occupations of farmer, chorister, and singing-master. Fuller describes him as having been "successively a musician, schoolmaster, serving-man, husbandman, grazier, poet; more skilful in all than thriving in any vocation." His epitaph in the old church was as follows:—

---

* See Croker's "Boswell," vol. iii. p. 426, *et seq.*

> "Here Thomas Tusser, clad in earth, doth lie,
> That sometime made the "Points of Husbandrie;"
> By him then, learn thou may'st: here learn we must,
> When all is done, we sleep, and turn to dust;
> And yet through Christ to Heaven we hope to go;
> Who reads his books shall find his path was so."

Bishop Hoadly was for several years lecturer of St. Mildred's.

Bucklersbury—a street running to the south of the Poultry—derives its name, according to Stow, from one Buckle, who had a manor-house, and kept his court or *berry* on the spot. Here stood an ancient tower, called the Cornet Tower, built in the reign of Edward the First, which, having fallen into the possession of Buckle, he was in the act of demolishing it, when a large piece of masonry fell upon him and crushed him to death. Here, too, Edward the Third had a mansion, adjoining a royal mint for coining silver; and here Sir Thomas More was residing at the time when his beloved daughter, Mrs. Roper, was born.

From a very early period till the great fire of London, Bucklersbury was inhabited almost entirely by druggists, and vendors of herbs and simples. This local peculiarity is referred to by Decker, and also by Shakspeare in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."* "Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in *simple time*." The circumstance is worthy of remark, that during the great plague of 1665, the houses of the druggists and herbalists in Bucklersbury entirely escaped the visitation which raged so fearfully around them.

After the fire of London, Bucklersbury appears to have been principally distinguished for those once fashionable *Indian houses*, the favourite resort of persons of rank and wealth of both sexes, where, on pretence of purchasing tea, china, japan, and the various products of the East, they passed their idle hours in discussing the news and scandal of the day. As may readily be supposed, they afforded convenient facilities for amorous assignations, as well as for carrying on political intrigues. Speaking of the Queen of William the Third, Daniel Earl of Nottingham writes, "She dined at Mrs. Garden's, the famous woman in the Hall that sells fine ribands and head-dresses. Thence she went to the Jew's that sells Indian things; to Mrs. Ferguson's, De Vet's, Mrs. Harrison's, and other *Indian houses*, but not to Mrs. Potter's, though in her way; which caused Mrs. Potter to say, that she might as well have hoped for that honour as others, considering that *the whole design of bringing in the Queen and King was managed at her house, and the*

---

* Act iii., scene 3.

consultations held there, so that she might as well have thrown away a little money in raffling there, as well as at other houses." "These things," continues Lord Nottingham, "however innocent in themselves, have passed the censure of the town. And, besides a private reprimand given, the King gave one in public, saying to the Queen, he heard she dined at a ——— house, and desired the next time she went he might go too. She said she had done nothing but what the late Queen had done."*

That the *Indian houses* deserved the coarse name which King William bestowed upon them, there can be little question. Colley Cibber, for instance, makes Lady Townley "taking a flying jaunt to an Indian house," and Prior writes—

"To cheapen tea or buy a screen,
What else could so much virtue mean?"

They appear to have continued fashionable for many years. Lord Chesterfield writes to Mrs. Howard, in August, 1728,—"If I can be of any use to you here, especially in an Indian house way, I hope you will command me." Perhaps the best notion that can be conveyed of an *Indian house* is afforded by the following lines in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's town eclogue of "The Toilette":—

"Strait then I'll dress, and take my wonted range,
Through Indian shops, to Motteux' or the 'Change;
Where the tall jar erects its stately pride,
With antic shapes in China's azure dyed;
There careless lies a rich brocade unrolled;
Here shines a cabinet with burnished gold.
But then, alas! I must be forced to pay,
And bring no penn'worths, not a fan away."

At the back of the Mansion House is the famous and beautiful church of St. Stephen's Walbrook, the work of

---

* Dalrymple's "Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 79, Appendix.

Sir Christopher Wren. Its external appearance, indeed, is sufficiently mean and insignificant, but, on the other hand, its interior appears to be deserving all the admiration which it has excited. In the words of a writer in the "Critical Review," as quoted by Pennant—"Perhaps Italy itself can produce no modern building that can vie with this in taste and proportion. There is not a beauty which the plan would admit of that is not to be found here in the greatest perfection, and foreigners very justly call our taste in question, for understanding its graces no better, and allowing it no higher degree of fame."

When Richard Earl of Burlington—celebrated for his architectural skill and taste—was in Italy, he happened, among the many beautiful places of worship, to visit a church which had been built on the model of St. Stephen's Walbrook. On expressing himself very warmly in its praise, his vanity as an architect must have been somewhat piqued when informed that he had left the original behind him in his own country. On his return to England, his first step on alighting from his carriage at Burlington House, is said to have been a pilgrimage to St. Stephen's Walbrook; a church of which, previous to his foreign travel, he had probably never even heard the name.

Unquestionably St. Stephen's, with its exquisite harmony and proportion, its rich Corinthian columns, its fine dome divided into decorated compartments, its elegant lanthorn and noble roof, is the most beautiful of the modern churches of London. In the words of Elmes, Sir Christopher Wren's biographer, "On entering through a vestibule of dubious obscurity, and opening the handsome folding wainscot doors, a halo of dazzling light flashes at once upon the eye, and a lovely band of Corinthian columns, of beauteous proportions, appear in magic mazes before you. The cupola and support-ing arches expand their airy shapes like gossamer, and the sweetly proportioned and embellished architrave cornice, of original lightness and application, completes the charm. On a second look, the columns slide into complete order, like a band of young and elegant dancers at the close of a quadrille." The east window, painted by Willement, represents the martyrdom of St. Stephen; and against the north wall of the church is a picture by West, also representing the death of that saint.

The old church of St. Stephen's Walbrook appears to have stood to the westward of the present edifice. Here there was a parish church at least as early as 1135, when Eudo, Steward of the Household to King Henry the First, made it over to the monastery of St. John at Colchester. This church would seem to have been destroyed about the commencement of the fifteenth century, inasmuch as, in 1428, we find the executors of Sir William Stoddon, Lord Mayor of London, purchasing from the Grocers' Company a spot of ground in compliance with the provisions of his will, to the *eastward* of Walbrook, as a site for the new church. This church, which was completed in 1439, existed till its destruction by the fire of London, when, between the years 1672 and 1679, the present edifice was erected on its site.

In the old church of St. Stephen was interred Sir Thomas Pope, the celebrated statesman in the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Queen Mary, and the founder of Trinity College, Oxford. Stow has preserved the inscription on his tomb:—"*Hic jacet Thomas Pope, primus Thesaurarius Augmentionum, et Domina Margaretta, uxor ejus, quæ quidem Margaretta obiit,* 16 *Jan.* 1538." In a vault under the present church lie the remains of the well-known dramatic writer and architect, Sir John Vanbrugh, who was born in this parish in 1666.

Walbrook derives its name from a fair stream of that name, which in ancient times entered the City through the old fortified wall between Bishops-gate and Moor-gate, and, after many meanderings, poured itself into the Thames on the site of the present Dowgate Wharf. The brook was crossed by several bridges, and was sufficiently broad to admit of barges being towed up as far as Bucklersbury, a circumstance still preserved in the name of Barge Yard. More than two centuries have elapsed since this rivulet was vaulted over and built upon, so that its subterranean course is now but little known.*

In the wall of a house in Pancras Lane, close by, is a stone bearing the following inscription: — "Before the dreadfull fire, anno 1666, here stood the parish church of St. Bennet Sherehog." The old burial ground of the parish is still to be seen in Pancras Lane. Let us not omit to mention, that "in, or near, the parish of St. Mary Woolchurch, where the Stocks Market now is," was born, according to Anthony Wood, the celebrated dramatic writer, James Shirley.

"Shirley, the morning-child, the Muses bred,
And sent him born with bays upon his head."

Walbrook diverges at its southern extremity into Cannon Street. Here, at the south-west angle of St. Swithin's Lane, stands the parish church dedicated to St. Swithin. The old church, which existed on this spot at least as early as 1331, was burnt down in the fire of London, shortly after which period the present structure was built by Sir Christopher Wren. In this church Dryden was married, in 1663, to the Lady Elizabeth Howard.†

Attached to the exterior of St. Swithin's Church is the famous "London Stone." At least a thousand years are known to have elapsed since it was first placed in this immediate neighbourhood. Some have supposed it to have been a Druidical altar; others, that it was raised to commemorate some extraordinary event; some, that public proclamations were delivered from it to the citizens; while others, from its vicinity to Watling Street, the principal street, or Prætorian way, of the Romans, have imagined it to have been the centre from which that great people computed their distances to their several stations throughout England. These, however, are the mere conjectures of antiquaries, nothing certain being known of the history of this interesting relic, but that it has been consecrated by the veneration of ages, and that it was long regarded as the Palladium of the City. When, in 1450, the rebel Jack Cade passed from Southwark into London, it was to "London Stone" that he led his victorious followers. Glancing sternly round at the citizens by whom he was surrounded, among whom were the Lord Mayor, Nicias Wyfforde, and the Aldermen, he struck the stone with his sword, exclaiming—"Now is Mortimer lord of this city!"*

---

* See ante, p. 234.

† Cunningham's "London," Art. St. Swithin.

In the days of Stow London Stone stood upright in the ground on the south side of Cannon Street. In December, 1742, it was removed to the north side of the street, and in 1798 it was placed in its present position, in order to preserve it from risk of injury.

In Oxford Court, St. Swithin's Lane, is the hall of the Salters' Company, built in 1827. On the site of this court stood the *Inn* of the Priors of Tortington, in Sussex. Overlooking the Priors' garden, now the garden of the Salters' Company, stood "two fair houses," which were severally the residences of Sir Richard Empson and Sir Edmund Dudley, celebrated as the instruments of Henry the Seventh in carrying out his oppressive exactions on his subjects, for which they both subsequently paid the penalty of death on Tower Hill. They were, according to Stow, allowed access to the Priors' garden, "wherein they met and consulted of matters at their pleasures." The *Inn* of the Priors of Tortington subsequently gave place to the mansion of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, from whom Oxford Court derives its name.

---

* *Cade.* Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here sitting upon this stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.—SHAKSPEARE, *Second Part of Henry VI.*, act iv., scene 6.

BISHOPSGATE STREET, CROSBY HALL.

DERIVATION OF THE WORD BISHOPSGATE.—CROSBY PLACE.—ITS PRESENT CONDITION.—WHEN BUILT.—CHARACTER OF ITS FOUNDER.—ITS TENANTS: RICHARD THE THIRD,—READ,—EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN,—REST,—SIR THOMAS MORE,—BOND,—SPENCER,—FIRST EARL OF NORTHAMPTON,—COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE,—DUC DE SULLY, SECOND EARL OF NORTHAMPTON,—SIR STEPHEN LANGHAM.—GRESHAM HOUSE.—SIR PAUL PINDAR.

BISHOPSGATE STREET derives its name from one of the ancient City gates, which spanned the street where the thoroughfare called London Wall now divides Bishopsgate *Within* from Bishopsgate *Without* the walls. The gate in question is said to have been originally built about the year 680, by Erkenwald, Bishop of London. Shortly after the Conquest it was repaired and beautified by William, one of the successors of Erkenwald in the metropolitan see, and from these circumstances, and from its having been ornamented with the statues of the two Bishops, it derived its name of Bishopsgate. It was finally rebuilt in 1479, in the reign of Edward the Fourth.

The ancient houses which not long since rendered the aspect of Bishopsgate Street so interesting to the antiquary, are fast disappearing. Fortunately, however, a few still remain; enabling us to form a tolerable notion of the appearance of an aristocratic street in London in the days of Henry the Seventh.

Passing down Bishopsgate Street, a small gateway on the right leads us into Crosby Square, the site of that magnificent mansion, Crosby Place, the stately hall of which is still standing. The escape from the noise and bustle of the streets to this quiet spot is of itself a relief; but how delightful are our sensations on finding ourselves gazing on those time-honoured walls, within which the usurper Richard hatched his crooked counsels; where Sir Thomas More is said to have composed his great work, the "Utopia," and where the great minister Sully lodged, when he arrived in England on that well-known embassy, of which his own pen has bequeathed us so interesting a description!

Of the vast size of old Crosby Place, the immense extent of its still existing vaults affords sufficient evidence. All that now remains to us—and rich indeed are we in their possession—are the council-chamber, the throne-room, and the old hall. The throne-room, with its oak-ceiling divided into compartments, and its graceful window extending from the ceiling to the floor, has been deservedly admired. But the magnificent hall it is, with its host of historical associations, which makes us feel that we are standing on classic ground. There it is that we recall the days when it was the scene of the revel and the dance; when the wise, the witty, and the princely feasted at its festive board; when its vaulted roof echoed back the merry sounds of music; when a thousand tapers flashed on the tapestried walls; when gentle dalliance took place in its oriel window; and where, not improbably, Richard the Third himself may have led off one of the stately dances of the period with the Lady Anne. Nearly four centuries have passed since its princely founder laid his hand to its foundation-stone; and yet it still remains, with its glorious roof, its fine proportions, and its beautiful oriel window, as perfect as when the architect gave his finishing touch to it in the days of the Plantagenets.

Crosby Place was built in the reign of Edward the Fourth, on some ground rented from Alice Ashfield, prioress of the adjoining convent of St. Helen's. The founder was the powerful citizen and soldier, Sir John Crosby, whose monument is still a conspicuous object in St. Helen's Church. He was sheriff of London in 1471, an Alderman, a warden of the Grocers' Company, and represented the City of London in parliament from 1461 to 1466. He lived in the days when the wealth and commerce of London were monopolized by the few, and when its merchants were indeed princes. In figuring to our imaginations a Lord Mayor or Alderman of the time of the Plantagenets, we must carefully avoid confounding him with some pursy and respectable Lord Mayor or Alderman of our own time. We might as well attempt to identify a corpulent peer of the nineteenth century, slumbering on the easy benches of the House of Lords, with the stalwart barons who combated on the field of Tewkesbury, or who bore off the palm on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Sir John Crosby was the prototype of a class introduced at the Norman Conquest, and which expired with the Tudors and Plantagenets; a class of men who united the citizen with the warrior, and the merchant with the courtier, the diplomatist, and man of letters. Of such a calibre were Sir William Walworth, who dashed Wat Tyler to the earth at Smithfield; and Sir Thomas Sutton, the princely founder of the Charter House, whom we find at one time accumulating wealth in his quiet counting-house, at another, superintending the firing of the great guns at the siege of Edinburgh, and lastly, crowning a useful existence by founding the noble establishment to which we have just referred. Where are such illustrious citizens to be found in our own days? Such a man was Sir John Crosby. Vast apparently as was his wealth, and peaceful as were his daily occupations, he was, nevertheless, an active partizan in the struggles between the Houses of York and Lancaster. We find him welcoming Edward the Fourth on his landing at Ravenspur, and receiving knighthood for his reward: the following year he was sent, with Sir John Scott and others, on a secret mission to the Duke of Burgundy; and not long afterwards we find him negotiating at the court of the Duke of Brittany for the surrender of the persons of the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh. Sir John Crosby died in 1475, apparently only a short time after the completion of his stately mansion.

According to Shakspeare, Crosby Place was the residence of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third, as early as the time of Henry the Sixth's decease, in 1471. In the famous wooing scene between Richard and the Lady Anne, the former exclaims:—

"That it would please thee, leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monastery this noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me."*

Whether Shakspeare is correct in fixing the residence of the Duke of Gloucester at Crosby Place at this particular period, admits of doubt; but that he was residing here twelve years afterwards, when Edward the Fourth breathed his last, there can be no question. Some of his retinue, it seems, were lodged in the neighbouring suburb of Cripplegate. Sir Thomas More mentions, in his "Pitiful Life of King Edward the Fifth," that on the same night that Edward the Fourth died at Westminster, one Mistelbrooke came stealthily to the house of Pottier, a retainer of the Duke of Gloucester, who lived in Red Cross Street, Cripplegate, and, "after hasty rapping, being quickly let in," informed him of the important tidings of the King's death. "By my troth, then," quoth Pottier, "will my master, the Duke of Gloucester, be King, and that I warrant thee." Even at this early period, it would seem, were the ambitious designs of Richard suspected by his friends and retainers. At all events, in the interim between his brother's death and his own usurpation, we have evidence, not only that he held his levées in Crosby Place, but that they were crowded with the noblest and wisest in the land; the young King in the mean time being left "in a manner desolate."

---

* "Richard III.," act i., scene 2. Shakspeare again introduces Crosby Place in the scene between Gloucester and the murderers,—

"*Gloucester.*—Are you now going to despatch this deed?
1*st Murderer.*—We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Gloucester.—Well thought upon; I have it here about me.
When you have done, repair to Crosby Place."
Richard III., act i., sc. 3.

In 1502, Crosby Place was purchased by Bartholomew Read, Lord Mayor of London, and the same year was set apart as the residence of the ambassador of the Emperor Maximilian, who filled it with a splendid retinue, consisting of a Bishop, an Earl, and a large train of gentlemen. From the possession of Read, Crosby Place passed into the hands of Sir John Rest, Lord Mayor in 1516, by whom it was sold to Sir Thomas More.

Were it from no other circumstance than its having been the residence of that great man, Crosby Place would be sufficiently endeared to us. Here he passed that useful and cheerful existence which his pen has so well described, and here he is supposed to have written his "Utopia" and his

"Life of Richard the Third." Not improbably the idea of the latter work may have suggested itself to him from his occupying the same apartments where, according to popular belief, the crook-backed Richard hatched his dark projects and successful crimes.

In 1523, Sir Thomas More parted with Crosby Place to his dear friend, Antonio Bonvisi, a merchant of Lucca. When, a few years afterwards, More was a prisoner in the Tower—deprived, by the cruelty of his persecutors, of the means of communicating with those who were near and dear to him—it was to Bonvisi that he wrote with a piece of charcoal that well-known and interesting letter which breathes so eloquently of Christian piety and resignation.

From Bonvisi, Crosby Place passed, in 1547, into the hands of William Roper, the son-in-law, and William Rastell, the nephew, of Sir Thomas More. The days of religious persecution followed; the old mansion became forfeited; and shortly afterwards was conferred by Edward the Sixth on Sir Thomas d'Arcy, a Knight of the Garter, created Baron d'Arcy of Chiche in 1551. Whether Lord d'Arcy ever resided here is doubtful, for shortly afterwards we find it the residence of a wealthy citizen, William Bond, whose history is thus briefly told on his monument in the neighbouring church of St. Helen's. "Here lyeth the body of William Bond, Alderman, and some time Sheriff of London; a merchant adventurer, and most famous in his age for his great adventures, both by sea and land. Obiit 30 of May, 1576."

The next possessor of Crosby Place (1590) was Sir John Spencer, whose immense wealth rendered him one of the most conspicuous persons of his age, and obtained for him the title of "the Rich Spencer." Here he kept his mayoralty in 1594. At his death, in 1609, Crosby Place, together with the mass of his vast fortune, came into the possession of

William Compton, first Earl of Northampton, who had married Elizabeth, the only daughter of "the Rich Spencer."

The circumstance of finding himself suddenly the possessor of untold wealth, had such an effect upon Lord Northampton, that, according to Winwood, it deprived him temporarily of his senses. On the mind of his lady, however—at least if we may judge by the following very curious letter addressed by her to her Lord—it produced no other effect than a desire to spend freely, and to the best advantage, the wealth which Providence and her father's long life of industry had secured to her.

"My sweet Life,

"Now I have declared to you my mind for the selling of your estate, I supposed that that were best for me to bethink or consider with myself what allowance were meetest for me. For considering what care I have ever had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those, which both by the laws of God, of nature, and civil polity, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £1600 per annum, quarterly to be paid.

"Also I would, besides that allowance for my apparel, have £600 added yearly (quarterly to be paid), for the performance of charitable works, and these things I would not, neither will be accountable for.

"Also I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you.

"Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick or have some other lett. Also believe that it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate.

"Also when I ride a hunting, or a hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending. So for either of those said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse.

"Also I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet, to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with sweet cloth, one laced with gold, the other with scarlet, and lined with watched lace and silver, with four good horses.

"Also I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women.

"Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed, not only caroches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly, not posturing my things with my women's, nor theirs with chamber-maids, nor theirs with wash-maids.

"Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages to see all safe; and the chamber-maids I will have go before with the grooms, that the chambers may be ready, sweet, and clean.

"Also, for that it is undecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse, to attend me either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me.

"And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones.

"Also I would have to put in my purse, £2000 and £200; and so you to pay my debts.

"Also I would have £6000 to buy me jewels, and £4000 to buy me a pearl chain.

"Now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages.

"And I will have all my houses furnished, and all my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing-chamber in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

"Also my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build Ashby House, and purchase lands; and lend no money, as you love God, to the Lord Chamberlain,* which would have all, perhaps your life, from you. Remember his son, my Lord Walden,† what entertainment he gave me when you were at the Tilt-yard. If you were dead, he said he would be a husband, a father, a brother; and said he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty to use his friend so vilely. Also he fed me with untruths concerning the Charter House; but that to the least he wished me much harm; you know him, God keep you and me from him, and any such as he is.

"So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what that is that I would not have, I pray, when you be an Earl, to allow me £1000 more than now desired, and double attendance.

---

* Thomas Howard, first Earl of Suffolk, the corrupt and rapacious minister of James the First. He died in Suffolk House, now Northumberland House, in the Strand, 28th of May, 1626.

† Theophilus, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Suffolk, died 3rd of June, 1640.

"Your loving Wife,
"ELIZA COMPTON."*

The next tenant of Crosby Place was the celebrated Mary Countess of Pembroke, wife of Henry, second Earl of Pembroke, and mother of Earl William and Earl Philip. She was the beloved sister of Sir Philip Sidney, and accordingly the probability that he was frequently her guest at Crosby Place, lends an additional interest to the spot. The tastes and habits of the brother and sister were congenial. There existed in each the same high sense of honour, the same refinement of mind, the same amiable interest in the sufferings and wants of others. Sir Philip dedicated his "Arcadia" to his sister, the being who best loved the author, and who was the most competent to appreciate his genius. By Dr. Donne it was said of her, that "she could converse well on all subjects, from predestination to sleave-silk." Ben Jonson wrote his famous epitaph on her death, and Spenser eulogizes her as—

"The gentlest shepherdess that lived that day;
And most resembling, both in shape and spirit,
Her brother dear."

Lady Pembroke lived to a very advanced age; her later years having been unfortunately embittered by the cowardice and misconduct of her second son, Philip, the "memorable simpleton" of Horace Walpole.

When, towards the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Duc de Biron arrived in London with his magnificent ambassadorial train, consisting of nearly four hundred noblemen and gentlemen, it was at Crosby Place that he was lodged.

---

* Bishop Goodman's "Memoirs of the Court of King James I.," vol. ii., p. 127.

Another French ambassador who was an occupant of Crosby Place was the celebrated Duc de Sully, who lodged here in great splendour on the occasion of his embassy to England in the reign of James the First. On the night after his arrival an unfortunate accident occurred, which very nearly led to Crosby Place becoming the scene of outrage and bloodshed. "I was accommodated with apartments," says Sully in his Memoirs, "in a very handsome house, situated in a great square, near which all my retinue were also provided with the necessary lodgings. Some of them went to entertain themselves with women of the town. At the same place they met with some English, with whom they quarrelled, fought, and one of the English was killed. The populace, who were before prejudiced against us, being excited by the family of the deceased, who was a substantial citizen, assembled, and began loudly to threaten revenge upon all the French, even in their lodgings. The affair soon began to appear of great consequence; for the number of the people assembled upon the occasion was presently increased to upwards of three thousand, which obliged the French to fly for an asylum into the house of the ambassador. I did not at first take notice of it; the evening advanced, and I was playing at *primero* with the Marquis d'Oraison, Saint Luc, and Blerancourt. But observing them come in at different times, by three and four together, and with great emotion, I at last imagined that something extraordinary had happened, and having questioned Terrail and Gadencourt, they informed me of the particulars. The honour of my nation, my own in particular, and the interest of my negotiation, were the first objects that presented themselves to my mind. I was also most sensibly grieved that my entrance into London should be marked at the beginning by so fatal an accident; and at that moment I am persuaded my countenance plainly expressed the sentiments with which I was agitated. Guided by my first impulse, I arose, took a flambeau, and ordering all that were in the house (which was about a hundred) to range themselves round the walls, hoped by this means to discover the murderer, which I did without any difficulty, by his agitation and fear. He was for denying it at first, but I soon obliged him to confess the truth."

The culprit, it seems, was a young man of good family, the only son of the Sieur de Combant, and a relative of M. de Beaumont, the resident French ambassador in London. The latter happening to enter at the moment, earnestly advocated the cause of his kinsman, and entreated that his life might be spared. Sully, however, obdurately insisted on the necessity of waiving all private feelings in a matter of such vital importance; adding, that on no account whatever would he allow the interests of the King, his master, to suffer by the imprudence of a reckless stripling. "I told Beaumont," he says, "in plain words that Combant should be beheaded in a few minutes. How, Sir, cried Beaumont, behead a kinsman of mine, possessed of 200,000 crowns, an only son?—it is but an ill recompense for the trouble he has given himself, and the expense he has been at to accompany you. I again replied in as positive a tone that I had no occasion for such company, and, to be short, I ordered Beaumont to quit my apartment, for I thought it would be improper to have him present in my council, which I intended to hold immediately, in order to pronounce sentence of death upon Combant." It would seem that Sully, in his heart, had really no intention whatever of putting the young man to death. The crafty diplomatist, indeed, had conceived an idea, which, while it enabled him to save the offender's life, would at the same time have the effect, as he well knew, of rendering himself not a little popular with the citizens of London. Concealing his real intentions from those who surrounded him, and pretending extreme indignation at the conduct of his retainer, he wrote to the Lord Mayor of London, desiring that on the following day he would send the officers of justice to Crosby Place, in order to conduct the criminal to execution. Disarmed by this apparent sincerity on the part of the Duc de Sully,—and, as the latter seems to hint, bribed by the friends of the criminal,—the Lord Mayor readily listened to the solicitations of M. de Beaumont on behalf of his kinsman, and in due time Combant was set at liberty. "This favour," says Sully, "no one could impute to me; on the contrary, I perceived that both the French and English seemed to think that if the affair had been determined by me, it would not have ended so well for Combant; and the consequence to me was, with respect to the English and French, that the former began to love me, and the latter to fear me more."

The last inhabitant of Crosby Place to whose name any particular interest attaches, was the gallant cavalier, Spencer, second Earl of Northampton, who, in 1612, accompanied Charles the First, when Prince of Wales, as his Master of the Robes, in his romantic journey to Madrid to woo the Infanta of Spain. On the breaking out of the civil wars he attached himself to the cause of his royal master. He was present, at the head of two thousand retainers, at the famous raising of the standard at Nottingham; distinguished himself at the battle of Edgehill; and, in several skirmishes, obtained a victory over the rebels. Like his friend, the great Lord Falkland, he was destined to expiate his loyalty on the battle-field. In the famous fight on Hopton Heath—notwithstanding the vast numerical superiority of the rebel forces—he determined on giving them battle. Dashing forward at the head of his gallant troopers, he completely cleared the field of the enemy's cavalry; captured their cannon and ammunition, and left between four and five hundred on the ground either dead or disabled. Suddenly, however, he found himself in the midst of the rebel infantry, and his helmet having been struck off by the butt-end of a musket, he was at once recognized. Quarter was offered to him, but it was indignantly rejected. "Think ye," he said, "that I will take quarter from such base rebels and rogues as ye are?" at the same time preparing to sell his life as dearly as possible. In a moment he was assailed on all sides. A blow on his face, and another from a halbert on the back of his head, sent him staggering from his horse, and the hero of Hopton Heath fell to rise no more.

The mingling of the ancient blood of the Comptons with that of the plebeian merchant, the "Rich Spencer," appears in no degree to have contaminated the chivalry of their race. Of the great-grandchildren of the old usurer, whose infancies were probably passed at Crosby Place, there was not one who was not in heart and by profession a soldier. James, who succeeded as third Earl of Northampton, and his brother, Sir Charles Compton, fought side by side with their gallant father at Edgehill and Hopton Heath, and subsequently avenged his death on many a bloody field. Sir William, whatever may have been his faults, was the brave defender of Banbury. Sir Spencer fought in most of the battles of the time; and Sir Francis, after a long professional career, died in 1716, at the age of eighty-seven, the oldest field-officer in the military service of Great Britain. The youngest brother was Henry, who, though Bishop of London, appears to have had at least as much of the soldier in his composition as the churchman. In his youth he had held a commission in the Guards, nor was it till he had attained the age of thirty that he entered into Holy Orders. When James the Second, in the plenitude of his power, was plotting against the religion and the liberties of his subjects, he happened one day to be conversing with the Bishop on the state of public affairs, when the latter boldly and conscientiously expressed himself opposed to the King's measures. "My Lord," said James, "you are talking more like a colonel than a bishop."—"Your Majesty does me honour," was the calm reply, "in reminding me that I formerly drew my sword in defence of the Constitution; I shall certainly do so again if I live to see the necessity." The necessity indeed was near at hand. When the misgovernment and misconduct of James threw the country into a state of anarchy, it was Bishop Compton whom the Princess Anne selected to be her personal protector. When—without attendants, and without a change of linen—she stole, in the dead of night, down the back staircase at the Cockpit at Whitehall, it was the gallant Bishop who was in readiness with a hackney coach to carry her in safety to her friends. He it was—when the Princess made her public entry into Oxford—who rode before her at the head of a gallant troop of gentlemen, clad "in a purple cloak, martial habit, pistols before him, and his sword drawn;"* his cornet carrying a standard before him, on which were inscribed, in golden letters, the words "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*"

The remaining annals of Crosby Place may be related in a few words. The last tenant was Sir Stephen Langham, who was its occupant at the time of the Restoration of Charles the Second, and in whose lifetime the greater part of the fine old mansion was destroyed by fire. Fortunately the magnificent hall escaped, and from 1672 till the middle of the last century was used as a Presbyterian Meeting-house. The next purpose to which it was converted was a packer's warehouse, in which condition it remained for many years, when, public attention was called to its dilapidated state, and sufficient funds were raised by subscription to restore it, as we now view it, to its pristine state of beauty and magnificence. The work of restoration commenced on the 27th of June, 1836.

---

* Ellis' "Orig. Letters," vol. iv., p. 177. Second Series.

Besides Crosby Place, Bishopsgate Street in the olden time could boast more than one magnificent mansion. On the west side stood Gresham House, the princely palace of Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange and of Gresham College. His vast wealth, his munificent charities, the pleasure which Queen Elizabeth took in his society, and his having been constantly employed in transacting the commercial affairs of the Court, obtained for him the name of "the Royal Merchant." Not only was he the greatest merchant of his age; not only were his energies employed in extending our trade over the world, and in extricating the crown from its pecuniary trammels, but he has also the merit of having introduced into the kingdom the manufacture of small wares—such as pins, knives, hats, ribands, and other articles. Queen Elizabeth was frequently his guest, not only at his country seat, Osterly, near Brentford, but also at his palace in Bishopsgate Street; since more than once we read, in the parish annals of the period, of the "ringing of the bells" on the occasion of the Virgin Queen having been entertained under his hospitable roof.

By his will, dated in 1579, the year of his death, Sir Thomas Gresham ordained that his house in Bishopsgate Street should be converted into a college; to comprise habitations and lecture rooms for seven professors, who were required to lecture on divinity, astronomy, music, geometry, civil law, physic, and rhetoric. Here, in 1658, was founded the Royal Society, of which the great philosopher Robert Boyle, and the great architect Sir Christopher Wren, were among the original members. When Sir Kenelm Digby lost his beautiful wife, Venetia Stanley, it was in Gresham College that he excluded himself from the world, amusing himself with the study of chemistry, and with the conversation of the professors. Here this extraordinary man was daily to be seen pacing the secluded court of the College; his dress consisting of a long mourning cloak and a high-crowned hat; and his beard, which he had allowed to grow in testimony of his grief, flowing at full length on his breast. Let us not omit to mention, that at his apartments in Gresham College the celebrated mathematician and philosopher, Robert Hooke, breathed his last in March, 1702–3.

Another stately mansion which stood in Bishopsgate Street, was that of the eminent merchant, Sir Paul Pindar, who, like Sir Thomas Gresham, was distinguished alike by his vast wealth, his splendid charities, and literary taste. He is said at one period of his life to have been worth no less a sum than £236,000, exclusive of bad debts. As an instance of his munificence, it may be mentioned that he gave £19,000 in one gift towards the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral. In the reign of James the First he was appointed ambassador to the Grand Seignior, on which occasion he successfully exerted his talents and sound sense in extending British commerce in Turkey. At his return he brought with him a diamond valued at £30,000. The arrival of this costly bauble in England created an extraordinary sensation; and King James the First, eager to place it in the regal coronet, offered to purchase it on credit. This overture, from prudential motives, was rejected by its owner, though he allowed his sovereign the loan of it, and accordingly it was worn by him on more than one occasion of state and ceremony. It was afterwards purchased by Charles the First, and likely enough shared the fate of the other crown jewels which Henrietta Maria carried with her to Holland in 1642, for the purpose of purchasing arms and ammunition to enable her husband to carry on the war with his subjects. Probably no individual ever lent such vast sums to his sovereign as Sir Paul Pindar. Charles the First was his debtor to a vast amount, and involved Sir Paul in his own ruin. So great indeed is said to have been the revolution in his fortunes, that for a short time he was a prisoner for debt. When he died, so bewildered was his executor, William Toomes, at the confused state in which he found his friend's affairs, added to the multiplicity of his engagements and responsibilities, that it is said to have been the cause of his putting an end to his existence.

A part of the princely residence of Sir Paul Pindar (No. 169), though strangely metamorphosed by time and paint, may still be seen nearly opposite to Widegate Street. In the immediate neighbourhood is the church of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, in which may be seen the monument of the princely merchant, bearing the following inscription :—

"Sir Paul Pindar, Kt.,
His Majesty's Ambassador to the Turkish Emperor,
Anno Domi. 1611, and 9 years resident.
Faithful in negotiation, Foreign and Domestick,
Eminent for piety, charity, loyalty, and prudence.
An inhabitant 26 years, and bountiful Benefactor
to this Parish.
He died the 22nd of August, 1650,
Aged 84 years."

CHURCH OF ST. HELEN'S THE GREAT.

ANTIQUITY OF ST. HELEN'S CHURCH. — PRIORY OF BENEDICTINE NUNS FOUNDED THERE. — EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH. — ITS STRIKING MONUMENTS: SIR JULIUS CÆSAR'S, — MARTIN BOND'S, — SIR JOHN CROSBY'S, — SIR WILLIAM PICKERING'S, — SIR THOMAS GRESHAM'S, — FRANCIS BANCROFT'S. — HOUNSDITCH. — HAND ALLEY. — DEVONSHIRE COURT. — ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH. — PERSIAN'S TOMB. — CURTAIN THEATRE. — SHOREDITCH. — HOXTON. — SPITALFIELDS. — BETHNAL GREEN. — OLD ARTILLERY GROUND.

NORTH of Crosby Square is an insignificant thoroughfare, leading us at once from the noise and turmoil of Bishopsgate Street into an area of considerable size, in which stands the ancient and interesting church of St. Helen's the Great. Were it from no other circumstance than that it contains the mouldering remains and costly monuments of more than one princely possessor of Crosby Place, St. Helen's would be well worthy of a visit. But it has other and far more interesting associations.

It was probably not long after the time when the conversion of Constantine the Great to Christianity had the effect of bursting the fetters of the primitive Christians, and of drawing them from their caves and hiding-places to adore their Redeemer in the open face of day, that a place of religious worship was raised on the site of the present St. Helen's Church. Everything around us, indeed, breathes of antiquity. Long before the days of Constantine the ground on which we stand was the site of the princely palace, either of some Roman Emperor, or of one of his lordly delegates. In 1712, a tesselated pavement, composed of red, white, and grey *tesseræ*, was discovered on the north side of Little St. Helen's gateway, and as late as 1836 a similar pavement was found at the north-west angle of Crosby Square.

From the ruins of the ancient palaces and temples which the Romans erected in England, not unfrequently arose the altars and churches of the early Christians. Among these, not improbably, was St. Helen's Church; although we have no certain information of its having been a place of Christian worship till 1010, in which year Alweyne, Bishop of Helmeham, removed hither from St. Edmondsbury the remains of King Edmund the Martyr, in order to prevent their being desecrated by the Danes. The very name of the saint to whom the church is dedicated carries us into far antiquity. The patron saint was Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, who is said to have been born at Colchester in Essex. Her piety has immortalized her name. The inscriptions, which describe her as *Piissima*, and *Venerabilis Augusta*, show in what veneration she was held, not only by her contemporaries, but by succeeding ages. When a pilgrimage over the sandy and hostile plains of Palestine was an undertaking from which even the boldest often shrank, the mother of the Emperor, despising alike all danger and privation, journeyed to the Holy City. Persuaded by the enthusiasts and antiquaries of the fourth century that she had discovered not only the exact site of the Crucifixion, but the true Cross, she built a church over the presumed site of the Redeemer's interment, and by this, and other acts of piety, obtained for herself not only an extraordinary reputation for sanctity during her lifetime, but canonization after death.

Putting tradition, however, out of the question, St. Helen's is undoubtedly one of the most interesting churches in London. Here, in 1210, a priory of Benedictine, or Black Nuns, was founded by William Fitz-William, a wealthy and pious goldsmith of London. The establishment appears to have been of considerable size, having its hall, hospital, dormitories, cloisters, and offices. The nuns rest calmly beneath the green and level sward in front of St. Helen's Church, but, with the exception of the pile in which they offered up their devotions, no trace of the ancient nunnery remains. Their refectory was for many years used as the hall of the Leathersellers' Company; nor was it till 1799 that it was pulled down, in order to make room for the houses now known as St. Helen's Place. Together with the hall perished the ancient crypt beneath it, which was of great antiquity, and possessed no inconsiderable architectural merit.

The exterior of St. Helen's presents the singular aspect of a double church, or rather of two naves, running parallel with and united to each other; a circumstance to be accounted for from the fact of one having been the original church, and the other, now forming the northern nave, having been the church attached to the nunnery. In the northern nave were till recently to be seen the long range of carved seats which were occupied by the nuns when at their devotions. These seats have now been placed near the altar, and form stalls for the choristers. At the restoration of the church, commenced in 1866, some steps were discovered against the northern wall. These lead to a door partly below the level of the present flooring, and beyond which is a portion of a flight of stone stairs, which no doubt led up from the church to the nunnery. But what is still more striking, is the beautiful niche, with its row of open arches beneath, known as the "Nun's Grating," through which, when suffering imprisonment for their misdemeanours in the crypt below, the nuns might view the high altar, and witness the performance of mass. The care which the Romish Church took of the spiritual welfare of those who offended against her precepts is exhibited, in a like manner, by a small and gloomy cell which still exists in the Temple Church, through an aperture in which the prisoner could listen to, and join in the services of the Church. Probably in the gloomy crypt of St. Helen's has languished many a fair girl, whom the feelings natural to youth may have tempted to steal from her convent walls, and to transgress the rules of her order. There is extant a curious lecture read to the nuns of St. Helen's by Kentwode, Dean of St. Paul's, on the occasion of his visitation to the convent in 1439. His hints to them about keeping within the walls of the convent, lest " evil suspicion or slander might arise"—his injunctions to close the cloister doors and to intrust the keys to some " sad woman and discreet "—excite suspicions that the nuns were a pleasure-loving, if not a frail sisterhood.

The appearance of the interior of St. Helen's Church is more striking, and at the same time far more picturesque, than that of the exterior. At the east end is a transept, and also a small chapel, dedicated to the Holy Ghost, part of which has been converted into a vestry-room. Altogether, notwithstanding the violation of all artistical rules, the air of antiquity which pervades the building, added to the number of altar-tombs which meet the eye and the general beauty of the architectural details, produce an effect at once solemn and impressive.

There is perhaps no church in London, of the same dimensions, which can boast so many striking monuments as St. Helen's the Great. In the transept at the east end is a beautiful table-tomb, of black and white marble, to the memory of Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls and Privy Councillor in the reign of James the First, who was interred near the communion table, on the 18th of April, 1636. This tomb, which was erected by Sir Julius in his lifetime, was the work of the famous sculptor, Nicholas Stone. The most remarkable feature of it is the inscription, which is engraved on a piece of white marble, in the form of a parchment deed, with a seal appended to it. It purports to be a bond, or engagement, on the part of the deceased, duly signed and sealed, to deliver up his life to God whenever it may be demanded of him.

Another interesting monument, which formerly stood close by, but which is now removed to the south of the nave near the entrance, is that of Sir John Spencer, the "Rich Spencer" whom we have mentioned as the princely occupant of Crosby Place. The tomb, which is composed of marble, represents Sir John Spencer and his wife, Alicia Bloomfield, lying side by side, and a woman in the attitude of prayer kneeling at their feet. The inscription, in Latin, enumerates the high civic honours held by Sir John; nor does it omit to mention that his only daughter, Elizabeth, became the wife of William, Lord Compton.

Among other remarkable monuments may be mentioned that of Martin Bond, the father of Sir William Bond, whom we have mentioned as having been one of the proprietors of Crosby House. He was one of Elizabeth's captains at Tilbury at the time when the Spanish Armada was daily expected, and from this circumstance is represented as sitting in his tent, two soldiers standing sentries outside, and an attendant being in the act of bringing up his horse. The inscription is as follows:—

"Memoriæ Sacrum.

"Near this place resteth the body of the worthy citizen and soldier, Martin Bond, Esq., son of William Bond, Sheriff and Alderman of London. He was Captain, in the year 1588, at the camp at Tilbury, and after remained Captain of the Trained Bands of this City until his death. He was a Merchant-Adventurer, and free of the Company of Haberdashers: he lived to the age of 85 years, and died in May, 1643. His piety, prudence, courage, and charity, have left behind him a never-dying monument."

But unquestionably the most interesting monument in St. Helen's Church, not only from its connection with Crosby Place, but from its antiquity and costly workmanship, is that of Sir John Crosby, the founder of the old mansion and the munificent renovator of the church in the days of Edward the Fourth. His monument, on the south side of the altar, consists of an altar-tomb on which lie side by side the figures of Sir John Crosby and of Agnes his wife, the former being in full armour.

On the north side of the altar, beneath a canopy enriched with columns and arches, reclines the figure of the graceful and learned Sir William Pickering, represented also in full armour. Not only is he described as having been one of the finest gentlemen of the age in which he lived; as having been accomplished in polite literature and in all the arts of war and peace, but so great was the influence which he is said to have established over the mind of Queen Elizabeth as to embolden him to aspire to her hand. A long Latin inscription, which is now effaced, stated that Sir William Pickering died on the 4th of January, 1574, at the age of fifty-eight.

Close by is a large but simple altar-tomb, covered with a black marble slab, the monument of Sir Thomas Gresham, whose charities, magnificence, and virtues we have already recorded in our notice of his princely mansion in Bishopsgate Street. The inscription is as simple as the tomb itself:—

"Sir Thomas Gresham, Knight, bury^{d} Decemb^{r} the 15th, 1579."

Another prominent feature in the church is a large unseemly mass of masonry, disfigured rather than ornamented by urns, beneath which lie the remains of one Francis Bancroft, who, as the inscription says, purchased the ground in 1723, and erected the tomb in his lifetime, in 1726. According to tradition, he amassed a large fortune by discreditable means, but becoming penitent at the close of life, he made atonement for his misdeeds by founding some almshouses at Mile End, and by dispensing his wealth in other acts of charity. His last will was distinguished by a singular provision. Having directed that his body should be embalmed and placed in a coffin without fastenings, he applied a fund for the annual preaching of a sermon in commemoration of his death, on which occasion it was enjoined that his body should be publicly exhibited to the almsmen, who were compelled to attend on the occasion. "He is embalmed," writes Noorthouck, "in a chest made with a lid, having a pair of hinges, without any fastening." The interior of the tomb is still occasionally visited, but the custom of annually exposing the shrivelled remains has been for many years discontinued.

Before closing our notices of St. Helen's Church, let us point out, for the sake of the quaintness of the inscription, a small old marble monument on the north side of the altar, to the memory of Sir Andrew Judd, Kt., elected Lord Mayor of London in 1549:—

"To Russia and Mussova,
  To Spayne, Gynny, without fable,
Traveld he by land and sea;
  Bothe Mayre of London and Staple.
The commenwelthe he norished
  So worthelie in all his daies,
That ech state fullwell him loved,
  To his perpetuall prayse.

Three wyves he had ; one was Mary ;
  Fower sunes, one mayde had he by her ;
Annys had none by him truly ;
  By dame Mary had one dowghter.
Thus, in the month of September,
  A thowsande fyve hunderd fiftey
And eight, died this worthie staplar,
  Worshipynge his posterytye."

In St. Helen's Church lies buried the celebrated mathematician and natural philosopher, Robert Hooke, but without any monument to his memory.

Returning from St. Helen's Place into Bishopsgate Street, on the right hand side is Houndsditch, formerly a filthy ditch, into which dead dogs and cats were usually thrown, but which has long since been converted into a street of considerable importance. Into this ditch, after having been dragged by his heels from Baynard's Castle, were thrown the remains of the traitor, Edric Duke of Mercia, the murderer of his master, Edmund Ironsides.

Within a short distance of Houndsditch stood Hand Alley, built on the site of another of the principal receptacles for the dead during the raging of the great plague in 1665. "The upper end of Hand Alley, in Bishopsgate Street," writes Defoe, "was then a green field, and was taken in particularly for Bishopsgate parish, though many of the carts out of the City brought their dead thither also, particularly out of the parish of Allhallows-on-the-Wall. This place I cannot mention without much regret. It was, as I remember, about two or three years after the plague had ceased, that Sir Robert Clayton came to be possessed of the ground; it being reported that all those who had any right to it were carried off by the pestilence. Certain it is, the ground was let out to build upon, or built upon by his order. The first house built upon it was a large, fair house, still standing, which faces the street now called Hand Alley, which, though called an alley, is as wide as a street. The houses, in the same row with that house northward, are built on the very same ground where the poor people were buried, and the bodies, on opening the ground for the foundations, were dug up; some of them remaining so plain to be seen, that the women's skulls were distinguished by their long hair, and of others the flesh was not quite perished, so that the people began to exclaim loudly against it, and some suggested that it might endanger a return of the contagion. After which the bones and bodies, as they came at them, were carried to another part of the same ground, and thrown all together into a deep pit, dug on purpose at the upper end of Rose Alley, just against the door of a meeting-house. There lie the bones and remains of near two thousand bodies, carried by the dead-carts to their graves in that one year."

On the east side of Bishopsgate Street is Devonshire Court, a small street leading into Devonshire Square, both of which derive their names from being the site of the London residence of the Cavendishes, Earls of Devonshire. Here William, the second Earl—the accomplished courtier of the reign of James the First—breathed his last on the 20th of June, 1628, and here Elizabeth Cecil, widow of William, the third Earl, was residing as late as 1704. The mansion was originally built by one Jasper Fisher, a clerk in Chancery, who lavished such large sums on the adornment of the house and gardens that it ended in his ruin, and obtained for the place the name of "Fisher's Folly." Stow speaks of it as "a large and beautiful house, with gardens of pleasure, bowling-alleys, and such like." After passing through a succession of hands, it became the residence of that magnificent courtier, Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, Lord High Chamberlain to

Queen Elizabeth, and pre-eminently conspicuous in the tournaments and stately pastimes of her reign. "He was of the highest rank," writes Mr. D'Israeli, "in great favour with the Queen, and in the style of the day, when all our fashions and our poetry were moulding themselves on the Italian model, he was the 'Mirror Tuscanismo;' and, in a word, this coxcombical peer, after a seven years' residence in Florence, returned highly 'Italianated.' The ludicrous motive of this peregrination is as follows. Haughty of his descent and alliance, irritable with effeminate delicacy and personal vanity, a little circumstance, almost too minute to be recorded, inflicted such an injury on his pride, that in his mind it required years of absence from the court of England ere it could be forgotten. Once, making a low obeisance to the Queen, before the whole court, this stately peer suffered a mischance, which has happened, it is said, on a like occasion. This accident so sensibly hurt his mawkish delicacy, and so humbled his aristocratic dignity, that he could not raise his eyes on his royal mistress. He resolved from that day to be a banished man, and resided for seven years in Italy, living in more grandeur at Florence than the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He spent in three years forty thousand pounds. On his return, he presented the Queen with embroidered gloves and perfumes, then for the first time introduced into England, as Stow has noticed. The Queen received them graciously, and was even painted wearing those gloves; but my authority states that the masculine sense of Elizabeth could not abstain from congratulating the noble coxcomb; perceiving, she said, that at length my Lord had forgot the mentioning the little mischance of seven years ago."* When Queen Elizabeth paid visits to the City, she was frequently entertained at Oxford House.

---

* "Curiosities of Literature," p. 260. Ed. 1838.

From the De Veres it passed directly into the possession of the Cavendishes.

Nearly opposite to Devonshire Court, on the west side of Bishopsgate Street, stands St. Botolph's Church, erected between the years 1725 and 1728. On the north wall is to be seen the tomb of Sir Paul Pindar, to which we have already referred. Many instances of Sir Paul's munificence are to be traced in the parish books of St. Botolph's. Among these is recorded the gift of a gigantic pasty—probably an annual donation—of which the mere "flour, butter, pepper, eggs, making, and baking" cost no less than 19*s.* 7*d.*, no insignificant sum in the days of Charles the First. Among other entries in the books of the parish, is one of 11*s.*, in 1578, "paid for frankincense and flowers when the Chancellor sat with us."

In the churchyard is a curious tomb inscribed with Persian characters, to the memory of Hodges Shaughsware, who came to England with his son as secretary to the Persian ambassador in the reign of James the First, and who was buried on the 10th of August, 1626. His son presided over the ceremonial of his interment; reading certain prayers and using other ceremonies according to the custom of their country, both morning and evening for a whole month after the burial. The monument was set up at the charge of his son, who caused to be engraved on it certain Persian characters, of which the following is said to be a translation:—"This grave is made for Hodges Shaughsware, the chiefest servant to the King of Persia for the space of twenty years, who came from the King of Persia, and died in his service. If any Persian cometh out of that country, let him read this, and pray for him. The Lord receive his soul, for here lieth Maghmote Shaughsware, who was born in the town Noroy, in Persia."

The funeral ceremony took place between eight and nine o'clock in the morning; the body being followed to the grave by the ambassador and the other Persians belonging to the embassy. At the north end of the grave sat the son, cross-legged, who alternately read or sang some plaintive strain; his reading and singing being intermixed with the weeping and lamentations of the other mourners. These ceremonies were continued twice a day: a certain number of the Persians repairing to the grave every morning at six o'clock, and at the same hour in the evening, to offer up prayers for their deceased friend.

Bishopsgate Street leads us into Shoreditch, from the west side of which diverges Holywell Lane, the site of a nunnery of great antiquity, dedicated to St. John the Baptist. In 1539, at the dissolution of the monastic houses, it surrendered to Henry the Eighth, when the "church thereof being pulled down, many houses were built for the lodgings of noblemen, of strangers born, and others." Close by stood the Curtain playhouse, supposed to have been established about the year 1576, and suppressed in the reign of Charles the First. Stow, speaking of the old nunnery, observes:—"Near thereunto are builded two publique houses, for the acting and shew of comedies, tragedies, and histories, for recreation. Whereof one is called the Curtain, the other, *the Theatre;* both standing on the south-west side, towards the field." The site of the Curtain theatre is still pointed out by Curtain Road, to the west of High Street, Shoreditch, formerly called Holywell Street. In the latter street, Richard Burbage, the fellow-actor and friend of Shakspeare, lived and died. The Theatre, which stood in Holywell Lane, is said to have been the oldest building erected for scenic exhibitions in London.

Norton Folgate leads us into Shoreditch, anciently a retired village situated on the old Roman highway leading into London. It has been supposed to have derived its name from the husband of Jane Shore, the beautiful concubine of Edward the Fourth, but this is not the case. Much more reason there is for believing that it owes its appellation to one of the ancestors of Sir John de Sordich, an eminent warrior, lawyer, and statesman in the reign of Edward the Third, whose family appear for centuries to have been in possession of the manor.

The parish church of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, was rebuilt in 1740, by Dance, the architect of the Mansion House, and is interesting as containing the remains of many eminent actors, who "fretted their hour" in the neighbouring playhouses.*

As late as the days of Henry the Eighth, Shoreditch stood in the open fields, at which time it was famous for the expertness of its archers. Among these was one Barlo, who displayed such extraordinary skill in the presence of Henry the Eighth during some sports in Windsor Park, that the King jocularly conferred on him the title of Duke of Shoreditch. This title was long afterwards assumed by the captain of the archers of London at their festive meetings and trials of skill; his partizans or supporters at the same time adopting such titles as Marquis of Islington, Hoxton, and other ludicrous appellations of honour. It may be mentioned that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth the archers of London numbered no fewer than three thousand, of whom one thousand had gold chains. Their guard consisted of four thousand men, besides pages and henchmen; their meetings, which usually took place at Smithfield, being conducted with considerable magnificence.

---

* "The parish register (within a period of sixty years) records the interment of the following celebrated characters :—Will Somers, Henry the Eighth's jester (d. 1560); Richard Tarlton, the famous clown of Queen Elizabeth's time (d. 1588); James Burbage (d. 1596), and his more celebrated son, Richard Burbage (d. 1618-19) : Gabriel Spenser, the player, who fell, in 1598, in a duel with Ben Jonson ; William Sly and Richard Cowley, two original performers in Shakspeare's plays ; the Countess of Rutland, the only child of the famous Sir Philip Sidney ; Fortunatus Greene, the *un*fortunate offspring of Robert Greene, the poet and player (d. 1593). Another original performer in Shakspeare's plays, who lived in Holywell Street, in this parish, was Nicholas Wilkinson, *alias* Tooley, whose name is recorded in gilt letters on the north side of the altar as a yearly benefactor of £6 10*s.* still distributed in bread every year to the poor of the parish, to whom it was bequeathed."—Cunningham's "London." *Art. St. Leonard's, Shoreditch.*

During the raging of the great plague in 1665, there were few districts in London which suffered more severely than Shoreditch and its immediate vicinity. "The terror," writes De Foe, "was so great at last, that the courage of the people appointed to carry away the dead began to fail them; nay, several of them died, although they had the distemper before, and were recovered, and some of them dropped down when they have been carrying the bodies, even at the pitside, and just ready to throw them in. One cart, they told us, going up Shoreditch, was forsaken of the drivers, and being left to one man to drive, he died in the street, and the horses going on, overthrew the cart, and left the bodies, some thrown out here, some there, in a dismal manner."

Close to Shoreditch is Hoxton, wherein still stands the mansion of Oliver, third Lord St. John of Bletsoe, who died in 1618. It was in Hoxton Fields that Gabriel Spenser, the actor, was killed in a duel by Ben Jonson. Spenser's residence was in Hog Lane, Norton Folgate.

On the east side of Bishopsgate Street is Spitalfields, which, in the reign of James the First, sprang up on the site of some fair meadows and lanes, known as the Spital Fields, but which now comprise one of the most crowded districts in the metropolis. It derives its name from the priory of St. Mary Spital, founded in 1197, for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine, by one Walter Brune, citizen of London, and Rosia, his wife. At the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the priory of St. Mary Spital shared the fate of the other religious houses. For centuries its holy tenants had administered to the wants of the sick and needy, and accordingly thousands wept over its demolition. At its dissolution, indeed, it was found to contain no fewer than one hundred and eighty beds, which had been set apart for poor travellers and persons in sickness and distress.

The old priory appears to have stood on and near the site of the present White Lion Street. Close by, at the north-east corner of Spital Square, stood the famous Spital pulpit or cross, where for nearly three centuries sermons were preached three times during Easter, to the citizens of London, who assembled there in the open air. On these occasions the Lord Mayor and Aldermen never failed to attend in their robes of state: indeed, in such repute were the "Spital Sermons" held by our ancestors, that we find them frequented in great state both by Queen Elizabeth and by her successor, James the First. On the occasion of the former sovereign visiting Spital Cross in April, 1559, her guard consisted of a thousand men in complete armour, who marched to the sound of drum and trumpet; her progress being enlivened by the grotesque antics of morris-dancers, while "in a cart were two white bears." The Spital Cross was demolished during the civil troubles in the reign of Charles the First. After the Restoration, the Spital sermons were preached at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, where the custom continued to prevail till within the last sixty years, when it was transferred to Christ's Church, Newgate Street. Here they are still attended by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and other dignitaries connected with the principal metropolitan charities.

The old Spital Fields are now formed into a number of streets, lanes, and alleys, which are principally inhabited by the artizans employed in those celebrated silk manufactures which have rendered the name of this district so famous. Not a few of the inhabitants are the descendants of the unfortunate Huguenots, who fled from France in 1685, to avoid the cruel persecution which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. To that proscription, as impolitic as it was barbarous, we owe the foundation and establishment of silk manufacture in England.

Christchurch, Spitalfields, was built by Nicholas Hawksmore, a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren. Here was the great burial-place of the Romans for persons who died within the walls of the City. We learn from Granger, that in Pelham Street, Spitalfields, Milton's granddaughter, Mrs. Foster, kept a chandler's shop.

The celebrated statesman, Lord Bolingbroke, is said to have resided in a house on the north side of Spital Square. In the immediate neighbourhood, too, was born the great ecclesiastical historian, John Strype.

To the north-east of Spitalfields is Bethnal Green, anciently a retired hamlet, comprising, in Queen Elizabeth's days, a few scattered cottages and farm houses, which surrounded the episcopal palace of the merciless Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, from whom Bonner's Fields derive their name. The church, dedicated to St. Matthew the Evangelist, was erected in 1740, at the north-east corner of Hare Street, Spitalfields. Three years afterwards, this district having been found to contain a population of as many as fifteen thousand inhabitants, an Act of Parliament was passed for forming the *hamlet* of Bethnal Green into a distinct parish.

Pepys writes on the 26th of June, 1663:—"By coach to Bednall-Green, to Sir W. Rider's to dinner. A fine merry walk with the ladies alone after dinner in the garden: the greatest quantity of strawberries I ever saw, and good. This very house was built by the Blind Beggar of Bednall-Green, so much talked of and sung in ballads; but they say it was only some of the outhouses of it."

"It was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a fair daughter of bewty most bright;
And many a gallant brave suitor had shee,
For none was so comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though she was of favor most faire,
Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggar's heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

* * * * *

My father, shee said, is soone to be seene;
The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene;
That daylye sits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

His markes and his tokens are known very well;
He always is led with a dog and a bell;
A seely old man, God knoweth is hee,
Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee." *

Before we take leave of this remote neighbourhood, we must not omit a brief mention of the *Old* Artillery Ground, which occupied the site of Duke Street, Steward Street, Sun Street, and other adjacent streets in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields. It was originally known by the designation of Tasell's Close, from having been anciently a spot of ground where the tassells or teazles, used in the manufacture of cloth, were cultivated. Subsequently, William, the last prior of St. Mary Spital, granted it for three times ninety-nine years to the fraternity of Artillery, or gunners of the Tower. The ground was laid out expressly for the purpose of proving the artillery, for gunnery practice, and other military purposes, and thus obtained the name of the Artillery Garden. Stow informs us that in his time the gunners of the Tower used to repair hither every Thursday, to exercise their great artillery against a mound of earth, which served as a butt. In 1622, the Artillery Company removed to an area on the west side of Finsbury Square, which thus obtained the name of the *new* Artillery Ground. It was not, however, till some years afterwards that the *old* Artillery Ground, as we learn from Strype, was entirely neglected. "In the afternoon," writes Pepys, on the 20th of April, 1669, "we walked to the Old Artillery Ground, Spitalfields, where I never was before, but now by Captain Deane's invitation did go to see his new gun tried, this being the place where the officers of the Ordnance do try all their great guns." Artillery Lane and Fort Street still remain to point out the immediate site of the *old* Artillery Ground.

---

* "The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green." Percy's Reliques, vol. ii., p. 162.

LONDON WALL, AUSTIN FRIARS, &c.

ORIGINAL EXTENT OF LONDON WALL.—ITS GATES.—THE CITY DITCH.—BROAD STREET.—AUSTIN FRIARS.—MONUMENTS THERE.—WINCHESTER HOUSE.—FINSBURY AND MOORFIELDS.—BEDLAM.—MOORGATE STREET.—NEW ARTILLERY GROUND.—MILTON.—BUNHILL ROW.—BUNHILL FIELDS' BURIAL GROUND.—CELEBRATED PERSONS BURIED THERE.—GRUB STREET.—HOOLE AND DR. JOHNSON.

HAVING retraced our steps to Bishopsgate Street Within, let us turn down the long and narrow street, called London Wall, which anciently ran parallel with the north wall of the City. When the Romans, in the fifth century, found themselves compelled to abandon their conquests in Britain, they left London encircled by a wall twenty-two feet high, and measuring, in its circuit from the Tower to Blackfriars, two miles and a furlong in length. In addition to two principal fortresses, the wall was defended by thirteen towers, erected at advantageous distances, and supposed to have been about forty feet in height. There were originally but three entrances into the City; one at Aldgate on the east; another near Aldersgate Street on the north; and at Ludgate in the west. At later periods were added Newgate, Cripplegate, Moorgate, Bishopsgate, and the Postern on Tower Hill. The wall commenced at the Tower, the principal Roman fortress in London. Thence it ran in a straight line to Aldgate, where it commenced a semicircular route by the Minories, Houndsditch, and along London Wall to Cripplegate. Here the north wall terminated nearly in an angle, and, taking a southerly direction, descended by way of Aldersgate and Newgate to the Thames, where it united itself with another Tower, or *Arx Palatina*, which stood a little to the east of Blackfriars Bridge.

Of the ancient wall erected by the Romans, several fragments existed within the last hundred years. Pennant, writing at the close of the last century, observes, "On the back of Bethlem Hospital is a long street, called London Wall, from being bounded on the north by a long extent of the wall, in which are here and there a few traces of the Roman masonry." The most perfect remains now extant of the old London wall are in an unfrequented and gloomy spot, the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate. A specimen may also be seen at the corner of a narrow passage leading from St. Martin's Court, Ludgate Hill.

Between the period of the erection of the City walls by the Romans and the addition of the City Ditch, no fewer than nine hundred years were allowed to elapse. Both were stupendous works. The one was commenced about the year 306, during the reign of Constantius; the other in 1211. The ditch had originally been made by the citizens of London at their own expense and labour, apparently to protect themselves against the tyranny and aggressions of King John. That their descendants took a deep interest in the work of their forefathers, is evident from the money and labour which they expended for nearly three centuries in keeping the ditch cleansed, as well as to render it available for military purposes. As late as the days of Stow it was famous for the quantity of perch and carp with which it provided the tables of the wealthy citizens. The old antiquary, however, lived to bewail the destruction of this interesting relic of the feudal times. The last outlay of money which was expended on the City Ditch was in 1595, not many years after which it was covered with buildings. Not a trace of it, we believe, is now in existence.

Passing along London Wall, on the left is Broad Street, where, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, stood the London mansion of Gilbert, Earl of Salisbury. Here, in the following century, was an establishment for the manufacture of Venetian glass, of which James Howell, the author of the "Familiar Letters," was steward. Here also it was that General Monk quartered himself immediately before he declared in favour of the Restoration. According to Whitelocke, Monk was followed thither by a multitude of people who "congratulated his coming into the City, making loud shouts and bonfires, and ringing the bells."

Broad Street leads us into Austin Friars. Here formerly stood a Priory of Mendicant, or Begging Friars, founded in 1253 by Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, and dedicated to St. Augustin, Bishop of Hippo in Africa. At its dissolution in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the greater part of the ground on which it stood was granted by that monarch to William, first Marquis of Winchester, his Comptroller of the Household and Lord High Treasurer. All that remains of the old Priory is the church, which was granted by Edward the Sixth to a congregation of Germans and other foreigners who had emigrated to England to escape from religious persecution. Succeeding monarchs confirmed it to the Dutch, by whom it is still used as a place of worship, being usually known by the appellation of the Dutch Church.

Beautiful as are the remains of the old Priory Church, there is no religious edifice in London which has suffered more cruelly from time and neglect. Its magnificent tombs, as well as its exquisite spire, considered the "beautifullest and rarest spectacle" in the metropolis, have entirely disappeared. Nevertheless, the number of the illustrious and ill-fated dead who rest beneath our feet will always render the church of St. Augustin a most interesting spot. Here lies the pious founder of the Priory, Humphrey de Bohun, who stood godfather at the font for Edward the First, and who afterwards fought against Henry the Third with the leagued Barons at the battle of Evesham. Here were interred the remains of the great Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, the most powerful subject in Europe during the reigns of King John and Henry the Third, and no less celebrated for his chequered and romantic fortunes."* Here rests Edmund, son of Joan Plantagenet, "the Fair Maid of Kent," and half-brother to Richard the Second. Here lies the headless trunk of the gallant Richard Fitzalan, tenth Earl of Arundel, who was executed at Cheapside in 1397. Here also rest the mangled remains of the Barons who fell at the battle of Barnet in 1471, and who were interred together in the body of the church; of John de Vere, twelfth Earl of Oxford, who was beheaded on Tower Hill with his eldest son, Aubrey, in 1461; and, lastly, of the gallant and princely Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham—"poor Edward Bohun"—who, having fallen a victim to the vindictive jealousy of Cardinal Wolsey, was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1521.

To the memory of these ill-fated persons, as well as to many others conspicuous in their day for rank, beauty, or genius, St. Augustin's could formerly boast of monuments more numerous and sumptuous than those of any other church in London. To the cupidity, however, of the second Marquis of Winchester, who converted the old church into a lumber warehouse, and sold the tombs to the highest bidder, we owe this shameful desecration of the dead, as well as the destruction of so much that was beautiful in art.

---

* For an account of this remarkable man, see p. 92, *ante*.

Behind the Dutch Church, close to London Wall, stood the "Papey," founded in 1430 for a fraternity of poor infirm priests of the order of St. Charity and St. John the Evangelist. They were skilled in singing funeral dirges; their principal occupation consisting in attending the burials of the rich, from which circumstance they were styled *pleureurs,* weepers, or mourners, and in this capacity are frequently represented on the sides of ancient monuments. The house of the Papeys subsequently became the residence of Sir Francis Walsingham.

In 1621, when the great Earl of Strafford first obtained a seat in Parliament as representative for the county of York, it was in Austin Friars that he took up his residence with his young children and with that fair wife whom he lost by death the following year, and to whom he so touchingly alluded as a "saint in Heaven" at his famous trial-scene in Westminster Hall. In Austin Friars also died, in July, 1776, in his seventieth year, James Heywood, who more than sixty years previously had been one of the popular writers in the "Spectator." He is said to have originally been a wholesale linendraper on Fish Street Hill. The late James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," lived at No. 18, Austin Friars, previously to his removal to Craven Street, Strand, where he died.

Adjoining Austin Friars is Winchester Street, which, with its picturesque gable-ends, and its general appearance of antiquity, afforded till within a few years a better notion of the aspect of a London street in the days of Queen Elizabeth than perhaps any other street in the metropolis. Here stood the London residence of the Paulets, Marquises of Winchester. It was built by the first Marquis, who was also the founder of Basing House. This remarkable man died in 1572, in his ninety-seventh year, leaving at his death no fewer than one hundred and three persons who were immediately descended from him. He had lived under the reign of nine sovereigns, his birth having taken place in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and his death in that of Queen Elizabeth. Being asked by what means he had contrived to maintain himself in favour and power under so many reigns and during so many political tempests, his significant reply was—"By being a willow, and not an oak."

Winchester House, at the period of its demolition in 1839, was one of the most interesting specimens of the dwelling-houses of the ancient nobility which remained in London. It continued to be in the possession of the Paulets till the reign of James the First, when William, the fourth Marquis, became so impoverished by his magnificent style of living as to be compelled to dispose of it for the payment of his debts. It appears to have then been purchased by John Swinnerton, a rich merchant, afterwards Lord Mayor of London. When, shortly before their demolition, we bade farewell to apartments which had entertained Elizabeth and her stately courtiers, we found them the scene of busy trade, and were informed by their owner that the old house had been in the possession of his ancestors for about two centuries. Notwithstanding this long lapse of time, on many of the windows were still to be seen, in stained glass, the motto of the Paulets, "*Aimez Loyaulté.*" This circumstance was rendered the more interesting, from the well-known incident of the gallant Marquis of Winchester, during his glorious defence of Basing House, having engraved this motto of his family with a diamond pencil on every window in the mansion. Probably it was the early recollection of this peculiar feature in the London residence of his forefathers which suggested to the heroic Marquis the idea of inscribing the same words on the windows of the besieged mansion.

It was in the apartments of her mother, the Countess of Cumberland, in "Austin Friars House," that Anne Clifford—memorable for her haughty reply to the minister of Charles the Second—was married to her first husband, Richard, third Earl of Dorset, on the 25th of February, 1608–9.

Nearly at the end of Little Winchester Street is the church of Allhallows in the Wall. It escaped the ravages of the great fire, but having fallen into a ruinous state was taken down in 1764, when the present edifice was erected by the younger Dance on its site. In the chancel may be seen a tablet to the memory of the Rev. William Beloe, the translator of "Herodotus," who died in 1817, after having held the rectory of the parish for twenty years.

The ground to the north of London Wall—comprising Finsbury Circus, Little Moorfields, Finsbury Square, &c.—consisted, as late as the reign of Charles the Second, of large fenny pastures, known as Moor Fields and Fensbury. The dog-house, in which were kept the hounds of the Lord Mayors of London, stood on the east side. On the west was to be seen the manor-house of Finsbury, while, to the north, three or four scattered windmills were the only objects which diversified the scene.

Not only as far back as the twelfth century were Finsbury and Moorfields favourite places of recreation for the citizens of London, but so late as the days of Charles the Second we find Shadwell and Pepys severally speaking of the cudgel-play and wrestling-matches in Moorfields. Heath in his "Chronicle" tells us that from "time out of mind" it had been the scene of wrestling-matches, and throwing the bar, to which sports we may add those of archery, boxing, foot-races, foot-ball, and every kind of manly recreation. Skating has generally been supposed to have been first introduced into England by Charles the Second on his return from exile; and yet there is a curious passage in Fitzstephen—the earliest historian of London—which shows that the art, or at least something very nearly approaching to it, was practised by the citizens of London as early as the twelfth century. Speaking of the pastimes on the ice in Moorfields, he writes:—"Others there are more expert in these amusements; they place certain bones, the leg bones of animals, under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried on with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow." The piece of water on which the citizens of London performed their pastimes is spoken of by Fitzstephen as "the Great Fen or Moor which watereth the walls of the City on the north side."

It was in Finsbury Fields, on his return after his exploits in Scotland, that the great Protector, Duke of Somerset, was met and congratulated by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of London. According to the chronicler Holinshed—"The Mayor and Aldermen, with certain of the Commons, in their liveries and their hoods, hearing of his approach to the City, the eighth of October (1548), met him in Finsbury Fields, where he took each of them by the hand, and thanked them for their good wills. The Lord Mayor did ride with him till they came to the pond in Smithfield, where his Grace left them and rode to his house of Shene that night, and the next day to the King to Hampton Court."*

Finsbury, notwithstanding the marshy nature of the ground, appears to have contained some sunny and pleasant spots. "Morefield," on the contrary, is mentioned as a

---

* Holinshed's "Chronicle," vol. iii., p. 889.

"most noysome and offensive place, being a general laystall, a rotten morish ground, whereof it first took the name." "This field," writes Stow, "was for many years environed and crossed with deep stinking ditches, and noysome common sewers, and was of former times ever held impossible to be reformed, especially to be reduced to any part of that fair, sweet, and pleasant condition as now it is." So wretched indeed was the state of Moorfields in the days of Edward the Second, that travellers could only pass over it on causeways. The draining and improvement of this "noysome and offensive place" was commenced in 1527. In the early part of the reign of James the First we find it converted into "new and pleasant walks," and as it was in the immediate neighbourhood of the residences of many of the nobility and most wealthy citizens, it soon became the most fashionable promenade in the north-east of London. As late as the last century, the spot of ground in front of old Bethlehem Hospital — divided by gravel-walks, and planted with elm-trees—was so favourite a resort of the fashionable citizens as to obtain for it the distinguishing appellation of the "City Mall."

In Moorfields was dug another of those frightful plague-pits which received the victims of the giant pestilence in 1665. Defoe, speaking of these numerous receptacles of the dead, observes—"Besides these, there was a piece of ground in Moorfields, by the going into the street which is now called Old Bethlehem, which was enlarged much, though not wholly taken in on the same occasion."

Another gigantic burial-place in this vicinity was dug nearly on the site of the present Windmill Street; no fewer than one thousand cart-loads of human bones having been removed hither when the Duke of Somerset pulled down the charnel-house and other buildings attached to

St. Paul's Cathedral, in order to obtain materials for his new palace in the Strand.

Bedlam, or rather Bethlehem Hospital, dedicated to St. Mary of Bethlehem, and formerly situated in Moorfields, was originally an hospital or priory, founded in 1246 by Simon Fitz-Mary, Sheriff of London, for the reception and cure of lunatics. It stood originally between the east side of Moorfields and Bishopsgate Street, and consisted of a prior, canons, brethren, and sisters, who dressed in a black habit, and were distinguished by a star on their breasts. In the churchyard of the Hospital was interred Robert Greene, the celebrated wit and dramatic writer of the reign of Elizabeth. According to Anthony Wood, he died after a short life of riot and dissipation, of a surfeit brought on by too free an indulgence in pickled herrings and Rhenish wine. Here also was interred the stern republican, John Lilburne, who died in 1657.

The old building having fallen into a ruinous state, in 1675 the Corporation of London granted a plot of ground on the south side of Moorfields for the erection of a larger and more commodious hospital. Large sums were raised by public subscription, and in 1675 the new hospital was erected at an expense of £17,000. It was built on the plan of the palace of the Tuileries at Paris; a circumstance which so deeply offended Louis the Fourteenth, that he is said to have ordered a plan to be taken of St. James's Palace, with the intention of making it the model of a building to be adapted to the vilest purposes.

Bethlehem, in the form in which it stood at the commencement of the present century, presented an imposing appearance, being five hundred feet long and forty broad. Not the least striking objects which distinguished its exterior were the famous statues over the gates, of raving and melancholy madness, the work of Caius Gabriel Cibber, the father of the comedian and poet laureate, Colley Cibber.

> "Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,
> Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand."*—*The Dunciad.*

In 1814—partly on account of its dilapidated state, and partly from the site being required for some projected improvements in Moorfields—Bethlehem Hospital was taken down and the establishment removed to St. George's Fields, Lambeth.

On the north side of Moorfields, opposite to Bethlehem, stood formerly the hospital of St. Luke. Having been found too small, however, for the purposes for which it was intended, it was taken down and superseded by the present extensive building in Old Street Road, erected in 1784 at an expense of £55,000.

Running out of London Wall, nearly opposite to Little Moorfields, is Moorgate Street, the site of an old postern gate in the City wall, opened in 1415, by Thomas Falconer, Lord Mayor of London, for the convenience of the citizens. "The Lord Mayor," says Stow, "caused the wall of the City to be broken near unto Coleman Street, and built a postern, now called Moorgate, upon the Moor side, where was never gate before. This gate he made for the ease of the citizens, that way to pass upon causeways into the fields for their recreation." Close to Moorgate was born, on the 4th of

---

* These statues are preserved in the vestibule of the present Hospital in St. George's Fields. One of them, it is said, was intended to represent Oliver Cromwell's gigantic porter, who was long confined in Bethlehem. It may be remarked, that they are not *brazen*, but of Portland stone. They were painted, in order to protect them from the weather, and were probably originally of a bronze colour, for which white has since been substituted. For an interesting account of that singular race of licensed mendicants, *the Tom o' Bedlams*, see D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," pp. 285, 286, ed. 1839.

February, 1693, the well-known dramatic writer, George Lillo, the author of "George Barnwell," and of "The Fatal Curiosity."

Almost adjoining Finsbury Square is the New Artillery Ground, of which mention has already been made. Close by was a most interesting spot—Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields—containing the house in which Milton completed his "Paradise Lost," and in which he breathed his last in November, 1674. The site is pointed out by the present Artillery Place, Bunhill Row. Milton's nephew and biographer, Phillips, informs us that during the time the great poet lived in Artillery Walk, he used, in fine summer weather, to sit at the door of his house, habited in a coarse grey cloth cloak, and in this manner received the visits of persons of rank and genius, who came either to pay homage to him or to enjoy his conversation. A Dr. Wright, a clergyman of Dorsetshire, informed Phillips that he once paid a visit to the blind poet in Artillery Walk. He found him in a small apartment on the first floor, where he was seated in an elbow-chair, neatly dressed in a black suit. His face was pale, but not cadaverous. He was suffering much from gout, and especially from chalk-stones, yet he told Dr. Wright that were it not for the pain he endured his blindness would be tolerable. It was in this house that he was visited by Dryden. Aubrey tells us: "John Dryden, Esq., Poet Laureate, who very much admired him, went to him to have leave to put his 'Paradise Lost' into a drama in rhyme. Mr. Milton received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to *tagge* his verses."

On the west side of the Artillery Ground is Bunhill Row, forming a part of the site of the old Bunhill Fields. Close by stood one of the principal pest-houses during the raging of the great plague. Here, too, was dug another of those frightful plague-pits of which Defoe has given us so harrowing a description. "I have heard," he says, "that in a great pit in Finsbury, in the parish of Cripplegate—it lying open to the fields, for it was not then walled about—many who were infected and near their end, and delirious also, ran, wrapt in blankets or rags, and threw themselves in and expired there, before any earth could be thrown upon them. When they came to bury others and found them, they were quite dead, though not cold." The spot was shortly afterwards walled in, and became the principal burial-place of the dissenters in London. Anthony Wood speaks of it as the "fanatical burying-place, called by some, Tindals' burying-place." It is now known as the "Bunhill Fields Burial Ground." Here, in 1688, was interred John Bunyan, author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," whose memory, according to Southey, was held in such high veneration that "many are said to have made it their desire to be interred as near as possible to the spot where his remains are deposited." Here also were interred Dr. Thomas Goodwin, the popular Independent preacher, who attended Oliver Cromwell on his death-bed, and who died in 1679; Charles Fleetwood, the celebrated Parliamentary General, and son-in-law to Oliver Cromwell, who died in 1692; Dr. Isaac Watts, the author of the Hymns, who died in 1748; Joseph Ritson, the collector of our early national poetry, who died in a mad-house at Hoxton, in 1803; and Thomas Stothard, the royal academician, who died in 1834. Lastly, let us not omit to mention that here—close to the plague-pit, the horrors of which his pen has so vividly described—lies buried Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe." The spot was selected by him in his lifetime, being close to the grave of his sister, who had died a few years previously.*

---

* For further particulars respecting this interesting burial-ground, see Cunningham's "London," vol. i., p. 151.

In a neighbouring burial-ground belonging to the Society of Friends lie the remains of their celebrated founder, George Fox, who died in 1690.

In Old Street, "near London," lived Samuel Daniel, the poet and historian. His residence consisted of a small house and garden, where he lived in comparative retirement, and where he composed most of his dramatic pieces. In this street also, in 1763, died the celebrated George Psalmanazer.

Within a short distance from Old Street, stood Grub Street, now Milton Street, the supposititious residence of needy authors, and so often the subject of ridicule and satire both in prose and verse, as almost to be rendered classic ground.*

> "A spot near Cripplegate extends;
> Grub Street 'tis called, the modern Pindus,
> Where (but that bards are never friends)
> Bards might shake hands from adverse windows."
> JAMES SMITH.

In this street lived John Fox, author of the "Book of Martyrs." Here also, according to Pennant, lived and died the "very remarkable Henry Welby, Esq., of Lincolnshire, who lived in his house in this street forty-four years, without ever being seen by any human being." He was a man possessed of large property, but his brother having made an attempt to kill him, it produced such an effect on his mind that he determined to seclude himself entirely from the world. For nearly half a century all that was known of him were his extensive and munificent charities. He died on the 29th of October, 1636.†

---

* "Grub Street, *n. s.*, originally the name of a street near Moorfields, in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems, whence any mean production is called *Grub Street.*"—JOHNSON'S "*Dictionary.*"

"Let Budgell charge low *Grub Street* with his quill."—POPE.

"I'd sooner ballads write, and *Grub Street* lays."—GAY.

† For a more detailed account of this eccentric person, see the "Phœnix Britannicus," p. 369.

In Moorfields was born John Hoole, the translator of Tasso and Metastasio, and in Grub Street he received his education. Happening to mention the latter circumstance when in company with Dr. Johnson,—"Sir," said Johnson, "you have been *regularly* educated." Johnson having inquired who was his instructor, and Hoole having answered—"My uncle, sir, who was a tailor," Johnson, recollecting himself, said, "Sir, I knew him; we called him the *metaphysical tailor;* he was of a club in Old Street, with me and George Psalmanazer and some others: but pray, sir, was he a *good tailor?*" Hoole having replied that he believed he was too mathematical, and used to draw squares and triangles on his shop-board, so that he did not excel in the cut of a coat—"I am sorry for it," said Johnson, "for I would have every man to be master of his own business." Boswell informs us that from this period Dr. Johnson used frequently to jest with Hoole on his literary connection with Grub Street. "Sir," he used often to say, "let you and I go together and eat a beef-steak in Grub Street."

END OF VOL. II.

BILLING, PRINTER, GUILDFORD.

DA
677
J47
v.2

Jesse, John Heneage
London

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY